

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1852.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE publishers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE doff their hats and make their best bow to the "reading public." If they appear not in the best presentation dress, it is owing to their disposition to be prompt and punctual in their new duties. They have had to choose July or January as the convenient semi-annual period for their introduction: to delay till the latter would be neither good enterprise nor seemly courtesy; and yet the choice of the former has left them but little time between the conception and the execution of their design. The arrangements necessary for the fulfillment of all that their Prospectus promises have, however, been mostly organized; and if it is not a pertinent reason for congratulation to the public, yet they do flatteringly congratulate themselves, as they make their most respectful obeisance, that any present disadvantage in their appearance will afford them an opportunity of future improvement, and of increased claims on the favorable regards of their readers.

In their advertisement the publishers have sufficiently defined the character which they propose to give to this magazine. In deciding on the terms of the work, they have had the choice of the usual size and three-dollar price of the most commanding American monthlies, or of a less number of pages at a proportionate price. They have adopted the latter alternative. The charge of three dollars a year, however well repaid in the merits of such a publication, is above the convenience of the mass of the American people. A periodical like the present, containing nearly a hundred pages per number, is as large as most persons find desirable for their leisure reading; there may be too much of a good thing; it would be an evil rather than an advantage, to displace, especially in the reading of youth, the more substantial works by an

excess of fragmentary literature. The advantage which a large number of pages affords for a large variety of contents, and therefore a better adaptation to different tastes, is sufficiently provided within the limits we have chosen, and, in any case, had better be secured by editorial discrimination than by a repletion of matter.

Periodical literature, though comparatively modern, has become the chief power of the pen. In England and France, and to a considerable extent in Germany, the best authors avail themselves of it as the most effectual access to the public mind. Its advantages are too manifest to need remark. There are, doubtless, evils also connected with it, to guard against which becomes a grave duty of the conductors of periodical publications. It is necessarily fugitive; it is liable to be superficial, and needs the corrective influence of more substantial reading; it is superabundant, and thus tends to displace this needed corrective influence; it is suited generally more to excite with transient but enervating gratification than to inform and invigorate the popular mind. To a great extent it is characterized by the sheerest fiction, by morbid appeals to the passions, and by tendencies which are at least indirectly adverse to religion.

The projectors of this magazine, fully aware of these liabilities, are determined to guard against them with all possible care. In adding another publication to what they acknowledge to be the already superabundant fugitive literature of the times, it will be their endeavor to mitigate the evils of this excess by winnowing the wheat from the chaff—by rendering their work a repository of only the selectest articles.

There are three means at least by which the unfavorable tendencies mentioned may be checked.

First: by a selection of such articles

only as bear the stamp of thorough literary excellency. It is a very questionable expediency which would assign to the popular mind an inferior, a clumsy literature. Good taste and good sense are more native than acquired; they are more or less inherent in the common mind; and in proportion as a work of literature, or art even, exhibits either, does it appeal to the popular appreciation. To "popularize" Shakspere, Addison, or the old English Bible, after the fashion of some modern books for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," would deprive them of their chief attractions for the people. The literary excellency of a periodical like the present, while it should not be above the popular capacity, should nevertheless be such as must tend to raise higher the popular taste; and genuine merit of this kind will, it is believed, recommend it to the patronage of the people.

Again: such a work, if it would avoid the evils above mentioned, should avoid the unhealthy, the feverish excitements which prevail so much in the current popular literature. The press teems with this mischief; but it cannot be counteracted by grave homilies or prim didactics. Generous, cheerful, and brilliant reading, intermixed with sterling articles on science and morals, should be provided as its best antidote. The early British Essayists, with Addison, Steele, and Johnson as their representatives, abounded in vivacity and interest; but notwithstanding their many moral defects, they were generally exempt from the morbid excitement—the agitations of passion, of crime, and of disaster—which perverts so largely our modern fragmentary literature.

To interdict fiction without qualification would require us to give up Johnson's Rasselas, Goldsmith's Vicar, Defoe's Crusoe, and Bunyan's Pilgrim, if not, indeed, even portions of sacred writ; but its present place in popular literature is unquestionably exaggerated, and its tendency generally unhealthy.

It shall be the endeavor of the National Magazine to shun these defects, and at the same time to spread over its pages not only instructive, but elegant, genial, and vivacious articles.

Another responsibility devolves upon a publication like the present, if it would escape the prevalent evils of our popular literature. It should not only respect,

but assert the claims of religion; and this it can do without bigotry and without cant. Literature in its noblest sense is not a product merely of the intellect, but of the heart of man; it has even more to do with his sensibilities than with his speculations. The religious sentiment is related to his profoundest and his liveliest sensibilities; it is even an instinct of his soul. Literature sacrifices its highest as well as its holiest power when it repudiates religion; and yet, is not one of the most deplorable characteristics of our current literature indifference to the popular faith? Christianity in anything like a specific form (not merely in a dogmatic or sectarian character) has scarcely any expression in our periodical miscellanies: with very few exceptions, it has to seek periodicals nominally if not exclusively its own in order to secure such an expression. As well might poetry, or any other esthetic manifestation of man's nature, be excluded from the common field of literature and placed in isolation.

The apprehension has recently been expressed, in high places, that Christianity is losing its influence upon the extant leading intellects of English literature—that while its ethical excellency is not denied, (because it cannot be,) its historic and vital truths are being rejected for the philosophic or sentimental theism represented by the Westminster Review, and entertained by such accomplished minds as Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Harriet Martineau, Sterling, Emerson, Henry James, Parker, the Countess d'Ossoli, &c. If such is the case, the greater reason is there why the integrity of the popular faith should be sacredly guarded. If the stars of the firmament are to be obscured in the gathering darkness, let us be the more careful to preserve the household light of the people—the "candle on the candlestick, which giveth light unto all that are in the house."

Believing that the interest of a publication like the present need not suffer, but would rather be enhanced by a decided recognition of the popular religious convictions—that the purest Christian sentiments are not incompatible with whatever is elegant or entertaining or healthfully amusing in literature—the publishers avow as one of the chief aims of their magazine, the diffusion of our common faith: and they hope to be able to maintain this

purpose without offense to any form of honest sectarianism—a delicate task, it is acknowledged, but not an impracticable one, it is hoped.

While we shall represent amply the current periodical literature of Europe, we shall, as affirmed in our *Prospectus*, adapt these columns to the national tastes, and endeavor to impress upon them the national characteristics of common sense, practical aims and direct utility. We shall especially eschew the exotic sentimentalism and dreamy philosophy which some writers have attempted to import among us. They complain that the nation is growing up without a national literature—that the practical severity of our Saxon intellect, produced by the influence of Bacon, Locke, the Scotch philosophers, and, above all, by our vigorous religious faith, has congealed the fountains of sentiment and originality, and prevented the development of a national taste. We profess no sympathy for these anti-national whinings—none whatever. Nations advance gradually, as do individuals. Our own needs but time; we have the germ of a vigorous and noble literature in the soil, and it will in due season rise and display its glories like our native magnolia. But let us forbear hot-house processes, and especially keep away exotics, which can only sicken in our soil, and shed malaria on our moral atmosphere. The first condition of a national literature is, that it be a type of the national character, and national character depends largely upon the physical circumstances of a people. And these, in this land, are just the reverse of the hair-splitting philosophy and liquefied sentimentalism referred to. What is this new world? A vast field for tugging labor and practical arts, immense mines of metal and fuel, mountains of iron, rivers running from the pole to the tropics, prodigious inland seas. And what are the people upon it? What were their fathers? Men who threw defiance at their oppressors in the iron bolts of their strong Saxon speech, and confounded the conquerors of the world in fields where yet stand the stumps of the primal forests; a race of stout-hearted fighters, stout-minded thinkers, and stout-handed workers, loving liberty, laboring for their bread, and serving their God. And what are their posterity? Men who are filling the seas with ships, binding the land in

belts of iron, digging canals through mountains, and are marching with a van line from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, westward on the falling forest, at the rate of seventeen miles a year, rearing temples, founding cities, and casting manfully the destinies of the future. And what does the history of the mind of this hardy race teach? It has produced the Quadrant,* the Steamer, the Cotton-gin, the Magnetic Telegraph, the practical Franklin in philosophy, the severe Edwards in theology, the erudite Webster in philology, the incorruptible Washington in arms, the energetic Henry in eloquence, the noble band of clear-headed, far-seeing statesmen of the revolution. It has had its artists; but nearly all who have won a permanent fame have shared the severity of the national taste, and been distinguished in portrait or historical painting. Sculpture is the severest and noblest of the fine arts; it declines the charms of coloring, and its stern beauties inhere only in the solid stone: our land has lately placed one of her sons at the head of the art, and has placed others of her children hard by him.

Such a people must have a literature vigorous, strenuous, manly. You must alter their land and the texture of their brain before you can take from them their strong Saxon speech, or their robust common sense; and you must liquefy their hearts before they will cast away, as obsolete, that old volume, the truths of which their fathers believed as utterances from Heaven, and under the sanctions of which they fought the battles of their liberty, and laid the foundations of their country.

With such views we commence our task. We are fully aware that they are more easily stated than exemplified, but we shall not the less endeavor to realize them.

Though no apologies are due from us for entering a field which is open to all, and ample enough for many competitors, we nevertheless present ourselves within it with every sentiment of deference for our brethren of the press whose enterprise has the honor of precedence. We take our position among them not as competitors, but as co-laborers; and hope that the "amenities of literature" and the honor of the craft shall not suffer by our presence.

* Hadley's Quadrant was invented by Godfrey of Pennsylvania.



STEPHEN OLIN, D.D., LL.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
MIDDLETON, CONN.

PRESIDENT OLIN was born in Leicester, Addison County, Vermont, March 2d, 1797. After the usual training of the New-England district school and town academy, he entered Middlebury College, Vt., where he graduated with the highest collegiate honors and—a ruined constitution.

He immediately resorted to the South to repair both his health and his pecuniary resources. Guided by a newspaper advertisement he obtained the appointment of teacher, at \$700 a year, in a newly projected seminary, in Abbeville District, South Carolina. "I made my way up the river," he says, "to the location of the academy, which I found, to my astonishment, to be almost bare of houses. I saw a man at work, with his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up, whom I found to be a trustee of the institution. On inquiring where it was, I was pointed to a log cabin.

I began in it. The door was hung on a couple of sticks, and the windows were miserable; I drew my table to the wall, where I was supplied with light that came in between the logs." These were the days referred to in our article on old southern schools. They have passed away. They were at this time passing away, and a new building was already preparing for Olin and his pupils.

Here, in the log cabin in the wilderness, and by means the most unhopeful, did the destiny of this great man receive its determining impulse. He went to the South a skeptic in religion; a rule of the school required that it should be opened daily with prayer; considering this exercise as merely an introductory ceremony, with no other importance than its influence on the decorum of the school, he attempted its performance; the incompatibility of his conduct with his opinions

soon, however, troubled his conscience; he was induced to examine the evidences of Christianity, and in a few months was praying in earnest, a humble believer in the faith he had rejected. The effect of his new convictions was profound—they imbued his entire character. A sanctity like that of Fenelon and Fletcher of Madeley, ever after pervaded his whole being, and habitually revealed itself in his life by the deepest humility and the purest charity.

He had designed to enter the profession of the law; but yielding to his new impulses, he now changed his purpose and devoted himself to preparation for the Christian ministry. He was licensed as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1824 joined the South Carolina Annual Conference. His first appointment was in the city of Charleston, to which station he was reappointed the next year; but ill health interrupted his labors repeatedly during these two years. In 1826 he was left without an appointment, that he might seek relief in rest. At the next session of the Conference he retired to the ranks of the "Supernumeraries," and in 1828 located. In 1830 he was elected Professor of English Literature in the University of Georgia, though his health was hardly adequate to the duties of the chair. In 1832 he was received into the Georgia Conference, but continued his connection with the University. In 1833 he was appointed President of Randolph Macon College, Virginia, in which he remained, with high reputation but suffering health, till 1837, when he left this country for Europe, hoping to find improvement in foreign travel. His tour extended over Western Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. In the latter part of 1840 he returned to the United States, and in 1842 was elected President of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in which office he continued—disabled, however, much of the time, from his official duties—until his death, August 16, 1851.

Dr. Olin suffered through his whole public life, under the effects of too ambitious an application to study during his collegiate course. His constitution was originally robust, his stature gigantic; but from the time he graduated till he descended into the grave, he maintained an incessant conflict with disease.

His head was remarkably large, and

seemed to poise itself with difficulty upon his emaciated frame. His features were strongly defined, but expressive of serene dispositions.

His social habits were exceedingly affable; and, when he was not prostrated by disease, his conversation was enlivened not only with his usual brilliant conceptions, but by exhilarating pleasantries.

His literary productions are limited to three valuable volumes of travels, the records of his transatlantic tour; and three posthumous volumes of Collegiate Lectures, Miscellaneous Addresses, Sermons, &c.

As a preacher he was pre-eminent. Though he paid little regard to elocutionary rules, but in some respects unceremoniously defied them, yet was his eloquence overwhelming.

The imagination had little to do with his pulpit power—very seldom did a poetic image occur in his discourses,—but his logic had a resistless pressure. He possessed the philosophical faculty of generalization to an extraordinary degree; and when roused with the excitement of his preaching, his conceptions assumed a breadth and sublimity which might well be characterized as stupendous. The hearer sat amazed, if not appalled, by the exhibition of intellectual mightiness in which the preacher enthroned the truth.

The Methodist Quarterly for the present month says:—"Comprehensiveness, combined with energy of thought, was his chief characteristic; under the inspiration of the pulpit it often became sublime—we were about to say godlike. We doubt whether any man of our generation has had more power in the pulpit than Stephen Olin; and this power was in spite of very marked oratorical defects. While you saw that there was no trickery of art about Dr. Olin, you felt that a mighty, a resistless mind was struggling with yours. You were overwhelmed—your reason with argument, your heart with emotion."

His writings are stamped with his intellectual excellencies; they will rank among the noblest productions of the American mind. In this article we have attempted but an outline of his career, as the newspapers have lately abounded in fuller sketches. To such readers as would more adequately appreciate one of the greatest intellects of our times, we would recommend the perusal of his works.



LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF LANE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DR. BEECHER has the democratic honor of being the son of a blacksmith;* and the manner in which he has wielded the theologic hammer against public evils, whether in high places or low places, shows him to be worthy of the lineage. Such has been the manly robustness of his writings, and the staunch vigor of his long life, that we spontaneously suppose him to have inherited the blacksmith's energy of nerve and muscle: far otherwise is the fact, however. He was the only child of his mother, and she died in giving him birth. He was born at New-Haven, Conn., September 12, 1775, and committed by his dying parent to the care of her sister, the wife of a farmer in North Guilford. It is said that he was unusually feeble in his infancy,

and at the time he was received at North Guilford weighed but three-and-a-half pounds. The Spartan laws would have consigned him to death as not sufficiently promising to justify the expense of the state for his education. The agricultural toils of North Guilford saved him, and he has several times since retrieved his health by similar means.

He prepared for college under the care of the village pastor, and in due time graduated at Yale, where also he studied divinity under the celebrated Dr. Dwight. Entering the ministry in 1798, he was settled the following year at East Hampton, L. I. "I was favored," he says, "with three seasons of special divine influence, in which almost three hundred persons were added to the Church." In the third year of his ministry his health failed, and his labors were suspended about nine months, by fever and subsequent debility, from which, however, he

* David Beecher, his father, is supposed to have descended from one of the four Beechers who were among the one hundred and twenty-nine owners of the town of New-Haven.

arose "by rural exercise and manual labor." While at East Hampton he published four discourses: On the History of East Hampton—On Dueling—On the Government of God Desirable—and a Funeral Sermon.

In 1810 he took charge of the First Congregational Church of Litchfield, Conn., where he continued about sixteen years, with much success. During this period his health again sunk under his labors; his pastoral duties were suspended about six months, and he was "sent again," as he writes, "to rural exercise and manual labor, for more than a year." While at Litchfield he published sermons on the Reformation of Morals; Building up of Waste Places; A Funeral Discourse; The Bible, a Code of Laws; The Faith once Delivered to the Saints; The Design, Rights, and Duties of Local Churches; and The Means of National Prosperity. He also assisted during this interval in the establishment of the Connecticut Missionary Society, the Litchfield County Foreign Missionary Society, the Connecticut Education Society, the American Bible Society, and the Christian Spectator and Connecticut Observer.

In 1826 he went to Boston as pastor of the Hanover-street Church. His labors during the ensuing six-and-a-half years were herculean, both at home and abroad, among the Congregational Churches of New-England, and he did much for the revival of the Puritan faith in the eastern metropolis. He assisted in the establishment of the "Spirit of the Pilgrims," which did effectual service in the same cause. He also published while in Boston, A Review of the Review of his Sermon on the Faith once delivered to the Saints; Reply to Johnson's Report on the Sabbath; The Groton Report on the Rights of the Congregational Churches of the State, in opposition to sundry legal decisions against them; Infant Damnation not a Doctrine of the Calvinistic system; The Resources of the Adversary, a Sermon before the Board of Foreign Missions; Memory of our Puritan Fathers, preached in Plymouth, at the Pilgrim Anniversary; Dependence and Free Agency; Six Sermons on Intemperance, preached at Litchfield, and repeated in Boston.

In 1832 he was called to the presidency of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, where for ten years he sustained, in conjunction

with his academic duties, the pastoral care of the Second Presbyterian Church of that city. He has resigned his connection with the seminary, and now resides in Boston, revising and publishing his works. During his presidency in that institution it sent out three hundred young men to preach the gospel. His publications in Cincinnati were a volume on Political Atheism; A Plea for the West; A Plea for Colleges; and Lectures to Artisans, issued in the newspapers only.

Such is the chronological outline of Dr. Beecher's career. In the progress of his life, he writes: "I have laid no plans of my own, but simply consecrated myself to Christ and his cause, confiding in his guidance and preservation, and meeting, as I might be able, such exigencies as his providence placed before me, which has always kept my head, hands, and heart full."^{*}

Besides his more immediately professional labors in behalf of evangelical piety—which have, perhaps, had a more positive influence within the pale of his own denomination, than those of any other contemporary man—Dr. Beecher has acquired a distinguished reputation in connection with the religious literature and Christian philanthropy of the times. He may be considered one of the founders, if not the founder, of the "Temperance Reform"—a movement which is certainly unique in the history of mankind, as an exception to the usual fate of sumptuary reforms, and a triumph of moral sentiment over appetite without a parallel. His agency in this great measure deserves an emphatic record as a matter of history.

Soon after his entrance upon the ministry, Dr. Rush's writings on the effects of intoxicating drinks, attracted and impressed his attention. Information from England, respecting institutions for moral reforms, suggested to him the propriety of some such measures against intemperance and other growing immoralities of our own country, and induced him to publish his discourse, entitled "A Reform in Morals Necessary and Practicable." A Society for Moral Reform, in respect to intemperance, the Sabbath, &c., resulted

^{*} "Brief Memoirs of the Class of 1797, [Yale College] printed by order of the Class, for their own use," &c. We are indebted to the kindness of Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, of Boston, for this, and other materials for our sketch.

from this sermon in his own parish. After his removal to Litchfield, he repeated the discourse, enlarged, to an assembly in New-Haven, many members of the legislature, and the local magistracy being present. Other clergymen took up the subject, and soon the magistrates were induced to apply the laws with a sudden severity, which produced reaction and a "political revolution." The advocates of reform were startled and discouraged at this reverse; but it led them to perceive the necessity of moral suasion as a preliminary condition of right legal restraint; and thus was brought out the fundamental principle of the subsequent temperance movement. Dr. Beecher was among the first to recognize this necessity. Under his influence ecclesiastical measures were taken against the great evil. In connection with Rev. Mr. Dutton, of Guilford, he induced the General Association of Connecticut Ministers to adopt a series of resolutions, which embraced summarily the present principles of the reform. The effect was soon quite extraordinary; and "this," says the "National Temperance Offering," "was the first marked and leading temperance reform in America, and preceded, by many years, the formation of the first temperance society in Massachusetts."

He soon also projected further efforts in the same direction, and his noted six sermons on intemperance were planned. Their effect is still well remembered. They have been a leading agency in the promotion of the reform, not only in this land, but in Europe, being translated into German, French, Swedish, and Danish. The missionaries of South Africa have testified to their salutary influence among even the Hottentots.

Had Dr. Beecher no other distinction, his connection with this great moral movement of our age would entitle him to an enviable eminence in the history of his times. But his writings, now being published in a collected form, have placed him permanently among the moral and theological authors of the country. We have already enumerated many of them, and noted elsewhere their revised publication. They are mostly "occasional" productions, called forth by some exigency of public opinion, but will be not the less durable. They are full of the intellectual mettle of the man. Energy of thought,

and energy of expression, are the chief characteristics of Dr. Beecher as a writer. There is no dilution of his subjects, no mere rhetorical prettinesses, no indirect sophisms or evasions, to be detected on his pages; but he advances manfully and directly to his purpose. He states his theme with noticeable clearness, likes the distinctness of summary propositions, abounds in brief and peremptory passages, has a good, staunch, Saxon style, and is, in fine, in both his rhetoric and his logic, full of robust strength, of genuine stamina.

Dr. Beecher, now about seventy-seven years of age, is still in vigorous health, and abundant in labors. "In my domestic relations," he writes, "my cup of misery, though not unmixed with bitterness, in the death of two beloved wives, two infants, and an adult son in the ministry, has nevertheless been filled with pure, copious, and habitual enjoyment, especially in the early conversion of my children, and their blessed affection for me, and usefulness in the Church of God."

Our sketch of this venerable man has been given much in detail, for the reason that no very minute record of his useful career has heretofore been published: his name belongs to the common history of the common Christianity of the country, and is becoming, as he advances toward the goal of his noble life, increasingly endeared to the American people, of all or of no sects.

BREVITIES.

SOME day it will be found out that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments. Blunt wedges rive hard knots. Childhood and genius have the same master organ in common—inquisitiveness. No man is wholly bad all at once. In all true humor lies its germ—pathos. We may do a very good action, and not be a good man; but we cannot do an ill one, and not be an ill man. Surely some people must know themselves; many never think about anything else. Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things. Solitude is necessary in the moments when grief is strongest, and thought most troubled.



[Milton, at the Age of Nineteen.]

MILTON.

WILLIAM HOWITT, in his *Homes and Haunts of the Poets*, says that "perhaps no man ever inhabited more homes than our great epic poet, yet scarcely one of these now remains." Most of Milton's homes were in the English metropolis, and have been substituted, in the progress of the city, by more modern buildings. The house where he was born, December 9, 1608, on Bread-street, was consumed in the great fire of London. His country homes have undergone so many changes, that those which our present plates represent appear quite various in the pictorial illustrations of Chambers, Howitt, and other writers.

Most of the youth of Milton was spent in London, where, under a private tutor,—a strict Puritan, who, Aubrey says, wore "his hair short,"—and at St. Paul's school, he studied with remarkable assiduity and success. He pored over his books till midnight, and incurred that terrible affliction which rendered his declining years "dark, dark, irrecoverably dark," allowing him sight only in his dreams, while, as he pathetically says in his beautiful sonnet on the death of his second wife,

"Day brought back his night."

About his seventeenth year he entered Christ College, at Cambridge, already accomplished in the classic languages and literature. The juvenile portrait which we insert at the head of this article was taken during his college days. It will be an interesting novelty to most of our readers, as it has never before been published in this country. When but about twenty-one

years old he produced his noble *Hymn on the Nativity*, a rich blossom of his ripening genius. In 1632, leaving the university, the flat and denuded scenery around which he heartily disliked, he made his residence in Horton, Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years in genial studies amidst most genial scenery. His *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas* were produced in this poetic retreat. All three are exquisite specimens of his genius. *Lycidas* has afforded several gems to our familiar poetic quotations, but the *Comus* stands pre-eminent for its numerous and resplendent beauties. "It is a pure dream of Elysium," says a critic. "The reader is transported, as in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, to scenes of fairy enchantment; but no grossness mingles with the poet's creations, and his muse is ever ready to moralize his song with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment."

In his thirtieth year, Milton, still a bachelor, went to Italy,—not, however, on the romantic errand usually supposed. The very pleasant little episode respecting the

"Occhi, stelle mortali," &c.,

a verse from Quarini, placed in his hand by a beautiful foreign lady, while he slept beneath a tree, and under the spell of which, it is alleged, he wandered over Italy in search of his furtive admirer, now wears, we are sorry to inform the fair reader, quite a suspicious aspect. William Howitt treats it with a coolness worthy of his Quaker stoicism. This little romance,—about the only one in his history,—may, in fact, be considered about extinguished. Poets, notwithstanding all the fine things thought of them, are seldom good examples of their own beautiful ideals. Milton has adorned his Eve with matchless loveliness; but his real life shows him to have been better as a poet, a scholar, a politician, or even as a schoolmaster, than as a lover. His uxorious vexations were among the most grievous trials of his genius.

Milton in fine went to Italy, not as an errant lover, but as a scholar and a poet. While there, his polemic propensities were occasionally aroused; it is said that he could hardly be restrained from assailing Popery within the walls of Rome itself; and he returned to England with formidable hostility to prelacy,

royalty, and everything which opposed itself to liberty of conscience, of speech, or of the press. He located himself in London, entered into the great controversies of the time, and prepared to devote himself to the cause of the Puritans and to the fortunes of Cromwell. We pause not to note his political labors and struggles; remarking, however, *en passant*, that his prose writings, the products of these labors and struggles, are replete with the noblest excellencies of his genius.

The poetic temperament of the great bard had hitherto failed to receive any very profound or permanent impression from that living beauty which he was nevertheless so capable of describing in his verse; but being now about thirty-five

undoubtedly took most of his images [of L'Allegro]: it is on the top of a hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides. The distant mountains, that seemed to support the clouds; the village and turrets, partly shrouded in trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them; the dark plains and meadows, of a grayish color, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the Allegro description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

"The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm.

"It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the Penseroso. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briars, vines, and honey-suckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may

conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow—

Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;

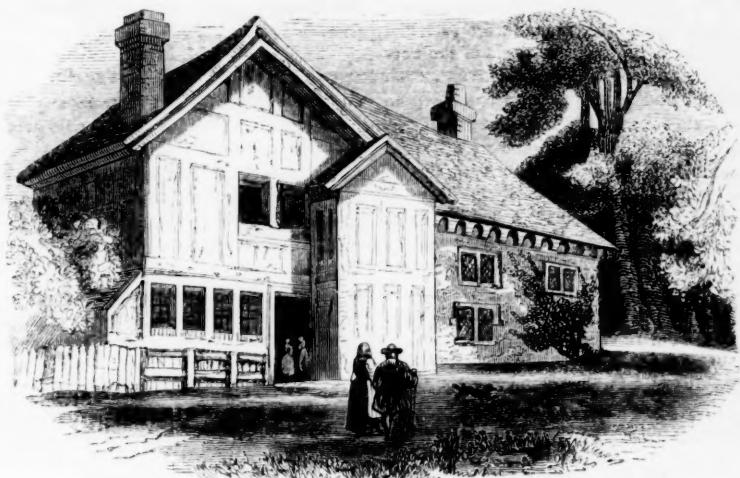
for it is evident that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweet-brier, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet."

Milton took his young wife to London, but was able to keep her there only one month. Dissatisfied with his mode of life, she deserted him and returned to her father. Disposed to marry again, he wrote his essays on Divorce: but when she learned that he was actually making proposals for the hand of another lady



COTTAGE AT FOREST HILL.

years of age, it was reasonable that he should marry as a matter of convenience at least. Mary Powell, the daughter of a stanch royalist, was his choice. He removed his residence to a cottage at Forest Hill, Oxford, near the original home of his bride. Here, according to Sir William Temple, he wrote his L'Allegro, and the beautiful scenery of that immortal poem was borrowed from the picturesque landscapes of his new neighborhood. Sir William describes a visit which he made to this memorable locality. "As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton



MILTON'S HOUSE AT CHALFONT.

she returned, "fell on her knees before him," and was reinstated in his household.

By the end of the year 1652 his sight entirely failed, while writing his "*Defense of the People*"—a noble occasion for the sacrifice. The death of his wife occurred about this time; but the latter loss was promptly repaired by a second marriage, which was followed, however, in about a year by the death of his new consort, whom he lamented with a pathos which largely redeems his reputation as a lover and husband.

When the plague broke out in London, Milton retired to Chalfont in Bucks. Here he completed *Paradise Lost*, and wrote the whole of *Paradise Regained*. Mr. Howitt describes the Chalfont cottage as surrounded by beautiful views. He says:—"Standing a little above the cottage, the view before you is very interesting. The quiet old agricultural village of Chalfont lies in the valley, amid woody uplands, which are seen all round. The cottage stands facing you, with its gable turned to the road, and fronting into its little garden and field. A row of ordinary cottages is built at its back, and faces the road below. To the right ascends the grass field mentioned; but this, with extensive old orchards above the house, is pleasing to the eye, presenting an idea of quiet, rural repose, and of meditative walks in the shade of the orchard-trees,

or up the field, to the breezy height above. Opposite to the house, on the other side of the way, is a wheelwright's dwelling, with his timber reared among old trees; and above it a chalk-pit, grown about with bushes. This is as rural as you can desire. The old house is covered in front with a vine, bears all the marks of antiquity, and is said by its inhabitant, a tailor, to have been but little altered. There was, he says, an old porch at the door, which stood till it fell with age. Here we may well imagine Milton sitting, in the sunny weather, and enjoying the warmth, and the calm sweet air. Could he have seen the view which here presented itself, it would have been agreeable; for though in this direction the ascending ground shuts out distant prospect, its green and woody upland would be itself a pleasant object of contemplation; shutting out all else, and favorable to thought. The house below consists of two rooms, the one on the left, next to the road, a spacious one, though low, and with its small diamond easements suggesting to you that it is much as when Milton inhabited it. Here he no doubt lived principally; and, in all probability, here was *Paradise Regained* dictated to his amanuensis, most likely at that time his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull."

Paradise Lost was given to the public about two years after its completion. The copyright was sold to Samuel Sim-

mons for five pounds paid on its receipt, and five more when 1,300 copies were sold, and the same amount after the sale of the second and third editions respectively, each edition comprising 1,500 copies. Milton died before the third edition was demanded, and Simmons purchased his widow's entire right in this immortal property of genius for eight pounds—a property which has brought myriads to publishers for its mere mechanical work, and to artists for its embellishment. Milton's contract with his publisher has been for some time in the possession of Rogers the poet, who, as is stated in our literary record for the month, lately deposited it in the British Museum. The following is a fac-simile of one of the poet's receipts to Simmons:—

Aug 26 1669

Recd Then of Samuel Simmons
Five pounds being the second
Two pounds to be paid
Two pounds mentioned in the
Cordwanch of say recd by me
Wm & Comyn John Millor
Epton

Milton married his third wife in 1660. She survived him several years. Three daughters by his first wife also survived him. The manner in which he conducted their education has occasioned much animadversion, and been considered a proof of his depreciatory estimate of the sex. It is said he taught them to pronounce several languages, that they might read to him, after his blindness; but their instruction was limited to the mere pronunciation. A most ungracious task must have been these filial prelections in unknown tongues; and they may account, in part, for the "undutiful and unkind" treatment which he says he received from them in his latter days. None of them lived with him for several years before his death. He died in great tranquillity on the 8th of November, 1674, and was buried in St. Giles's church, Cripplegate, London, where sleep Fox, the martyrologist, and Speed, the historian. Milton's bust has been placed on the third pillar from the east end, to the left as you enter the church.

His remains are beneath, under a large pew.

The North British Review says:—"The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connection; that from his seventeenth to his thirty-third or thirty-fourth year, his chief literary exercises were poetry; that from his thirty-fourth year, however, on to his fifty-third, he labored almost exclusively as a controversialist and prose writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets; and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the compo-

sition of those greater poems, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England."

His daily life has been given us. "He rises early; has a chapter in the Hebrew Bible read to him; then meditates till seven; till twelve he listens to reading, in which he employs his daughters; then takes exercise, and sometimes swings in his little garden. After a frugal dinner,

he enjoys some musical recreation; at six he welcomes friends; takes supper at eight; and then, having smoked a pipe, and drank a glass of water, he retires to repose. That repose is sometimes broken by poetic musings, and he rouses up his daughter that he may dictate to her some lines before they are lost."

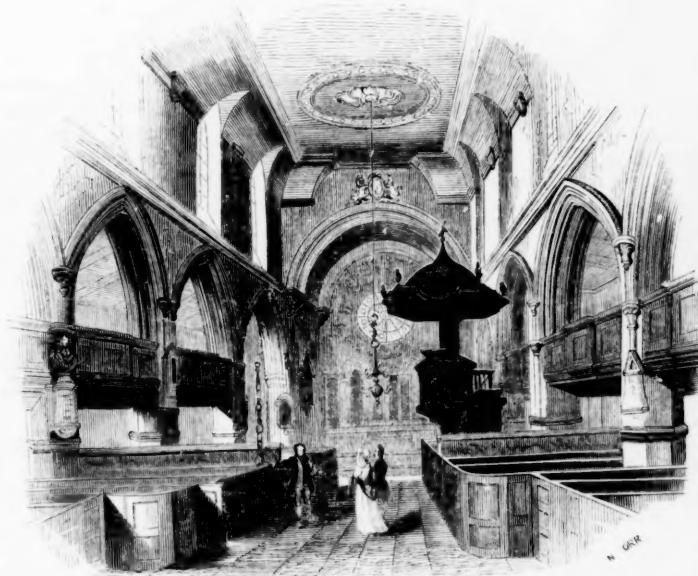
Among the chief characteristics of Milton's genius are his originality, his sublimity, and his skill in picturesque description. The first of these is the highest trait of genius. It is stamped on all his productions. His poems, especially his great epic, are full of invention. Spenser, he acknowledged to Dryden, was his model; there are distinct traces of our other great early poet in his writings, and the influence of the Greek tragedians and the Italian poets, over his muse, is quite perceptible; but his original and mighty genius transmuted and assimilated to itself all extraneous aids—as the oak, though towering to the heavens, derives, in part, its nourishment from the undergrowth that

decays beneath it. It recoined with its own impress every borrowed conception.

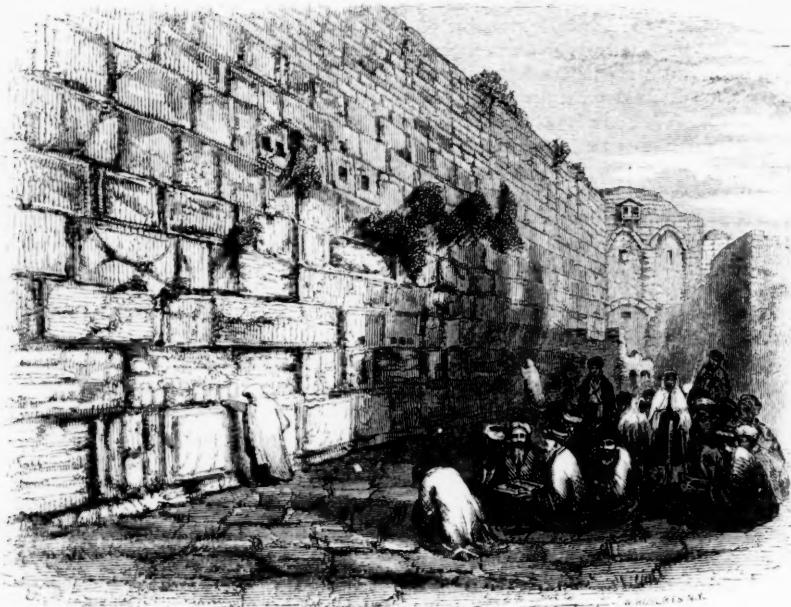
As originality is the highest power of genius, so is sublimity its highest emotion. Milton is matchless in the latter, if we except the Biblical examples. The two first books of *Paradise Lost* are, with this exception, the most august displays of the human mind on record. There was, in fact, an essential grandeur in the spirit of this blind old man; even when he treats of pathetic subjects, as in *Lycidas*, or indulges in familiar description, as in *L'Allegro*, or introduces colloquial scenes, as in *Comus* or *Paradise Lost*, it is always with a dignity which, without being strained, seems nevertheless unearthly—as a fine night-scene appears solemn, something apart from our ordinary earthly life. The sublime individuality of his genius, in fine, pervades all his conceptions, and becomes dignity at least, where it can no longer be grandeur. In this manner must we account for the alleged "want of human interest" in *Paradise Lost*, and his comparative failure in dramatic effect. His *Comus*, *Arcades*, and *Samson Agonistes* are examples. Fortunately he did not persist in his original intention of producing *Paradise Lost* in dramatic form.

His picturesque skill is so obvious that it is astonishing it should ever have been questioned, especially by so sagacious a critic as Coleridge. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* present the finest pictures. *Paradise Lost* abounds in transcendent descriptive beauties.

When we add to these highest traits of poetic genius the noble *morale* of the man, the lofty purity of his writings and his life, we are compelled to recognize Milton as not only the greatest of our bards, but one of the grandest men of his own or of any age. He had his imperfections, but his virtues partook of the grandeur of his genius. His life was temperate and unstained. He stood forth for liberty, religious, civil, and literary, with heroic devotion; and would probably have suffered as a martyr for it, had it not been for the intervention of his literary friends. He anticipated some of its latest and noblest developments. Amidst terrible reverses, domestic afflictions, sickness, blindness, and political disgrace, his mighty soul maintained unabated its inherent strength and sublime aspirations; and when the present was lost to him, he appealed to the future in strains which archangels might trumpet in the heavens.



ST. GILES'S CHURCH.



THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE AT JERUSALEM.

THE above plate represents a memorable locality in the topography of Jerusalem—interesting not only for the affecting ceremony of which it is every week the scene, but for the historical supposition that the massive wall is a remnant of the temple of Solomon. Dr. Robinson describes it as follows:—

"I went with Mr. Lanneau to the place where the Jews are permitted to purchase the right of approaching the site of their temple, and of praying and wailing over its ruins and the downfall of their nation. The spot is on the western exterior of the area of the great mosque, considerably south of the middle; and is approached only by a narrow crooked lane, which there terminates at the wall in a very small open place. The lower part of the wall is here composed of the same kind of ancient stones, which we had before seen on the eastern side. Two old men, Jews, sat there upon the ground, reading together in a book of Hebrew prayers. On Fridays they assemble here in greater numbers. It is the nearest point in which they can venture to approach their ancient temple; and fortunately for them, it is sheltered

from observation by the narrowness of the lane and the dead walls around. Here, bowed in the dust, they may at least weep undisturbed over the fallen glory of their race, and bedew with their tears the soil which so many thousands of their forefathers once moistened with their blood."

The following is the lament which the Jews chant amidst these ruins. It must have a singularly affecting sound when heard from the children of Israel, bewailing among the ruins of Jerusalem their fallen city and their suffering people. The translation is by Rev. Mr. Wolff.

Cantor. On account of the palace which is laid waste:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the temple which is destroyed:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the walls which are pulled down:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the majesty which is gone:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of our great men who have been cast down:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the precious stones which were burned :

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the priests who have stumbled :

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of our kings who have despised Him :

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. We beseech Thee, have mercy upon Sion :

People. Gather the children of Jerusalem.

Cantor. Make haste, Redeemer of Sion :

People. Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.

Cantor. May beauty and majesty surround Sion :

People. And turn with thy mercy to Jerusalem.

Cantor. Remember the shame of Sion :

People. Make new again the ruins of Jerusalem.

Cantor. May the royal government shine again over Sion :

People. Comfort those who mourn at Jerusalem.

Cantor. May joy and gladness be found upon Sion :

People. A Branch spring forth at Jerusalem.

A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

Tuor, God on high, art Love,
And dost by Love's attraction draw our souls,
Flitting in dusty circuit 'twixt the poles,

Up to their home above !

And though we bear the weight
Of mortal nature, yet the loved and free
We follow with strong pinion back to thee,
And look in at thy gate.

Lost one ! in sleep we rise
Into thy track, and thy receding light
Pursue, till, pausing at the portal bright,
Thou gazest in our eyes.

"Be comforted," that mild,
Full heart-glance said—"of human love the link
Stretches o'er death's abyss from brink to brink ;
This angel is your child !"

Then with her brow still bent
On ours, she slowly lessend into bliss,
As if to show she bore our mortal kiss
Into the firmament !

Nor was our gaze forbid
To watch her still ; for kneeling angels crown'd,
Having kiss'd her, parted where they zoned her
round,
That she might not be hid.

As after doubtful notes,
That Music wakes ere she decides her lay,
On sudden, up some dear frequented way
Of heavenly sound she floats.

And each awaiting heart
Thrills to remember'd joy ; so, from the grace
And glory mantling those bright hosts, did start
Full many a well-known face.

Thy father's father, sweet !
She at whose knees thy mother lisped her prayer,
Bent their swift pinions from the throne to greet
Thy soul, and lead thee there.

And some who left the way
Of life while green, were there—to whom 'twas
given
To sink on its soft pastures after play,
To sleep and wake in heaven !

And one not knit by blood—
Save souls have kinship—near'd thee ; in her eyes
Dwelt love so holy while on earth she stood,
They changed not for the skies.

Close, closer, form divine !
Here was thy life, high, gracious, undefiled—
The light that lit the parent-hearts was thine—
Now shine upon the child !

They stoop to us, they pour
Celestial glances down, each glance a ray
That steepes our eyes—the dropp'd lids' fringe
them o'er,
And all dissolves away !

Yet through the dark we hear
The music of their wings—and well we know
That the child-angel to His sight they bear
Who bless'd her like below.

O, then our thankful bliss
Burst forth—and the bless'd souls that people
dreams
Fled from the awakening cry. Our world was this,
Our light, earth's common beams.

They slant upon the ground
Where, in its bud, her wind-snapp'd dahlia lay,
Where still the notes of childhood's chorus sound,
Though one note is away.

Morn breaks its golden surge
Against the walls whence with presaging eyes
She watch'd the spire-crown'd steep : morn
rounds the verge
Of shadow where she lies.

The night-hush'd din of life
Thickens and swells ; but from that better sphere
Our sleep unvail'd, there flows through all the
strife

A voice intact and clear,—

"Love's very grief is gain ;
Thereby earth holier grows, and heaven is nigher ;
Souls that their idols will not here detain,
Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath
To quench wrath's fever ; and the hungry will
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death,
And the wild mien is still.

No paths of sense may wile
The yearning heart. It asks not if the road
Have bays to crown, or odors to beguile,
But—does it lead to God ?

Love, purity, repose,
Faith cherish'd, duty done, and wrong forgiven—
Be these the garland and the staff of those
Who have a child in heaven!"—*Lond. Athen.*

PHILOSOPHIC SCHOOLS OF GREECE.



THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS DISCIPLES.

BENEATH the cloudless canopy of a Grecian sky, and within the noble edifices of Athens, metaphysical pursuits found their most ardent admirers. Here Thales, who has been styled "the father of speculative philosophy," taught his doctrines, though the events of his life, no less than the precise tenets he maintained, are shrouded in mystery. His aphorism, "Know thyself," which was considered worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold on the temple at Delphi, develops the method by which he sought the extension of truth.

The first distinctive characteristic of the Ionic school, founded by Thales, was that of physiological inquiry into the constitution of the universe. He taught that the principle of all things was water. Anaximenes followed; but while he elaborated the views of his master, he detected phenomena that were to him inexplicable on the principle of Thales. He felt within him a something which moved him, though he knew neither how, nor why—something higher than himself—invisible,

but ever present: this he called his soul. His soul he believed to be air.

These great, though mistaken philosophers, were followed in the same course of thought by Diogenes of Apollonia, and Heraclitus of Ephesus, who sought to refer all sensible things to one original principle in nature. Air and fire appeared to them only sensible symbols, which they used in order to present more vividly to the imagination the energy of the one vital principle, which gives rise to all outward appearances. It would, however, be a mistake to regard these philosophers as materialists. The distinction between objective and subjective,—between a law operating in the universe, and the corresponding apprehension of that law by reason,—how-

ever obvious it may seem at the present day, appears to have required the deep meditation of numerous powerful thinkers to bring it clearly and truthfully before the mind.

That these two great things were confounded by Heraclitus is apparent: for he attributed to the universal fire the powers of a universal reason,—the source both of order in the world, and of the insight into that order possessed by man. Notwithstanding this confusion, the important discovery was recognized by him, that reason is common to all men, and that the ultimate principles of science derive their validity from their universality.

These philosophers may be regarded as forming one division of the Ionic school, who agreed in believing the universe to be the result of the spontaneous evolution of a single principle or power, and all sensible things as modifications of that principle, real only in reference to their ultimate ground. Anaximander, who lived B. C. 590, and Anaxagoras, the master of Peri-

cles, entertained different views; but they agreed in considering the world to be composed of numberless small particles of different kinds and shapes, by the change of whose relative position all phenomena were produced.* Anaxagoras traced them to a Supreme Reason, the author of all that is regular and harmonious in the disposition of these elementary atoms. This distinguished man inherited a splendid patrimony, and appeared destined to fill high offices in the state; but he disregarded all external greatness, and determined by his native powers to rear for himself an imperishable fame. Looking with contempt on the talent of his native city, he sought in Athens to attain the objects of his desires. The stirring epoch which followed was calculated to aid his purpose; for the age of Pericles had come—Athens was then the “queen of Greece!” The critics and scholars of the period delighted to behold the triumphs of Æschylus; Sophocles enjoyed universal admiration. There the Ionian philosophy found a home, and the young Anaxagoras shared his time with Homer and Anaximenes. Anaxagoras may be regarded as the first philosopher who clearly and boldly avowed the leading distinctions between mind and matter—an anticipation of one of the first discoveries of modern psychology, though by him dimly shadowed forth.

Epicurus is said to have been born in the neighborhood of Athens, about 344 years before Christ, though some declare that Samos was his birth-place. His parents were poor, yet his philosophic career began at the early age of thirteen; for, on hearing the verse of Hesiod, wherein all things are said to arise from chaos, Epicurus asked, “And whence came chaos?” The writings of Democritus occupying his attention, he devoted his time to philosophic pursuits, and ultimately, in his thirty-sixth year, opened a school at Athens, in a spot suited to the doctrine he promulgated, over which he presided till his death. The Platonists had their Academic Grove; the Aristotelians walked in the Lyceum; the Cynics occupied the Cynosarges; the Stoics were in the

Porch; and the Epicureans had their Garden, on the entrance of which was inscribed, “The hospitable keeper of this mansion, where you will find pleasure the highest good, will present you liberally with barley-cakes, and water fresh from the spring. The gardens will not provoke your appetite by artificial dainties, but satisfy it with natural supplies. Will you not be well entertained?”

The Epicureans declared as their great maxim, That pleasure constituted happiness; and as all animals instinctively pursue it, and avoid pain, man should do so deliberately. The difference between the philosophie and the ignorant consists in this, that while both pursue pleasure, the former does it completely, by fore-going certain enjoyments that will cause pain and vexation hereafter; while the ignorant seize on the pleasure of the present, and forfeit much that might also be gained in the future. Thus the Epicureans maintained the law of temperance; and it was their great principle that wealth consisted not in great possessions, but in having few wants. They regarded the gods as serene, majestic beings, too far distant, and too much at their ease, to trouble themselves with human affairs. It followed, that while reverence and admiration were deemed suitable, all worship was declared to be useless and absurd.

Zeno, having undertaken a voyage to Athens, was shipwrecked, and lost the whole of a valuable cargo of Phœnician purple, which reduced him to poverty, and probably was the means of leading him to embrace the doctrines of the Stoics, whose ostentatious display of poverty had captivated many minds. But he could not continue long a disciple, and the Stoa, or Porch, which was variegated with the pictures of Polygnotus, and had once been the resort of the poets, was the scene of his instructions, inculcating disregard alike of pleasure and of pain. Many disciples of the Porch and the Garden, however, while avowing their attachment to the principles of their respective masters, allowed themselves to be carried away by every kind of excess.

Socrates was another philosopher who disseminated his principles in the city of Athens. His character was eccentric in the extreme. Ungainly in his movements, and rude in his manners, he wandered bare-footed about the streets; stood unmoved

* The costume in the preceding engraving, like that which follows, is precisely that of the time. The philosopher is here attired in an under-garment, which some of the more rigid omitted.

for hours, absorbed in thought; or strolled to the market-place to engage in disputation. Yet, beneath so repulsive an exterior, which excited the contempt of his rivals, and often kept his friends aloof, was a capacity as subtil as it was gigantic.

The Cyrenaic sect originated in Aristippus; the Megaric, or Eristic, with Euclid of Megara, some of whose successors were distinguished for their logical subtlety. The Eliac, or Eretriac sect, sprang from an adherent of the doctrines of Socrates; the Academic from Plato, after whose death his disciples deviated from his doctrine, occasioning the subdivision of the sect into the Old, the New, and the Middle Academies. The Peripatetic philosophy owed its origin to Aristotle; the Cynic to Antisthenes, Diogenes being one of its most noted advocates. These were the nine sects of the Ionic school; the Italic embraced five; the Eleatic was founded by Zenophanes, the Heraclitean by the individual whose name it bears, and the Pyrrhonic by Pyrrho.

The Sophists appeared among the philosophers as the educators of youth. They were generally not natives of Attica; but their ability in their own country pointing them out for distinction, they left the humble positions they there occupied, and sought, in the emporium of knowledge and civilization, wealth and fame. Their ostentatious profession, their sumptuous robes, their rich and artificial language, full of splendid antithesis and far-sought metaphor, their dialectic talent and vivid imaginations, gained them public attention, and they were accompanied by a numerous escort of noble youths, who thus acquired by oral communication that knowledge which the scarcity and costliness of literature precluded by other means. The Sophists must not be considered as philosophers, but as rhetoricians.

Aristophanes described them as foolish and worthless, and labored to render them absolutely ridiculous. Little effect appears, however, to have been produced by any such efforts. Socrates declared that the hoary impostor Protagoras had for a space of more than forty years propagated his pernicious principles, and that from the practice of his baneful trade he had derived more gains than Phidias and ten sculptors besides.

That species of knowledge which confounds right with wrong was propagated

with such success, that, in the days of Aristophanes and Plato, it appears to have excited little surprise, and to have been expected rather than otherwise in those persons who set themselves up as "teachers of wisdom." Thus, not only were the highest powers of man's nature perverted from the right source of knowledge, but the sensibility of the conscience was deadened. The pupil who was taught to practice nefarious acts, was directed to three sources of consolation, or rather to three means of banishing fear:—either that there were no gods; or, if there were, they took no cognizance of human affairs; or, supposing they did take any, their connivance could be gained, and their vengeance appeased, by the offering of a bull, an ox, a sheep, a little incense, or a few grains of salt!

A sense of the dishonor thus done to the Most High, deeply affected the heart of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who appeared amidst these scenes with the only divine philosophy. We read that "his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." Acts xvii, 16. In "the altar inscribed to the unknown God," he witnessed a melancholy acknowledgment of the ignorance and superstition that prevailed. The only true God was the only God unknown.

The origin of idolatry may be traced to the alienation of the heart from God, the opposition of his character to the depraved condition of his fallen creatures, and a consequent desire to have such a god as themselves, who would approve their sins. No idolater ever invested the object of his worship with either holiness or love. The principal gods of the Pantheon were raised above men solely by the greater enormity of their crimes—the result of the greater power they were supposed to possess.

According to Justin Martyr, Plato, on returning to Athens, after his travels in Egypt, where he acquired some knowledge of the unity of God, was anxious to dissemble and conceal his sentiments, lest he should be compelled to appear before the Areopagites. But it was otherwise with the inspired Apostle. Moved by the idolatry of the Athenians, "he preached Jesus and the resurrection," in the Jewish synagogue and in the market-place; and the consequences which Plato feared fell

on him. He was assailed by the people, who supposed that he thus urged on their regard deities of which they had not before heard. They believed that, as they were in the habit of deifying virtues, vices, health, or diseases, that Jesus who was thus preached unto them by the Apostle was such a god, and that *Anastasis*, or the Resurrection, was another which he wished should enjoy their admiration. Certain Epicureans and Stoic philosophers therefore led him to Areopagus, that they might know more of this new doctrine. Whether or not he was criminally arraigned is undecided; but it is beyond dispute that his bearing was most dignified, and his address most eloquent.

Singularly interesting and impressive were the associations which could not fail to crowd on his mind, as he stood on the Hill of Mars.

With his face toward the north—his most probable position—he would have immediately behind him the long walls which ran down to the sea. Near the Aegean on one side was the harbor of Piræus, on the other Phalerum, with their gallant ships, their crowded arsenals, and their busy artisans. Turning toward his right was the Phyx, the scene of the mightiest eloquence of Greece. Stretching immediately before him was the crowded city, full of memorials of its arts, though shamefully debased by idolatry. On his left hand, but beyond the walls, he might look on

"The olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Thrills her thick-warbled notes the summer
long."

Even on the hill where Paul stood was the court-house of the council; here, also, were two silver stones, on one of which stood the accuser, on the other the accused; while a temple to the Furies, oth-



THE APOSTLE PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

er national and commemorative buildings, and various altars, would not fail to meet his eye. The reader will do well to consider attentively the appeal of the inspired apostle, as recorded in the book of the Acts. It did not fail of effect: though some mocked, and others procrastinated, yet others believed, among whom was Dionysius, a member of the council.—*Athens: its Grandeur and Decay.*

IDLENESS AND VICE.

GRATE examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life; and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness; but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle, and cease to be idle.

JOHN STERLING AND THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE notoriety attaching to the name of John Sterling, affords a singular instance of a reputation extremely disproportionate to the qualities and deeds of him who has obtained it; and is owing entirely to the eminence of his biographers—Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle, both his elect friends—and to the opposed points of view from which they have regarded his character. Archdeacon Hare, in editing "Sterling's Literary Remains," prefaced them with a brief memoir, in which the religious aspect of his life was chiefly prominent, and its errors and failures marked and deplored. To Mr. Carlyle this proved vexation indeed,—even seemed misrepresentation and untruth,—and was provocative first of anger, and then of a determination himself to draw Sterling's portrait, and to tell the world his life-story as he read it. So poor Sterling's memory has become a controversy, the interest of which is not in Sterling, but in the questions started by his differing biographers. It is not wonderful that this should occasion only pain to those who knew and loved him best; nor that his brother-in-law and affectionate friend, Professor Maurice, should refuse, as it is said, to read either of the biographies.

Of Sterling himself let the kindest words be spoken: let condemnations be gentle, as they *will be* on the part of all whose religious opinions are convictions, not traditions, and whose enjoyment of the serene light of faith has been reached through the gloom and storm of unsolicited doubt. Yet in Sterling's beliefs and works there is little that is of much significance, or that has an interest for the general world. In the two volumes of his "Remains," Archdeacon Hare's Memoir was the chiefly noticeable thing; and in the new life by Mr. Carlyle, all the interest belongs to Mr. Carlyle himself. The purpose of this paper, however, demands that there be a brief sketch of Sterling, and then there is something to be said of what Mr. Carlyle has set down concerning him.

At a kind of dilapidated baronial residence in the Isle of Bute, having a small farm attached to it, and called Kaimes Castle, John Sterling was born, on the

20th of July, 1806. His father, Captain Edward Sterling, was then on half-pay, and trying his hand at farming. His mother was of "a refined female nature, tremulously sensitive," says Mr. Carlyle, "and strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities dependent on these." From her John Sterling derived "the delicate *aroma* of his nature." His stronger qualities, and especially his restless impetuosity, came to him from his father, a man of great energy and stormy rapidity of character. Yet he grew up a noble boy, clever, joyous, adventurous, and withal somewhat impetuous. At twelve, he ran away from school, at Blackheath, and managed to get to Dover, with the view of crossing the Channel; but he was there detected, and compelled to confess, and write home to his mother; and it was very characteristic of him that he wrote a letter in what Carlyle calls "the steady, historical style, narrating merely, not in the least apologizing."

At sixteen, John Sterling was sent to the University of Glasgow, his brother Antony being already there. He remained, however, but one year. Subsequently, when eighteen, he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; with the good fortune of having for his tutor the Rev. Julius Hare, who became at once a cordial friend, and remained so ever afterward. Sterling paid but little attention to the prescribed studies of the university; they were not the discipline and knowledge he required. Yet he made progress in less formal study, devoured and digested multitudinous books, and reached a very high degree of culture. The chief advantage of the university to him, was in the circle of noble and loving friends with which he became surrounded,—among whom were Frederic Maurice, Richard Trench, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes, and others who have since distinguished themselves in literature and public life. Amongst these Sterling was celebrated for his clear intelligence, brilliant conversation, and unusual eloquence in debate. He had the gift of being loved,—of powerfully attracting others to himself by his genial spirit and sincerity of soul. In the admiration he won, there was generally tenderness; and the ties that bound him to his friends were of singular tenacity. The university career was not of long continuance; at

the end of two years, Sterling left, without taking a degree.

Now came entrance on life—a profession to be chosen. But Sterling had within him certain “wild radicalisms,” which shut up the road to life lying through the Church; he would not *then* consent to be one of her “black dragoons,” as he called the clergy; and the probability is, that being a man of true integrity, yet with unawakened spiritual nature, he was also averse to the assumption of a clerical office for which he possessed no religious qualification. Other roads—as those of medicine and law—were closed to him by his desultory habits and restlessness of spirit; so that, eventually, more by chance than choice, it would seem, he took to literature as his vocation. In connection with his friend, Frederic Maurice, he purchased and conducted the “Athenaeum,” then newly started. In this journal he published many fine papers—now included in the “Remains”—full of promise of excellence afterward to be attained. No commercial success attended this experiment, however, and the “Athenaeum” was again transferred to other hands. Sterling may, for some time afterward, be traced in various wanderings to the Lakes, to Paris, and into much new society; continuing, too, decisively a radical—a man of very free and bold opinions.

At this period, about 1828, dawns a new era in Sterling’s history. He then became acquainted with Coleridge; and amongst the young ardent thinkers who resorted to Highgate, to listen to the wise and wonderful discourse of the grand old man, none was more heart-earnest and absorbingly-attentive than John Sterling. The influence of Coleridge on his intellect and sensibilities awakened within him hitherto unknown longings after the highest and divinest objects of human life, and gave new directions to his spiritual nature. The impression thus made eventually determined one of the most important acts of Sterling’s life; and although, as Mr. Carlyle informs us, “democratic liberalism,” and other things hard of assimilation with the philosophy and theology of Coleridge, continued to maintain their existence with him, this was the power, beyond all others, to which his nature bent with most entireness. The literary efforts put forth about this period gave proof of the strength of the Coleridgean influence.

Sterling was married, in 1830, to Miss Susan Barton, whose graces and fine qualities are well spoken of by Mr. Carlyle. Health was then in a seriously threatening state with Sterling, dangerous illness speedily followed, and proving to be pulmonary disease, on partial recovery it seemed desirable that he should seek a more favorable climate. He went to St. Vincent, West Indies, where was a family property which he undertook to manage. There his eldest son was born. There, too, the tidings of the Torrijos tragedy reached him; and so terrible was its impression on him, that, conspiring with the state of Mrs. Sterling’s health to make him feel unsettled at St. Vincent’s, he resolved to return home. Letters from him at this period spoke much of the spiritual exercises of his mind—of prayer, religious studies, and longing endeavors after a sanctuary for the soul. A critical juncture had arrived.

In the following year he went to Germany, and at Bonn met with his friend and college tutor, the Rev. Julius Hare. To him he explained his views for the future—briefly, that he intended a few years’ study at a good German university, and then a return to England, and an entrance on the ministry of the Established Church. Mr. Hare approved, and offered his own curacy at Herstmonceux, if it should be vacant at the time of Sterling’s return. After some months, this plan was changed; and a letter dispatched to Mr. Hare, stating that if the curacy were still vacant, Sterling was ready at once to take orders and enter on its duties. The reply gave assent—Sterling came home, and was ordained at Chichester, on Trinity Sunday, 1834.

Archdeacon Hare testifies that Sterling threw his whole heart and soul into the duties of the Christian ministry—that he was faithful to the pulpit, assiduous in his attention to the poor, and active to the full measure of his powers. Still do some of the poor at Herstmonceux affectionately remember him—perhaps the best* and purest remembrance Sterling has on earth. This new life—deeply sincere and devout as it seems to have been—opened a path which, could it but have been kept, might have proved holy and happy, closing triumphantly. *Work*, such as the activities of a parish ministry involved,—and the influence of one having clear, strong

intellect, profound learning and fullness of faith, such as Archdeacon Hare's,—were likely to prove a saving discipline to a temperament and character like Sterling's. But nine short months closed this path also. Again failing health, and the counsels of physicians thereupon, drove him from his duties; and, with "sorrowful agitation," he resigned his curacy.

It was in the following year that the second great power came to bear on the mind and character of Sterling; and the history of its results is scarcely favorable to a high estimate of his individuality and inward strength. Ever too ready to bend to the forces reaching him from without,—and unconsciously, perhaps, accustomed to take his tone and direction from other minds,—it was scarcely possible that he should not be "led captive at his will" by Thomas Carlyle. Such was the event of an acquaintance which sprung up in the year he left Herstmonceux, and which strengthened and grew to a deep and mutually-prized intimacy, now affectionately commemorated by Mr. Carlyle in his recently published biography. How far-reaching and important were the consequences of this new friendship—it might be said, discipleship—will appear presently.

On his removal to London, Sterling for a while kept his faith in Christianity—retaining the feeling of the clerical office, and due regard for the Church. He occupied himself variously with theological and metaphysical studies; and on breaking into German, made himself familiar with some of the works of Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, and others, delightedly finding therein great increase to his knowledge. At the same time he was aimless and wandering—life had no serious duties, no practicalities for him. Speculation deep and high suited his mood—various and roving speculations, tending "nowhither," modified and changed his opinions at large. The influence of Coleridge was lessening; Carlyle was in the ascendancy. By-and-by, theologies and spiritualisms were somewhat lost sight of, and such work as was done at all was in the shape of efforts at a place in literature.

For the next eight years Sterling made temporary residences in London, occupied with literary labors in several directions—chiefly publications of poems and contributions to "Blackwood;" but sadly were

these labors broken in upon by threatening illness, necessitating flights to Clifton, Falmouth, Torquay, and, in successive winters, to the south of France, Madeira, and Italy. Hope of permanent recovery alternated with the prospect of immediate dissolution; almost ever was he in the attitude of one "screening himself from swift death." If his achievements were few and comparatively unimportant, it may be remembered that he had other life-battle to do than tends to victory recognizable by standers-by.

It was while making occasional brief visits to London that a club was founded, at which pleasant re-unions with his friends might be possible; this, innocently enough, was called the "Sterling Club," and has since become famous, through the gross and unjust attacks made on its members, in some quarters, for a supposed heretical sympathy with views and principles of *rationalistic* stamp, of which Sterling's name was held to be a symbol. It is undoubtedly true that views to which the name of Rationalism is vaguely given, were, in these years, adopted by Sterling. Mr. Carlyle gives no information on this momentous occurrence in his spiritual history; to Mr. Carlyle it does not seem momentous, but rather a happy deliverance from the wrecks of priesthood and from bondage to the incredible. Were it not for the memoir by Archdeacon Hare, and twelve painfully interesting letters to Mr. Coningham, published by him recently, little would be known of the spiritual struggles of Sterling's mind at this period, or of his eventual position with respect to the Christian faith. And, after all, for those who knew not Sterling, there is no very clear account of his inward life possible to be gotten from his biographers. Such words as it is fitting should here be said thereon shall presently be spoken.

In the year 1843, the shadows gathered deep over the path of Sterling. His wife lay newly confined, when he received intelligence of the death of his mother—to him an excellent and well-loved mother. He could not hide his grief from his wife, and, in answer to her questions, gave the intelligence. "Poor old man!" murmured his wife, "thinking of the old Edward Sterling now left alone in the world; and these were her own last words—in two hours more she too was dead." Carlyle adds, "Sterling has lost much in these two

hours; how much that has long been can never again be for him! Twice in one morning, so to speak, has a mighty wind smitten the corners of his house; and much lies in dismal ruins round him."

In something more than a year from this time Sterling himself was with the dead. The decease of his wife induced a removal to Ventnor, and there, being possessed of ample income, he purchased a house and grounds, and set about their improvement. A permanent residence was necessary to the six young motherless children now left to his care. His literary labors were again steadily prosecuted; a tragedy published, and eight cantos of a new poem completed. Yet he complained of "sad thoughts and ghastly dreaminess," saying, "the heart is gone out of my life." Mr. Carlyle confesses to receiving letters from him during this year at Ventnor, which he calls "melancholy enough;" but he suppresses them. In the spring of 1844, the breaking of a blood-vessel prostrated Sterling under the sickness from which he never recovered. For six months death was immediately before him; and with great calmness and courage he set about the adjustment of his affairs,—domestic, literary, and all others,—and then prepared to die. The Maurices were with him, lovingly caring for him, and sustaining his spirit. Much religious feeling flowed forth in these last scenes; there was much reading of the Bible—a humble and a happy recognition of the will of God—"I thank the All-wise One;" and to Archdeacon Hare he wrote, "Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me, although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents." At length, on the 18th of September, the end came. He was very weak and quiet, but penned a few verses for friends; and to his sister gave these, the last words he ever wrote:—

" Could we but hear all Nature's voice,
From glow-worm up to sun,
T'would speak with one concordant sound,
‘Thy will, O God, be done!’"

" But hark! a sadder, mightier prayer
From all men's hearts that live,
‘Thy will be done in earth and heaven,
And Thou my sins forgive !’"

It grew dusk; he asked for "the old Bible, which he used so often at Herstmonceux in the cottages;" then conversed cheerfully for a few minutes, and was left to settle for the night:—and so all things

closed around him, and he "trode the common road into the great darkness," as he himself said, "without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope."

Such were the facts of Sterling's life: they are not very important; neither are his completed works numerous, nor of more than partial success. Yet, such as they are, they had a true worth in them; and but for the continual struggle for life, and the over-haste in which all work was therefore done, might have been nobler and more enduring. Sterling had brilliant powers and fine heart, and was full of genuine purity and the deepest sincerity. "Like other such lives, like all lives, this is a tragedy," says Mr. Carlyle: "high hopes, noble efforts, under thickening difficulties and impediments, ever new nobleness of valiant effort; and the result death, with conquests by no means corresponding. A life which cannot challenge the world's attention; yet which does modestly solicit it, and, perhaps, on clear study will be found to reward it."

Of Sterling's religious errors something remains to be said. They amounted to the rejection of historical Christianity. The perusal of Strauss's "Life of Jesus" chiefly, and of other works partly—and amongst yet other influences, that of Goethe, whom he once held to be "a Pagan in an age when it is the duty of all to be Christians," but whom, under Carlyle, he came afterward greatly to reverence—contributed to produce this unhappy result. Yet it would seem that he retained faith in a personal God, and in the moral element of Christianity; and his last lines and words showed something of the ascendancy of a believing heart over the errors of the understanding—a sense of sin and of the need of forgiving mercy. Archdeacon Hare truly says, in closing his Memoir, "The representation of his life is unsatisfactory, because the problem of his life was incomplete. That problem was the same as the great problem of our age. In fact, it was the same with the great problem of all ages—to reconcile faith with knowledge, philosophy with religion, the subjective world of human speculation with the objective world in which God has manifested himself by a twofold revelation, outwardly to our senses, and spiritually to our spirits. . . . Ever since it was solved once for all, for every practical purpose of life, by the incarna-

tion of the Word, new forms of the speculative problem have been continually presenting themselves; every new solution has disclosed a deeper mystery still unsolved; nor has any form of it been more perplexing than that in which it presents itself to the meditative mind of our own times." Sterling had a deep and painful feeling of the importance and difficulty of these problems; he considered himself called to their solution. And when the channels of practical activity were closed against him—as Archdeacon Hare also remarks—his intellectual impulses gradually became restless and impatient, he deemed himself the antagonist of everything, and the concord of his soul was broken into harsh dissonances. Before a final solution of the problems, which integrity and inward necessity forced on him, could be attained, he was cut off. With much that is melancholy in such an end, there is not wholly an absence of hope. God only is his judge. Yet are there in this history serious suggestions for those who pursue an intellectual life and indulge freely in speculation, without a clear vent for the healthy activity of the spiritual nature.

Contrasting the two biographies of Sterling, Hare's leaves the impression of being truer to the significances of the inner history; but Carlyle's is the more complete and life-like portrait. Of the literary qualities of Mr. Carlyle's book it is impossible to speak too highly. Like all other of his writings, it is most successful in the luminous and impressive conveyance of thought—glows and burns with sincerity and earnestness. It is comparatively free from the attitudinizing, exaggeration and coarseness which marked his last work. With these vices have also disappeared for the occasion other strong qualities of an admirable kind: we listen to no majestic long-drawn thunder-tones; we witness none of those wild fitful flashes which give to common things a look never to be forgotten; we meet with none of that grim humor which laughs like an earthquake and ends in sorrowful gloom. On the whole, deep tenderness and affection are most conspicuous, often expressing themselves with a fine and manly pathos. Picturesque, painter-like descriptions, graphic sketches of character and society, boundless wealth of imagery, beautiful poetic forms, all combine in the

rich narrative, and imprint it lastingly on the mind. There is no living writer whose style has the magnificence of Carlyle's, even when it stands condemned for passages that are uncouth, barbarous, and bloated. Truly is he the greatest of literary men, the first of writers of memoir and history. But throughout this whole story and its episodical reflections, there is no trace of the profound thinker—the true philosopher. On the contrary, such a claim for the author is refuted by the scorn of reasoning, the obliteration of the facts of history, and the fierce destructiveness that pulls down without having anything to build up, which are manifest here as in other of his works. It is for the tidings it brings of the *man* Carlyle that the book has its chief value. The story of a contemporary, so precious to his heart, so responsive to his thoughts, as was Sterling, runs often into unconscious autobiography, full of genuine interest: and of noticeable men and literature in the present day there are occasional glimpses opening for brief moments the inner circle in which the author lives, and delightful enough in their way.

In other respects there is good reason to complain of Mr. Carlyle's biography: he has done his utmost for Sterling, but not with entire truthfulness. There appears to be a studied suppression of all that marked the religious struggles of Sterling's soul. For instance, Mr. Coningham (a relative of Sterling's) has published twelve letters addressed to himself, as has been already said, which give the truest picture of Sterling's spiritual state at the most important period of his life. Mr. Carlyle was not ignorant of the existence of this correspondence; but he has made from it two brief extracts, upon matters wholly trivial, omitting all that is of the deepest interest, and that reveals most of the hidden man of the heart. These letters have not one characteristic, but many; in much they are painful, but are most necessary to a knowledge of the inward life of Sterling. Mr. Carlyle has designedly shut out from view this mental conflict about the truth of Christianity. And more than this, he has passed over in silence those gleams of faith which shot across the darkness of the death scene—leaving the reader in ignorance that Sterling died not wholly a Carlylean—recording none of those features which have been

preserved in the Memoir of Archdeacon Hare, and embodied in the present sketch.

What are Mr. Carlyle's own opinions of religion, can be no matter of doubt. Indecisive as most of his utterances on this head have been, the "Latter-day Pamphlets" cleared off some obscurity therefrom, and this new book is still more definitely expressive. The sarcastic caricature of Coleridge, whose purifying and strengthening influence on Sterling Carlyle brought to a close; the scorn with which he speaks of the "transcendental moonshine cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge, producing divulsions and convulsions, and diseased developments;" the description of Sterling's entrance on the ministry, as resembling "a bereaved young lady taking the veil;" the sneers at all piety of a Christian order; the contempt shown for Schleiermacher, Neander, Tholuck, and other theologians; the suppression of Sterling's argument with himself for the existence of a personal God, and the absence of all recognition of Christianity, either as history, or dogma, or practical morality,—these all give interpretation to the disbelieving tone of the whole volume, and to its vague Pantheistic utterances. We neither mean to "screech judgment" on Mr. Carlyle, nor to fling hard names, when we assert that his position is described truly as *Atheism*. It is well that he suffers the fact to come to the light: we expect that those who have hitherto been his steady adherents, will now refuse to make with him a surrender of all Christian truth.

When Mr. Carlyle denies the justice of the term "skeptic," as applied to Sterling, and insists that he was a "*victorious believer*"—a man of true "*piety*"—he but reverses the accepted meaning of terms, and uses them in a sense peculiar to himself. Such assertions are founded on the doctrine that faith is exclusively of the heart, not of the intellect,—that religion is a sentiment of the soul, which may put on differing forms, or express itself in various creeds, but is independent of each alike. It is lost sight of, that sentiment is called forth by some object, either of the senses or intellect; and that religious sentiment is consequent upon the reception of an idea, and derives its character from that idea. It is absurdly implied in this theory that truth has no paramount claim for consideration in matters of religion; and

that ignorance, superstition, or folly, may alike build temples suitable enough for man's worship, honorable enough for the living God. Such a theory of piety sanctifies the grossest and most degrading idolatry, equally with the purest and most spiritual faith; destroys all permanence of religious belief, representing that there is nothing absolute or established therein; and contains the very essence of skepticism. The sum of its practical exhortations would be—Indulge the sentiment of religion, carefully purging it from the belief of *anything* specifically, and you shall be a "victorious believer," of "true piety of soul!"—"We have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place."

AN OLD IDEA—NEWLY CLAD.

STREAM of my life, dim-bank'd, pale river, flow!
I have no fear to meet the engulphing seas;
Neither I look before, nor look behind,
But lying mute, with wave-dipp'd hand, float on.

It was not always thus. My brethren, see
This ear-mark'd, quivering palm, the bitter sign
Of youth's mad struggle with the wave that
drifts
Immutably, eternally along.

I would have had it glide through fields and
flowers,
Giving and taking freshness, perfume, joy;
It winds through a blank desert. Peace, my
soul!
—The finger of God's angel drew its line.

So I lean back, and look up to the stars,
And count the ripples circling to the shore,
And watch the silent river rolling on,
Until it widen to the open seas.

BE NOT TOO FASTIDIOUS.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating

isks, and adjusting nice chances : it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward ; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. With respect to that fastidiousness which disturbs the right conduct of the understanding, it must be observed that there are two modes of judging of anything : one, by the test of what has actually been done in the same way before ; the other, by what we can conceive *may* be done in that way. Now this latter method of mere imaginary excellency can hardly be a just criterion, because it may be, in fact, impossible to reduce to practice what it is perfectly easy to conceive ; no man, before he has tried, can tell how difficult it is to manage prejudice, jealousy, and delicacy, and to overcome all that friction which the world opposes to speculation. Therefore the fair practical rule seems to be, to compare any exertion with all similar exertions which have preceded it, and to allow merit to any one who has improved, or at least who has not deteriorated, the standard of excellency in his own department of knowledge. Fastidious men are always judging by the other standard ; and as the rest of the understanding cannot fill up in a century what the imagination can sketch out in a moment, they are always in a state of perpetual disappointment, and their conversation one uniform tenor of blame. At the same time that I say this, I beg leave to lift up both my hands against that pernicious facility of temper in the estimation of which everything is charming and delightful.—*Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy.*

THE ARMENIAN CHURCH AND MOUNT ARARAT.

THIE traveler who wishes to visit Mount Ararat must direct his course to the southward on leaving Tiflis, and, having passed the boundaries of Georgia, which are very accurately defined by a range of mountains branching off from the great Caucasus line, he enters Russian Armenia, and pursues his journey along the banks of the River Abaran to the celebrated Armenian monastery of Echmiadzin, situated about one hundred and fifty-four miles to the south of Tiflis. The mode of traveling resembles that adopted in Turkey. Post-houses are established along the line of road, at each of which fresh horses may be obtained ; and, until very lately, all journeys were performed on horseback. Since the occupation by the Russians, however, cars have been made use of ; but, as the horses of the country have not been trained to harness, and are perfectly unaccustomed to it, this mode of conveyance is neither safe nor agreeable.

After having passed the boundaries of Georgia we enter a hilly plain, which conducts us into the valley of the Araxes, in which is situated the monastery of Echmiadzin, the seat of the great Armenian patriarch, who is considered as the spiritual head of the Armenian Church. The title of patriarch, however, is not confined to him alone, since it is assumed by the bishops at Jerusalem and Constantinople, the former claiming it on account of the dignity of his see, as being that of the first Christian Church, and the latter because he is the representative of the Armenian nation at the Ottoman Porte. The latter functionary is, in fact, the creature of the wealthy bankers residing in the capital, who make no scruple of deposing him and electing a successor, if they feel themselves dissatisfied with his conduct.

The word Echmiadzin signifies “the descent of the only-begotten Son ;” and derives its origin from a legend which states that here our Saviour appeared to St. Gregory the Wonder-worker, and directed him to erect a church on this spot, he himself tracing out the foundations by rays of light. The Tartars, however, call the place Uteh Kilissa, “the three churches ;” which title seems to convey

an allusion to the Trinity, as distinguished from the Mohammedan ideas of the Unity.

The monastery is surrounded by a wall about thirty feet in height, with loop-holes and towers, being about a mile in circumference. Within this inclosure are ranged the residences of the patriarch, the archbishop, and the abbots, the conventional library, schools, and church, with several lines of dwellings tenanted by the monks. The grand refectory is capable of accommodating one hundred persons, and is furnished with tables and benches of stone. The great church is built of stone, in the form of a cross, and is surmounted by three towers. The following description of its interior, and of the ceremonies performed at the weekly celebration of the liturgy, is extracted from the journal of Messrs. Smith and Dwight, two American independent missionaries, who visited Echmiadzin in 1834:—

"More than half of the floor from the altar to the porch is inclosed by a railing, for the special use of the clergy, and was covered with carpets, some of which surpassed description in elegance and richness. The principal altar occupies a high elevation, on a lofty alcove or sanctuary, at the eastern extremity, and groaned under massive gold crosses, silver candlesticks, and many other not less costly ornaments. Two sanctuaries of smaller dimensions are furnished with two altars on either side of it, and one of them served this morning for a sacristy. In the middle of each of the side walls, too, is another sanctuary or chapel; and still another small one occupies an isolated position in the middle of the floor, directly under the center of the dome. The latter was surrounded by curtains of gold cloth of different patterns, and far surpassed every other part in the exquisite finish and superlative richness of its furniture and ornaments. It is, probably, built upon the stone respecting which Chardin reports a tradition of the Armenians—that it covers the hole where Christ, when he appeared to St. Gregory Loosavorich, thrust down to hell the evil spirits which formerly dwelt in the idol temples of Armenia. In a word, the display of wealth this morning in candlesticks, crosses, curtains, carpets, and dresses, seemed to me not surpassed even by that which is made in the celebration

of high mass at the Church of St. John, at Malta. The dressing of the officiating bishop was the first important part of the mass; and a distinct prayer or meditation is said for every article of dress put on. But, the ceremony being private, we witnessed only the chanting which was performed at the same time in the church. He then entered in a splendid flowing mantle of heavy gold cloth with a broad upright collar stiff with gold, and a miter of the same rich materials, ornamented in front and behind with a sun of brilliants set in gold. Having washed his hands before all, read a summary confession of his sins, and received absolution, pronounced by an assistant, he retired again to the sacristy to prepare the wine and the bread for consecration. A little wine, not mixed with water as in the Latin Church, is poured into a chalice; and a thin cake of bread, not leavened as in the Greek Church, and stamped with various sacred symbols and letters, is placed on a small silver plate, nicely fitted to the top of the cup. Each part of the ceremony has its appropriate prayer, with the burning of incense; but a curtain drawn before the sacristy veiled the whole from our view. The time taken up was long, and during it a large company of deacons and clerks chanted. At length the bishop, leaving the elements behind, came forward with a pompous procession and the burning of incense, and proceeded, in a circuitous course, through the congregation to the great altar. After a series of prayers, a deacon read the lesson of the day from the Gospel, and the Nicene Creed, and then with the whole body of assistants went for the elements. They were brought, carefully veiled, accompanied by several pictures, followed by a procession. The bishop, whose miter had in the mean time been removed by an assistant, took them, and prayed: 'Accept this offering from us, and perfect it for the mystery of the body and blood of thine only-begotten Son; grant that this bread and this cup may be the means of the remission of sin to those who taste.' The congregation being in the mean time exhorted to salute and kiss, for the appearance of Christ, a deacon, taking the salutation from the bishop, went and saluted the catholicos, and from him the ceremony passed through the whole congregation, each one bowing this way and that over

the other's shoulder, as if to kiss him. The consecration followed. In performing it, the bishop blessed the bread by making over it the sign of the cross, gave thanks by looking upward, brake it by picking out a crumb, and repeating the transubstantiating words, 'Take, eat, this is my body,' lifted it at the same time above his head for the congregation to worship. The ceremony for the wine was similar. The whole was performed privately, with the back of the officiator toward the congregation, and not a word or sign intended for them to hear or see except the elevation of the elements. When the elements were held up formally after the consecration, the most profound adoration was exhibited by nearly all."

The Armenian Church requires confession as a prerequisite for communion; but, although the liturgy is in some cases recited nearly every day, few of the laity partake of the elements oftener than twice a year, namely, at Easter and Christmas. They generally consider it sufficient to witness as spectators the consecration by the priest, believing it to be a commemorative sacrifice or representation of Christ's passion, and of those benefits which we derive therefrom. They do not drink the wine from the cup; but the priest dips the bread into the liquid, and administers it in this way to each communicant.

The road from the monastery of Echmiadzin to the foot of Mount Ararat passes through a plain covered with grass and herbage to the banks of the Araxes, which must be forded on horseback, as there is neither bridge nor ferry in the immediate vicinity. At the place of the ford the stream is broad and shallow, the bottom being a mixed stratum of sand and stones. The opposite bank is covered with stunted bushes, resembling the jungle vegetation of India, through which several paths have been cut. From this brushwood the traveler emerges into an open plain, whose barren and sandy soil exhibits unmistakable traces of having once been covered with water. In a short time we come to the banks of a small rivulet called Kara Soo, from the opposite side of which is obtained the first view of Mount Ararat, with its two remarkable summits, between which, according to the general opinion, the ark of Noah rested

on the subsiding of the waters of the great Deluge.

At the foot of the mountain was situated until very lately the Armenian village of Arguri, noted in modern times for its genial climate and for the mildness of the temperature; which made it a summer retreat for persons of rank and wealth, who were desirous of escaping during the warm season from the sultry atmosphere of Erivan. But its chief recommendation has been the interesting character of the ancient associations connected with it. Here, according to the local tradition, was the place where Noah built an altar to the Lord after his descent from the ark, and "took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings upon the altar." Gen. viii, 20. Here, it is said, he planted the vineyard, from the fruit of which he made that beverage which was beneficially intended to "gladden and rejoice the heart of man," but which, like too many other gifts of Providence, has been abused and misapplied by those for whose solace and comfort it was originally designed. It is singular that the name of this village, "Arguri," or "Arghurri," is compounded of two words which signify, in the Armenian language, "he planted a," or "the vine;" an appellation which may, perhaps, refer to this act of Noah; and, if so, would corroborate the opinion of many, that this mountain was the identical one alluded to in Scripture. It has, however, been contended that the "mountains of Ararat," or "Armenia," mentioned in Genesis, are to be sought for in the range called Jebel Judi, which is much farther to the north, and nearer Mosul.

The village of Arguri was almost entirely destroyed in 1840 by the fall of a portion of Mount Ararat, which also overwhelmed the neighboring monastery of St. James. It was accompanied by an earthquake, the shocks of which were felt even in Persia, and as far south as the shores of the lake of Van.

The name Ararat seems to have been applied to the whole region of Armenia, and to have been derived from king Aria the Fair. Before his time the country was called Amasia, from king Amassis, the seventh in descent from Japheth, whose name still survives in Mount Massis, or Masius, situated more to the south. The Turks call it Agridagh,

or "the mountain of Agri" (the latter being, probably, a corruption of Arai); and the Armenians know it only by the name of Massis, though the Greek and Roman geographers give the latter appellation to another range, as I have already observed. According to Parrot, the word Ararat is unknown to the people in the vicinity; a circumstance which seems to favor the opinion that this title, applied in a restrictive sense to this particular mountain, is a mere modern adaptation of a general name to one special locality.

The mountain of Ararat consists, properly speaking, of two distinct peaks, the summits of which are about seven miles distant from each other, rising at the southern extremity of an extensive plain terminated towards the north by the waters of the Araxes. The higher summit of the two is called the Great Ararat, and its elevation is calculated at about 17,210 feet above the level of the sea. For about two-thirds of a mile from the summit downward it is covered with a thick coating of snow and ice, which never melts, and beneath which some of the relics of the ark are said to be still preserved. Sir Robert Ker Porter, however, is of opinion, "that the ark rested in the valley, or depression, between the two peaks;" and alleges, in support of his view, that "it is said in Genesis,* 'On the first day of the tenth month the tops of the mountains came forth,' but in chapter vi, 16, it is stated that the window, or aperture of the ark was above; consequently Noah could have seen only what was higher than the ship, which was therefore at that time in a lower position than the tops of the mountains." Yet it is nowhere intimated that Noah saw the summits of this identical mountain of Ararat emerging from the deep, since he might have known that they had appeared by the immovable state of the ark, as well as by the aspect of the surrounding hills, to which, in all probability, the allusion is made; the word "mountains" being used in Hebrew to express any eminence of a tolerable height, and being, besides, in this passage, in the plural number.

Little Ararat is about 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is not always

covered with snow. Both summits are distinguished by the barren and desolate appearance which they present to the beholder; a desolation which, however, is fully compensated by the interesting character of the associations connected with them, as well as by the majestic grandeur of their outline.

There exists a firm persuasion among the Armenians that, the relics of the ark being preserved for some special and providential purpose on the top of Mount Ararat, no human being will ever be allowed to ascend it. In corroboration of this notion they relate an adventure which happened to James, or Jacob, afterward Bishop of Nisibis, but who was at that time a monk in the monastery of Echmiadzin. During his residence there he had many disputes with the heathen Armenians respecting the authenticity of the Scriptural account of Noah; he therefore determined, by a personal inspection of the remains of the ark, to satisfy himself of its actual existence. He made several attempts to ascend the mountain; but, each time having fallen asleep through fatigue after he had attained to a certain height, he found himself on awaking in the place from whence he originally set out. At length an angel appeared to him in a dream, and announced that his labors would be all in vain; but that the Almighty, as a reward for his exertions, had sent him a piece of the miraculous vessel. This relic is said to be preserved in the Armenian convent of Echmiadzin. The fact of the impossibility of ascending Ararat has been borne testimony to by many travelers from the time of Chardin to that of Morier, the latter of whom asserts that "no one appears to have reached the summit of Ararat since the flood;" and he adds that "the steep sides of its snowy head were sufficient to frustrate any attempts of that kind."

At length, in the year 1829, Dr. F. Parrot, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Dorpat, undertook, at the expense of the Russian government, a scientific expedition to Mount Ararat. After three unsuccessful attempts to reach the summit of the greater peak, he at length accomplished the object of his mission, by means of steps, or notches, cut with a hatchet in the hard ice. He describes the top of this celebrated mount-

* The quotation is literally as follows:—"In the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen," Gen. viii, 5.

ain as "a gently vaulted, nearly cruciform surface, of about two hundred paces in circuit, which at the margin sloped off precipitously on every side, but particularly towards the north-east and south-east." At about half a mile distant from the place where he stood, he perceived a second summit, connected with the former by a slight depression, covered with perpetual ice. In this depression he thinks the ark rested; and he expresses his opinion that, supposing the summit of the mountain to have been covered with ice and snow immediately after the abatement of the Deluge, it is by no means incompatible with the laws of nature to expect that the remains of it may still be preserved beneath this icy crust. The truth of Professor Parrot's statements was verified on affidavit by several of the persons who accompanied him.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHILLING.

THE precise period of my birth has never been satisfactorily ascertained; and, indeed, whether I had parents at all has been doubted by some who are reputed to be well informed upon the subject. During many a long century, my substance lay unobserved and unconscious beneath the soil of Peru; and had it not been for an interesting incident which I shall relate, I might have remained still longer unnoticed. Some time, however, toward the middle of the sixteenth century, a hunter being one day in pursuit of game, stumbled over the root of a tree, and would have fallen had he not laid hold of a shrub which stood invitingly at hand. The roots giving way, revealed, to his astonishment and admiration, a beautiful filamentous and entangled web of pure silver, and the existence of the treasures of Potosi, in which I lay embedded, was discovered. I shall not attempt to recount his delight upon the occasion, his communication of the important intelligence to his friends, the mine that was subsequently dug, and the various circumstances that followed. I may only linger for a moment to speak of the position and subsequent history of the scene of my birth, my information having been obtained from the best authority. The Cerro de Potosi is, I am told, some eighteen miles in circuit, rising to the height of more than sixteen thousand feet. I have heard that, till about the year

1545, the mines in its bosom were not systematically worked; but, during the fifty years that followed, nearly three hundred thousand pounds' worth of silver was obtained, and about five thousand openings were made into the mountain. The lump of ore of which I formed a part, was torn from its native bed about the end of last century. After being separated from the dross, by means of quicksilver, by the Indian into whose hands I came, I was exchanged by him to a native merchant, who shipped me off on a mule's back to a distant seaport. A British man-of-war was lying there, and, along with a cargo of bullion, I found myself ere long safely stowed within its hatches, being invoiced to a wealthy London capitalist. After a tedious voyage, I at last found myself in the British metropolis, where much of my subsequent life has been passed.

After exchanging ownership many times, and being subjected to much scrutiny and many tests, I was, one fine morning, transferred to some people who placed me with a number of dollars in a melting vessel, and exposed me to the heat of a powerful fire. At length, after losing a good deal of dross, I found myself forming part of an ingot of silver, and was duly transferred ere long to the custody of the master of the mint. Here I and the companions of this new coalition were weighed and numbered, and I found that preparations were soon making for another melting.

A large pot was placed in a furnace, and when it was red-hot I was put in it, and again subjected to an intense heat. When I had been there a short time, I found that some coarsely-grained charcoal powder had also been inclosed with me, and the amount was increased till it was nearly half-an-inch deep on the surface; which I afterward learned was to prevent my adhering to the side of the pot, and to keep me during these melting moments from the action of the common air, which would have made me too refined for the purposes for which I was intended. Having been thus thoroughly melted, I was stirred up with an iron rod, so as to make me of equal standard quality. The pot was then taken out of the furnace by a crane which worked above, and I soon found myself left quietly to cool in a mould.

I may here mention, that in this melting-house I observed eight furnaces and two

pouring machines. Each crane stood in the center of four furnaces, freely commanding them all, and conveying the pots to the pouring machine. There were four men to each of the four furnaces; and proper attention to us on this trying occasion was enforced by the surveyor of the meltings, who was present. I was subsequently informed, on good authority, that the meltings are conducted by contract with the master of the mint and his chief clerk, as melter, who is responsible for all the bullion he receives, and has to return weight for weight.

The bar of silver, of which I now formed a part, was delivered over to the moneymen, who perform the various processes of the coinage under contract with the master of the mint. It was first reduced to plates of the requisite thickness, by being passed repeatedly between the steel cylinders of machines. These plates were then subjected to the action of a cutting-out press, by means of which they were divided into circular pieces nearly of the size of the intended coin, and to this condition I was reduced, and when in that state was called a *blank*. I was then conveyed to the sizing room, as it was termed, where I was adjusted to the standard weight; and here I noticed that some pieces which were too light were selected in order to be melted again, while some that were too heavy were rasped or filed. All those of us that were left were very hard, in consequence of the compression to which we had been subjected, and we were accordingly exposed to the action of a clear red heat in a reverberatory furnace, as it was designated; after which we were boiled in very weak sulphuric acid, in order to make us quite clean again. It makes me sore to think of all the trouble and vexation to which I was then exposed; and what with the grubbing and scrubbing, the thumping and bumping, the boiling, and cutting, and squeezing I obtained, it seemed as if they would have left nothing of me.

Well, after I was taken out of the sulphuric acid, I was dried in warm saw-dust, and was then ready for the next processes of milling and stamping. This first operation is performed round the edge to prevent our being clipped or filed, which was a fraud, I have heard say, commonly practised upon our ancestors.

The coining engine or mill, was that to which we were next taken. In this the

dies, or coining squares, are fixed, which are made to give their impressions to the blanks. These were placed on the one underneath, a pressure from a screw above giving them so violent a squeeze as to leave both the impressions upon the coins in the twinkling of an eye. This mill is so constructed that one workman may stamp 20,000 of us in a single day. Perhaps the reader may also like to know that the coining room is under the superintendence of the surveyor of the money-presses, in whose presence everything is performed, who has the care of all the dies, and must account to the board of management for all the instruments made and destroyed in the mint.

In due time, after having passed through the rough but necessary processes of the mint, I was conducted to the Bank of England, and there stored away, with a number of companions, in dim vaults, carefully secured by ponderous doors. I had not long to lament this confinement, however, for soon afterward a porter carried the bag in which I was to an apartment upstairs. The bag was emptied, and I being near the top, rolled out, and was picked up by the nimble fingers of the clerk, and, with two other friends, paid over to a gentleman as part of a check which he was drawing. That was my first entrance into public life. Sometimes, when I remember my plump and snowy appearance that morning, I contrast it with the emaciated and blackened look which time and hard work have given me, and feel disposed to sigh at the change in my condition.

I could have wished to have traced in detail my eventful history after that memorable morning, and to have sketched the various scenes in which I have mingled; but space forbids, and the barest allusion must suffice. Vivid, indeed, are the remembrances cherished by me, of the delight which I have given, and of the insults I have experienced; of the society of the excellent in which I have mixed, and of the debased and the criminal in which I have acted. I have been a messenger of peace and of blessing to the heart of the widow, as by my assistance she completed the last item of the rent she owed to an inexorable landlord; and I have been flung disdainfully on the pavement by an injured and insulted cabman, when offered, with four other coins like myself, as the sup-

posed fare for a five-mile jaunt. I have been dropped into the money-box, borne in the mouth of the blind man's dog; and I have been paid by the prudent mechanic into a savings-bank, as a portion of the fund for the contingencies of future years. I have been consecrated to the promotion of the highest interests of man, and I have been paid as the price of vice and crime. I have encouraged the honest and the industrious, I have bribed the weak into wrong, and I have rewarded the thief. I have jingled in the pocket of the school-boy; have been bedewed with the tears of the needlewoman who received me as the pittance which competition doled out to her for her labor, her nerve, her very life; I have been flung in the air by the gambler; and I have been scrutinized, and bit, and punched, and pinched, and rung by the tradesman, to see that I was sterling. The influence which I have exercised on many a domestic circle, has been mighty for good and for evil; while, when in association with other coins of the realm, I may say that our power was paramount. I confess it, and I do so with sorrow, that we are the idol which millions of men adore—the silver or golden calf which they worship. Often and often have I wondered at the folly that could lead men to take such pains to heap up myself and my companions; slaving and toiling to do so; fretting and worrying their very lives out; and then, when they had accomplished their object, finding nothing, after all, but disappointment and vexation of spirit.

One result of all my experience has been, I may mention, that unless I am come honestly by, I never in the end do good to any who possesses me. Often, too, in a poor man's cottage, where I have been earned by hard and honest labor, I have seen a peace and happiness that I never witnessed in the houses of those who had got possession of me by fraudulent or unfair means. But enough! I had no thought when I began my biography of thus moralizing. Let me, therefore, conclude with a stanza, penned upon me by a poet, one of a class which too often has known the want of me:—

" Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold;
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled;
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old;
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
The price of many a crime untold!"

ROMANTIC FABLES AND POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

THE English poets are so frequent in their references to the superstitions which, less than three centuries ago, continued to exist in the popular mind, that such matters have acquired greater importance than they might otherwise have possessed; though it would be easy to show that many of the creations of fable, even without such recommendation, are intrinsically beautiful, and contain a germ of truth which may be easily discovered, if, as Cowley says, we "open and intend our eye." Not, however, to venture upon this higher ground, it may be safely asserted, that subjects which delighted Milton, even in his mature years—which were illuminated by the radiance of Spenser's fancy and imagination—and whereon the colossal mind of Shakspere dwelt with love (to pass over a host of less great, but still mighty, intellects)—are worthy of regard and investigation during the intervals of graver studies. No production of the human intellect can be altogether trivial; and whatever is beautiful or sublime, becomes a truth to the mind, if not a fact to the senses. The universality of this kind of fiction, also, gives it peculiar interest. Fable appears to have flowed from the same sacred oriental founts whence our very being is derived. Its origin is nearly coeval with that of humanity. The clear atmosphere of the world's morning hangs above it; and with the first gushing of the living stream of nations toward the desert places of the earth, the vast river of romantic fiction and superstition seems to have gone forth, and to have left remarkable evidences of its progress and omnipresence.

As, however, the great family of man has been split up into a variety of races, each having the same general characteristics, but certain minor shades of difference, so has it been with the posterity of fable. Northern manners and customs, northern scenery, and northern climate, have imparted to the oriental stock a new complexion, and in some cases have even modified its form; but the identity may generally be traced. This variety, however, is one of the chief excellences of the popular superstitions of England. We have the fantastic and elaborate gorgeousness of the East, with the savage

grandeur and primeval ruggedness of the North; visions full of color and aerial light, side by side with remote glooms and desolate enchantments. It is therefore no wonder that our poetical literature should abound with allusions to so rich a mythology; nor that we should desire to gossip with our readers upon imaginative creations which do not appear to have received their due share of attention.

It is proposed to introduce the reader to the most remarkable fables and superstitions which the great poets and early romance-writers of England have ennobled by their use,—of course, with the exception of those borrowed from the stores of Greece and Rome, which are too well known to require further elucidation. The singular thread of connection, running from land to land, will in most instances be traced; and (wherever it is possible) the remote origin of the fable under consideration—whether existing in some terror common to the human mind, or in a national peculiarity—will be shown. The progress of races is often curiously exemplified in these slight histories; and few things are more pleasant than to find that, without knowing it, we have been enjoying a fairy tale or a poetical abstraction in common with the Chinese and Persians, or with the aborigines of America. The denizens of our nursery, and the shapes that people the heights of our Parnassus, come indeed from strange and remote places—from “the farthest steep of India,” on the one hand; and, on the other, from the long-lost islands of Atlantis, across waters that were once thought to be the limits of the world.

In no fiction is this more remarkably shown than in the one with which we propose to commence.

DRAGONS.

The dragon is perhaps the most celebrated animal in ancient or modern fable. It has been represented by poets, painters, and romancers, as a gigantic and anomalous creature, bearing some resemblance to a serpent, with the addition of wings and feet. Most probably the idea originated in the East; for we find that the Chinese, Persians, and other oriental races, believed in the existence of certain monsters, which, as far as can be ascertained, did not in any way differ from the dragons of European fiction. From the East the

fable may have found its way to Greece, in the mythology of which country it frequently appears; and thence, possibly, it was disseminated over the rest of Europe. But whatever spot may have been its cradle, or whatever the path by which it has traveled, certain it is that few countries in the civilized portions of the globe are without some traces of its presence. In the poetry and fairy legends of modern Europe, however, it has made the greatest figure. A dragon was the most terrific and dangerous enemy that the knight-errant of mediæval romance could possibly encounter; and numerous are the narrations that have come down to us of battles between these mortal foes. The dragon appears, for the most part, as a lonely animal, living in obscure caverns among the clefts of mountains, or in morasses, and occasionally issuing forth to ravage the neighboring cities. His size is generally represented as gigantic,* and his strength prodigious; his breath is poisonous, turning the country, for many miles round his abode, into a desert; his nature is remorseless and blood-thirsty; and, as if to render any attack upon him the more hopeless, he is completely cased in a species of armor, consisting of a succession of shining scales, of such adamantine hardness as to defy the sharpest weapon and the strongest arm. But he has one vulnerable point, which, like the heel of Achilles, eventually causes his destruction.

The finest and most elaborate description of a dragon in English poetry is to be found in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*—see book i, canto 11—where the Red-cross knight contends for more than two days with one of these monsters. Dragon-encounters, however, had been rendered famous before Spenser's time by the metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, which was held in great estimation as early as the days of Chaucer. In this poem—if such it may be called—the passage describing the dragon killed by Sir Bevis would seem to have furnished Spenser with some hints. Thus writes the old versifier:

* At least by the poets; but the painters and other artists appear to have made a mistake in this respect. In most old pictures, and on our own coins, the dragon is represented as a sort of overgrown winged lizard, not capable, one would think, of inspiring any great terror.

Whan the Dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,
He cast up a londe cry
As it had thondred in the sky :
He turn'd his bely towarde the sun ;
It was greater than any tonne :
His scales were bryghter than the glas,
And harder they were than any bras :
Betweene his shulder and his tayle
Was forty fote, withouten fayle.

In another old metrical romance, chronicling the achievements of Sir Guy of Warwick, we have a dragon thus described :—

He is as blacke as any cole,
Rugged as a rough foal :
His bodye, from the navel upward,
No man can pierce, it is so harde.
Pawes he hath as a lion :
All that he toucheth he slayeth dead downe :
Great wings he hath to flighe ;
There is no man that bear him mighte.
There may no man fighte him againe,
But that he slayeth him certaine ;
For a foulre beaste than is he,
I wisse of none never herd ye.

The vulnerable part in the dragon was underneath the wings, the flesh there not being protected with scales; and by piercing this place, the heroes of the old romances generally obtained the victory. But the dragon in the *Faerie Queene* is killed in a different manner. On the morning of the third day of the combat, the knight rushes at his foe, sword in hand; and the monster advancing to meet him with his mouth "gaping wyde," the weapon passes down his throat into his vitals. The dragon in *Guy of Warwick* is slain in the same way. It is a curious fact that a method similar to this is often employed in South America in destroying the alligator; to which—or rather to its near relation, the crocodile—we shall presently show that the dragon of poetry and romance bears some resemblance.

We frequently find the dragon, both in ancient and modern fable, in the capacity of a guard to enchanted castles, subterranean abodes of magicians, hidden treasure, &c. Thus, in the Grecian mythology, the Golden Apples of the Hesperides are watched by a dragon that sleeps neither night nor day; so, also, is the Golden Fleece, which occasioned the Argonautic expedition. In one of the stories told by the Countess D'Anois, in her collection of fairy tales, the entrance to a dark and fearful cavern, through which runs a fountain of inestimable virtue, is guarded

by two dragons darting fire from their mouths and eyes; and in the romance of *Tom a-Lincolne* is a similar adventure to that of the Hesperian apples—a dragon being employed as sentinel over a Tree of Gold that bears golden fruit, and a knight being sent to slay him.

Dragons are often used in drawing the chariots of magicians and enchantresses through the air. Doctor Faustus accomplishes his aerial journeys by these means: "And behold, there stood a wagon, with two dragons before it to draw the same ; and all the wagon was of a light burning fire ; and for that the moon shone, I was the willinger at that time to depart Hereupon I got me into the wagon, so that the dragons carried me up right into the air."

Dragons have also been employed by the poets to draw the chariot of the Moor, or of Night. Milton alludes to this fiction in *Il Penseroso* :—

While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.

And Shakespeare, in *Cymbeline* (Act ii, scene 2) :—

Haste, haste, ye dragons of the Night ! that
dawning
May bare the raven's eye.

In the early ages of Christianity, the dragon was introduced into religion as a type of Satan—a symbol which, in all probability, was suggested by the similarity existing between the dragon of fiction and the serpent, in which shape, as we are told, the Evil One first appeared upon earth. Phineas Fletcher, in his *Purple Island* (canto 7), when allegorizing the Vices, describes their king as a dragon; and Dante calls one of his devils *Draghigazzo*—a venomous dragon. The saints, both male and female, are often represented in old pictures treading upon the necks of these monsters,* or quelling their fierceness by sprinkling them with holy water. St. Michael, the Archangel, is mentioned in Scripture by St. John, as fighting against "the Dragon" and his host,—which expression is, of course, to be received as typical of Satan and his temptations; and

* Might not this have suggested to Milton the 5th and 6th lines of his sonnet to the Lord General Cromwell ?—

And on the neck of crown'd Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued.

Guido has painted a picture, in which Michael is represented treading on the prostrate Fiend, who has a tail and wings resembling those of a dragon. Hence Milton, in his *Ode on the Nativity* (st. 18), writes:—

The old Dragon under ground,
In straighter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

Many other saints of the Roman Catholic calendar have been celebrated for overcoming dragons. Near the pillar on which St. Simeon Stylites is said to have dwelt from year to year, was the cave of a dragon, who was so exceedingly venomous, that he poisoned everything within a certain distance round his abode. This beast (according to the authority of the *Golden Legend*) having had his eye transfixed by a stake, came in his blindness—being now rendered meek and humble by pain—to the saint's pillar, placed his eye against it, and so remained for the space of three days in all gentleness and devotion, and never did harm to any living creature: insomuch that Simeon, seeing the hand of God in this matter, ordered earth and water to be brought and placed on the dragon's eye; which being done, behold! forth came the stake, a full cubit in length; and the people, seeing this miracle, glorified God; and the dragon arose and adored for two hours, and so departed to his cave.

The renowned hero of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, is not merely a creation of romance, but was worshiped by our Papistical ancestors as a veritable saint; and his contest with the dragon has been looked upon as nothing more than a type of his spiritual warfare with the powers of darkness.

The dragon fable appears to have been very current among the ancient Britons—the figure of a dragon, indeed, was adopted by them as their national symbol. Uther, King of Britain, and father of the great Arthur, was surnamed Pendragon, from the circumstance of his wearing an image of a dragon upon his helmet—*Pen* being the British word for *head*; and Spenser has placed the same ornament on the helmet of Arthur himself. (See *Faerie Queene*, book i, canto 7, st. 31.)

The Britons may, perhaps, have been induced to assume the dragon as their

national symbol from a tradition which is thus narrated by Selden in his Notes to Drayton's *Polyolbion* (Song 10)—“In the first declining state of the British empire, Vortigern, by the advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a strong fort in Snowdon Hills, (not far from Conway's Head in the edge of Merioneth,) which might be as his last and surest refuge against the increasing power of the English. Masons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day was always swallowed up in the earth next night. The king asks counsel of his magicians touching this prodigy; they advise that he must find out a child which had no father, and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar, and that then the castle would stand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-Merdhin was Merlin Ambrose found:” [Merlin's father was a fiend; consequently, speaking in an earthly sense, he had no father:] “he being hither brought to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those magicians as palliated ignorance; and, with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to show the true cause of that amazing ruin of the stonework; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy superstructure. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeches the king to cause them to make further inquisition, and affirms that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons; which proved so likewise—the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons.”

In their subsequent contests with the Saxons, our British ancestors always had a red dragon painted upon their standards; while the colorless banner of their opponents bore the figure of a white dragon. It is a fact worthy of record, as showing the long-enduring influence of popular superstitions upon imaginative races, that when the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., (who, it will be remembered, was of British descent,) landed on the Welsh coast in his insurrection against Richard III., he displayed to the people a flag emblazoned with a red dragon; upon which large numbers immediately rallied round him, thinking they were about to vanquish their old enemy, and regain their lost dominions. Henry's design, however,

was totally different; but, on succeeding to the throne, he still further flattered the vanity of the Welsh, by placing the Cambrian dragon in his arms, and by creating a new poursuivant-at-arms, entitled *Rouge-Dragon*.

One of the most remarkable features of the dragon fable is its universality. In the romances of the oriental nations—in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans—in the traditions of the Gothic and Celtic races—and in the fairy tales of the nursery,—a creature having in all cases the same general characteristics, may be discovered. Difference of climate, of religion, of national origin, or of national peculiarities, seems not to affect this omnipresent phantom of the imagination. We find it among Pagans, Christians, and Mohammedans: in the north, among the modern descendants of the Goths and Celts; in the south, among the Persians and Indians; in the east, among the Chinese; and in the west, among the aboriginal Americans. In every quarter of the globe, and over almost every race, has this terrible chimera spread the shadow of its fancied presence; though whether it has been propagated from people to people, or whether in each case it was a spontaneous birth of the imagination, it would be impossible now to determine. It must, however, be admitted that the first is the more probable supposition.

The Chinese believe in the existence of a monstrous dragon who is in hot pursuit of the sun, with intent to devour that luminary; and whenever an eclipse of the great orb occurs, the people assemble in vast numbers, beating large gongs, and making the most discordant sounds, in hope of frightening the ravenous beast from his prey. A green dragon is one of the characters introduced into a Chinese street-exhibition, similar to our "Punch;" and we may discover, in the ancient traditions of the same nation, a fable of a great dragon which spread terror between heaven and earth, and which was destroyed by one of the five celestial spirits who were supposed to govern the world under the Supreme Being—which fable, by the way, is probably another version of the insurrection of Satan and the rebel angels. The ancient Persians, likewise, believed in winged dragons; and the Indians, as appears in the *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, hunted dragons of awful size by the help of

magic—a species of amusement in which Apollonius himself participated, as, according to his biographer, it was a chase "at once manly and divine." The eyes and scales of these creatures shone like fire; and the former had a talismanic effect on all who were not inducted into the mysteries of magic. "All India," says Philostratus, in his *Life of Apollonius*, "is girt in with dragons of a prodigious bulk, as it were with zones. Not only the marshes and the fens, but the mountains and the hills, abound with them." The dragons dwelling in marshes, having no crests on their heads and not many scales on their bodies, resemble female dragons: their color is generally black, and in their nature they are sluggish, like the places in which they have their abode. Shakespeare makes Coriolanus allude to these animals (Act iv, scene 1.) :—

I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd,—and talk'd of more than seen.

The dragons of the mountains are large, fierce, and magnificent in their appearance. "They have a crest which is small when they are young, but increases with their growth till it becomes of considerable size. Of this species of dragons, some are of a fiery red, having backs like a saw, and beards: they raise their necks higher than the others, and their scales shine like silver. The pupils of their eyes are like stones of fire, and possess a virtue which is all-powerful in the discovery of seerets. Whenever the dragons of the plains attack the elephant, they always become the prey of the hunter, for the destruction of both generally terminates the contest." Others of the mountain dragons "have scales of a golden color; beards yellow and bushy; and eyebrows more elevated than the others, underneath which are eyes of a stern and terrible aspect. In their tortuous windings under the earth, they make a noise like that of brass: their crests are red, and from them flashes a flame brighter than that of a torch. These dragons conquer the elephant, and in their turn are conquered by the Indians in the manner following:—They spread a scarlet cloth before their holes, embroidered with golden letters, which, being charmed, bring on a sleep that at last subdues those eyes which would be otherwise invincible. Other spells, consisting of many words extracted

from their occult philosophy, are used, by which the dragon is so fascinated, that he puts his head out of his hole and falls asleep over the letters. Whilst he remains in this situation, the Indians rush upon him with pole-axes, and after cutting off his head, strip it of all its precious stones. The stones found in the head of these mountain dragons are said to have a transparent luster, to emit a variety of colors, and to possess that kind of virtue attributed to the ring of Gyges, [which could render the wearer invisible.] But it often happens that these dragons seize the Indian in spite of his pole-ax and his cunning, and carry him off to their dens, making the whole mountains tremble. We are told of their inhabiting the mountains near the Red Sea, from which are heard terrible hissings; and that they are sometimes known to go down to the sea, and swim to a great distance from shore." (Book iii, chapters 6, 7, 8.—We quote from the translation made in 1809 by the Rev. Mr. Berwick, who observes in a note, that he believes the dragons described by Philostratus to be the same as the basilisk or cockatrice, which has fiery eyes, a sharp head, and a crest like a cock's comb, and the very sound of whose voice puts all other serpents to flight, forcing them at the same time to relinquish their prey.)

The "precious jewels" which the "ugly and venomous" dragon of the mountains "wears in his head," are said by some writers to be an antidote to poison; but, according to Pliny, they must be extracted from the creature while he is *alive*, for "his envy and malice is such, that the moment he perceives himself dying, he takes care to destroy their virtue."

Even among the aborigines of America, who were long cut off from all communication with the Old World, we may, as before remarked, discover the existence of this prodigious fable, which has furthermore taken root in the minds of the learned of all ages, and been curiously exhibited in the frequent use of the word "Dragon" in Astronomy, Natural History, and other sciences. Thus, in Astronomy, we have the terms *Dragon's Head* and *Dragon's Tail*; and a constellation of the northern hemisphere is called *Draco* or *Dragon*. Among meteorologists, the appellation *Draco Volans* is applied to a certain meteor appearing in the shape of a flying

dragon. In Ichthyology, a fish, known in England by the name of "the weever," is denominated *Draco Marinus*, or the *Sea Dragon*. A particular kind of crystal is called in Latin *Dracontia lapis*, or *Draconitis*: we have already mentioned it as being thought to exist in the heads of dragons. The *Dragon-fly*, that radiant and delicate haunter of our summer gardens, will immediately suggest itself to the minds of every one. In Botany, we have *Dragon's Head*, *Dragon-wort*, *Snap-Dragon*, and *Dracontium*; and a species of palms is called the *Dragon-tree*, from a fable, current among botanists, of the figure of a dragon being discoverable beneath the rind of its fruit. This tree yields a gummy or resinous juice, much used in medicinal preparations, and known by the name of *Dragon's blood*, from the redness of its color. In Architecture, we have *Dragon-beams*; and, in military affairs, the word *dragoon*, as applied to a certain division of cavalry, is said by some to have been derived from dragon, "because," says Bailey, "at first they were as destructive to the enemy as dragons."

But this fiction has left its stamp on other things as well as on science. It has imbued the minds of men in all ages, and been reflected by them on many of the objects which surround us.

Sometime we see a cloud that's *dragonish*.

The pictured dragon beneath the rind of the fruit above alluded to, is only another instance of the facility with which any idea, however fantastic, may be realized to the bodily sight by those whose minds are prepossessed by that idea. Stanislaus Lubienetski, a Polish author, has left us an account, in his *Theatrum Cometicum*, of a comet which appeared in the shape of a dragon, with its head covered with snakes; and we have already seen how a meteor is made to assume—in a great degree from the imagination of those who behold it—a similar form. The Italians, we are told, call the "old, crooked, and decaying branches of a vine" *dragoni*, from some fancied resemblance in them to dragons; and in the same nation a superstition is current concerning a plant called *Dragonvalo* or *Serpentaria*, "which," says Florio, in his dictionary before cited, "groweth two foot high when snakes begin to appear in spring-time, and vanisheth in the beginning of winter; and at its vanishing, all snakes

hide themselves." This mysterious sympathy, as it is supposed to be, between the plant and the animal, is very grand; but a little reflection shows us that it is but a poetical interpretation of a simple and natural fact. The plant spoken of is probably one of those which die down to the earth at the approach of winter, and shoot up again in the spring; and the same "skyey influences" which cause the vegetable dragon to "vanish," as Florio finely expresses it, at one season and reappear at another, induce the snakes—which, as we all know, are hibernating animals—to look out for places of shelter during the cold weather, and issue forth when it has passed.

Before we conclude, it may be as well to glance at the probable origin of the fable under consideration.

Upon a careful scrutiny, it may be discovered that the dragon is a compound of the serpent and the crocodile; a circumstance which, more than any other, tends to confirm the supposition that the fable originated in the East, where such animals are common, and was propagated thence over the rest of Europe. If the reader will turn to any picture of a dragon which he may have in his possession, he will perceive that the head, the legs, and the scaly appearance of the back, bear a great resemblance to the current representations of the crocodile; while the long and interwreathed tail, and the power which the creature evidently possesses of winding itself round any other animal and crushing it to death, is as manifestly derived from the serpent. The word "dragon" is defined by Bailey, "a sort of serpent," and by Johnson, "a kind of winged serpent, *perhaps imaginary*." In Virgil's poem of "The Gnat," as translated by Spenser, we have a description of a serpent, in which many of the characteristics of the dragon—such as its natural armor of scales, eyes that throw forth flames of fire, and blood-be-sprinkled jaws—are included; and in many old writers the words "dragon" and "serpent" or "snake" appear to be synonymous. Thus, in the early English romance, entitled *The History of the Renowned Prince Arthur, King of Britain*, Sir Launcelot is requested by the people of a certain country to deliver them from a serpent that is in a tomb; and immediately after, the same creature is alluded to as a dragon. (See chap. i, part 3.) Pliny

has left us an account of some Indian and Ethiopic dragons, in which, though largely mixed with fable, we may clearly perceive that the boa-constrictor is the animal really alluded to. "India," says he, "brings forth the biggest elephants, as also the biggest dragons, that are continually at variance with them, and evermore fighting; and of such greatness are they, (*i. e.*, the dragons,) *that they can easily clasp and wind round about the elephants, and withhold tie them fast with a knot.*" Modern travelers affirm that, in their combats with tigers, the boa-constrictors of the Indian jungles disable their enemy precisely after this fashion. Diodorus Siculus, too, testifies to the circumstance of "frequent and terrible scuffles" happening between elephants and serpents in the Indian deserts, whenever they meet at a spring. What Pliny goes on to state, however, is evidently a fable, having no foundation at all in fact; but it is a fable which could only be told of serpents. "In Ethiopia there be as great dragons bred as in India: to wit, twenty cubits long. It is reported, that upon their coasts they wrap themselves, four or five of them together, one within another, like to a hurdle or lattice-work, and thus pass the seas to find better pasture in Arabia, cutting the waves, and bearing up their heads aloft, which serve them instead of sails."—(Old folio translation, 1601.) Milton, in book 10 of *Paradise Lost*, describes the transformation of Satan into "a monstrous serpent" (v. 514); and in a few lines farther down (v. 529), he alludes to him as a dragon—

Larger than whom the sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python.

Another instance in Milton, to the same effect, occurs in *Samson Agonistes* (verse 1692), where, though the word "dragon" is used, the ordinary serpent is evidently meant:—

And, as an evening dragon, came,
Assailant on the perch'd roosts
And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl, &c.

It is a well-known fact that serpents are frequently in the habit of devouring domestic birds.

A recent commentator on the first chapter of Genesis conceives that the twenty-first verse ("And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth,"

&c.) should be translated thus:—"Then the Word and Power of God also created *dragons*, which could only suffer by being crushed," &c. His remarks upon this new reading are so curious, that they must be transferred to the present place. "Dragons, which could only suffer by being crushed, were created before *any* of the land animals. Geologists name this creature the *plesiosaurus*," [a kind of sea-serpent of enormous dimensions:] "and its remains are found in the shale or slaty clay which, at a remote period, was the mud of vast tracts over our globe. Its most remarkable characteristic is the great length of its neck, which contains forty-one vertebræ, while in all other reptiles there are only from three to eight. It was capable of paddling through mud, and could repose at the bottom of a shallow bog, with its head high above the surface. At what period in the history of the earth these creatures ceased to exist, we have no record; but a passage in Goldsmith's *Roman History* is so forcibly descriptive of some monster of which we have no other account (being serpentine, and so scaly as only to suffer death after being crushed), that we may be permitted to consider it the dragon of Genesis, the Leviathan of Job, and the *plesiosaurus* of the geologists. Goldsmith states that Regulus, while leading his forces along the banks of the river Bagrada, in Africa, had his men attacked, as they went for water, by a serpent of enormous size, which placed itself so as to guard the banks of the river. It was one hundred and twenty feet long, with scales impenetrable to any weapon. Some of the boldest troops at first went to oppose its fury; but they soon fell victims to their rashness, being either killed by its devouring jaws, or crushed to pieces by the windings of its tail. The poisonous vapor that issued from it was still more formidable; and the men were so much terrified at its appearance, that they asserted they would much more joyfully have faced the whole Carthaginian army. For some time it seemed uncertain which should remain masters of the river, as, from the hardness of its scales, no ordinary efforts could drive it away. At last, Regulus was obliged to make use of the machines employed in battering down the walls of cities. Notwithstanding this, the serpent for a long time withheld all his efforts, and destroyed numbers of his men; but at length a very large stone, which was

flung from an engine, happened to break its spine, and destroyed its marrow. By these means, the soldiers surrounded and killed it. Regulus, not less pleased with his victory than if he had gained a battle, ordered its skin to be sent to Rome, where it continued to be seen till the time of Pliny."

If the reader will compare the sentences in *italics* in the above passage, with Spenser's description of a dragon, previously referred to, he will perceive many points of resemblance; such as, the scales which were "impenetrable to any weapon"—the "devouring jaws"—the length and perpetual involutions of the creature's tail—and "the poisonous vapor" which it had the power of casting forth. Who does not perceive in these details (themselves, in all probability, exaggerations of the truth) the germs, not only of Spenser's dragon, but of every other in the range of poetical fiction?

There can, however, be no doubt that the crocodile has had its share in the origin of the fable now under consideration. "Scales impenetrable to any weapon" are not a characteristic of serpents generally speaking, though the particular serpent encountered by Regulus may have been thus protected: crocodiles, on the contrary, are invariably provided with a defensive armor of such closeness and hardness as to blunt many of the weapons employed against it. The head, also, has evidently suggested that of the dragon: the similarity indeed, is so great, that for a long time a large fossilized crocodile's head was exhibited at Aix as a veritable relic of the dragon vanquished by St. Martha. Mr. Hurdis, and other commentators on the Bible, are of opinion that the dragon of Scripture is nothing more nor less than the crocodile; and have supported that idea with a very close chain of reasoning. Thus, Isaiah (chap. xiii, 22) says, speaking of the approaching desolation of Babylon: "And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces." "It is worthy of notice," says Mr. Hurdis, "that the crocodile was always considered as an inhabitant of the wilderness; and such he might well be deemed: consequently it will not appear wonderful that he should choose the ruins of old deserted towns and cities, which were near rivers and lakes, for his especial abode when

out of the water. Of Babylon, therefore, it might properly be said that, when she became desolate, "the crocodile should cry in her pleasant palaces;" and (Jeremiah, chap. li, 37) that she should be "a dwelling-place for crocodiles." The dragon in the Apocrypha, worshiped by the people of Babylon, and which Daniel is reported to have killed by forcing it to swallow lumps of pitch, fat, and hair, seethed together, whereby it "burst in sunder," was probably a crocodile. And Linnaeus places the dragon of Scripture under the scientific head of "*Crocodilus Africanus*."

GRUNDTVIG AND HIS SONG OF PRAISE.

THE British Quarterly for May quotes from Mrs. Mary Howitt's "Literature and Romance of Southern Europe" Grundtvig's "Song of Praise," with the following remarks:—The lofty, independent, we had almost said mighty, Grundtvig, as our author justly says, "in the middle ages would have been either a Knight of the Cross, or a Reformer;" but, after a stern battle with the world and a worldly Church, now stands pre-eminent among Denmark's most eminent men. In very early life he became a hard student in Scandinavian literature, and then, repentant at the time which he, a student of divinity, had devoted to this pursuit, he bent all his energies to his chosen calling, and denounced the frivolities of the worldly-minded and the worldliness of his brethren so severely that he fell under the ban of the "rational" clergy, and was called before the Consistory, and reprimanded. "It was not the first time," as Mr. Howitt naively says, "in which free spirit had been repressed by privileged vaipidity." But opposition, to a mind like Grundtvig's, only strengthened his convictions; and he studied, and wrote, and spoke like a stern prophet of old, delivering his message to a gainsaying generation, intent only on his duty. To the credit of the Danish government, this dissenter in the Church was not wholly neglected. Although the clerical office was denied him, he was encouraged to proceed in the study of Scandinavian ancient literature, and under his supervision many important works were published, while the chronicles of Saxo and Snorre were translated by himself. Assisted by Raske, he also diligently

studied Anglo-Saxon literature, and as early as 1820, ere England possessed even an edition in the original, Grundtvig had published a Danish translation of that curious and venerable poem, *Beowulf*. Indeed, so celebrated had he become for his profound knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, that proposals were made to him in 1830, from a publishing firm in London, to bring out a *Bibliotheca Anglo-Saxonica*, which should include all the finest prose and poetical remains of our Anglo-Saxon writers. It was not, however, carried into effect. Meanwhile, Grundtvig was recognized among his countrymen as one of their first lyric poets, but especially as a hymn-writer, unmatched for force and sublimity. From his collection of psalms and hymns, published in 1841, under the rather quaint title of *A Ring of Bells for the Danish Church*, we must find room for the following most admirable translation of his "Song of Praise." How magnificently jubilant is this fine composition; worthy to be set to harmony noble and inspiring as Mendelssohn's unrivaled *Lobgesang*!

"O, mighty God! we thee adore,
From our hearts' depths forevermore.
Who is in glory like to thee?
As thou wast from eternity!
Thy name is bless'd by cherubim,
Thy name is bless'd by seraphim!
And songs of praise from earth ascend,
With thine angelic quires to blend.
Holy art thou, our God!
Holy art thou, our God!
Holy art thou, our God!
Jehovah Sabaoth!"

"Thou didst create the glorious skies,
And in thine image man likewise.
The prophets prophesied of thee,
The old apostles preached of thee,
The martyr bands they lauded thee,
In their death hour exultingly!
And Christendom shall never cease
To bless thee both for life and peace.
Yea, Father, praise from all bursts forth,
Because thy Son brought peace to earth;
Because thy Holy Ghost doth give
The word that makes thy Church to live.

"Thou King of Glory, Saviour dear,
Bless'd and welcome be thou here.
Thou laidst thy great dominion by,
On a poor virgin's breast to lie!
Thou didst to glory consecrate
And heavenly joy, our poor estate;
Our yoke, our sins, on thee didst lay,
Our penance on the cross didst pay!
Didst rise triumphant from beneath!
Didst overcome the might of death!
To Heaven, which open'd, didst arise,
Received with angel symphonies!
On God's right hand is now thy place,
But in thy Church abides thy grace!"

"O Holy Ghost! to us most dear!
Blessed and welcome be thou here.
Truth, goodness, joy, thou dost impart,
With life, unto the Christian's heart;
As thine thou dost the nations claim,
And givest peace in Jesus' name.
To thee doth God a pledge accord
That all is true in Mercy's word;
Thou art the power divine whose might
Doth give eternal life and light!"

"Hallelujah! grief is o'er,
And Paradise unsealed once more.
Hallelujah! joy is sure,
God's Spirit dwelleth with the poor.
Hallelujah! evermore,
Our God hath bliss for us in store!"

"O mighty God, we thee adore,
From our hearts' depths forevermore!
Yea, Adam's race shall join the hymn
Of seraphim and cherubim.
O holy, mighty God of grace!
Let endless glory, blessing, praise,
Rise wheresoever peoples are,
Unto thy name. Hallelujah!"

PETER CARTWRIGHT—A CHARACTER.

DURING the late session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston, a daily paper was issued under the patronage of the Convention. Besides full reports of the "Conference Proceedings," it contained editorial sketches of the most notable delegates present. We quote the following portrait of a western character, who has appeared repeatedly in similar articles of newspaper humor within the last ten years, but never before, we believe, with so much biographic detail.

As we were stepping from the door of the Bromfield-street church, soon after the commencement of the present session of the General Conference, we were clutched in the brawny but trembling arms of a strong, rough-looking character—apparently a backwoodsman. A large crowd stood around, and all eyes were turned upon us. "God bless you!" exclaimed the hearty old man, with a voice strong, but trembling as if cracked by hard usage in the exposures of western travel; "God bless you, you dear little *rascal*; how do you do?" And loosing his bear-like, but really loving grasp, and turning to the crowd, he again exclaimed, "I saved the little rascal's scalp at Pittsburgh, in '48." The allusion was to the brief struggle we passed through at that session on the subject of slavery, with which our readers are perhaps still familiar. We all, perhaps, got a little into fault together there—ourselves as well as our opponents—and we need not now

revive a single unpleasant reminiscence of the occasion. We came well enough out of it, and in a few days were honored by an important election in the Conference, and have ever since felt that we were treated better than we deserved. But we owed our rescue, not a little, to the brave and generous interference of this same big-hearted, rough-bodied old man. Whether he liked our opinions or not, he seemed magnanimously determined that we should have fair play, and stood up for us manfully. After the scene was over, the old man met us on the pavement in front of the church, then, as at this time, crowded with spectators, and in his rough but kind style exhorted us to be of "good spunk." "Why, you little fire-brand you, don't fear any of them or all of them; bless your soul, they can't reach you with a twenty-foot pole!"

This is a rude picture—a somewhat *outre* description—we are aware, and may, to some tastes, seem a little out of place in juxtaposition with the grave records in our columns; but it is true to the noble man, and as relevant to these columns as he himself is to the assembly in which he occupies so prominent a place. These little incidents exhibit him better than any elaborate descriptions could. We doubt whether any one of his associates in the Conference have, at this point of our remarks, any uncertainty respecting his identity.

We lately put the question to an intelligent, discriminating lady, who had closely examined the assembly from the gallery, "Who of all the delegates would most attract inquiry from a spectator perfectly unacquainted with any of them?" "That's the man," she replied, referring to our old friend. And who, reader, can he be? Who but Peter Cartwright, the veteran hero of Methodism in Illinois.

The stanch old itinerant sits, (or rather stands, for he is now "on his legs,") as we write these lines, immediately under our eye. Like the "sage of Quincy," he is always found in his "place" in the Conference, near the front of the left tier of the central column of pews. Though quite unique in his appearance, it is not a little difficult to draw his portrait. He appears broken with years and labors, and you perceive some paralytic tremblings in his attitude and voice; but there is nevertheless a general aspect of strenuous vigor

about him. He looks as if he might yet wrestle with bears and come off conqueror, as we learn he really has heretofore. There is not, in fact, a stronger-looking man, young or old, on the Conference floor.

He is war-worn and weather-beaten. His complexion is bilious, the integuments of his face wrinkled and tough, his eyes small and twinkling, and defended by a heavy pair of spectacles with green side-glasses, his mouth compact and full of force, his head large and round, his forehead deeply indented, and his hair—there is no description of that; it looks as if he had poked it into the bag of the Kilkenny eats, and had not had time to comb it since its extirpation. And yet do not suppose there is any fierceness about his caput. Nay verily, a face more finely characterized with good nature and gallant generosity is not to be seen in the assembly.

Should we attempt an intellectual portrait of Peter Cartwright, we should summarily say that he is characterized by *good sense* and *good humor*. We know not that we can better describe him. He speaks frequently, though not inordinately; and we challenge an instance of weak or irrelevant remark to be produced from his speeches. They are, in fact, especially noticeable for their direct, though sometimes rough pertinency. He strikes right at the object before him, and never fails to hit it; and he has that characteristic of the highest deliberative wisdom—brevity, sententiousness. We never knew him to speak in General Conference more than five minutes at once.

His humor is always spontaneous—always ready. It sometimes cuts sharply, but is usually genial and generous, relieving rather than exasperating the case. Humor is a rare excellence, but it is not, like gems, valuable chiefly for its rareness; it is intrinsically valuable. It should not be too severely grinned at, with elongated faces, in even ecclesiastical bodies; it often gleams like exhilarating sunlight among lowering clouds of discord, and sometimes dispels them, and does infinitely more than the strongest logic or the loudest rhetoric to remove obstructions to business. Still, a man of combined good sense and good humor is liable to suffer some disparagement. Our poor human nature has a sort of self-complimenting propensity to speak of a superior man with a qualifying “but,”

the import of which is, that though he excels us in some things, we can see in him defects we have not ourselves. He has imagination, “but” he has not much sense; he has humor, “but” he has not much logic. Much of this kind of twaddle is sheer fudge, and something worse. Peter Cartwright is not merely a man of humor, but of genuine sagacity; woe be to the man that attempts to circumvent him in debate. If some of his short sayings were divested of their humor, and spoken by a grave man, they would pass for unique utterances of wisdom; as they are, they pass for pertinent jokes—happy hits.

Peter Cartwright is a “Doctor of Divinity.” Good old George Pickering, when asked once if the Methodists had any Doctors of Divinity, replied, “No, sir, we don’t need them; our divinity has not yet become sick.” Those healthful days seem, however, to have passed, if we may judge from the ample provisions made for theological medicament among us now-a-days. Some college in the West deemed Peter Cartwright too knowing in the *Materia Medica*, or too skillful with the scalpel, to die untitled, and, therefore, dubbed him D.D. We know not that he pretends to encyclopedic erudition, or is more skillful than some other doctors we are acquainted with in the learned languages, a knowledge of which is usually presupposed, in giving that title; the only learned quotation we ever heard from him was in respect to a matter of business, which seemed to be beyond the reach of his brethren; it was, said he, “*in swampus non comabitur.*” The learned doctors around him smiled very cognizantly, as they usually do at college commencements when a Latin phrase is quoted which, though unintelligible to the vulgar throng, is remarkably striking to them.

But with Peter Cartwright the “degree” is not merely nominal, as it is with so many of his fellow ecclesiastical *medicos*—it is a valid reality. He is a sound theologian. His preaching shows it. His sermons are generally skillful dissections of their subjects. His thoughts are clear, his method regular and consecutive, and the whole tenor of his discourse logical and instructive. How could such a man be other than a good sensible preacher? Those who go to the church to hear his wit are usually disappointed. His preaching at the General Conferences is seldom up to

his ordinary standard. This, however, is the case with most of the delegates. The reasons of the fact are obvious.

Peter Cartwright joined the "old Western Conference" in 1805, though he began to travel a year earlier, we believe. He was a young man—only about 18 years old—when he entered the itinerant field, and he has been in its foremost struggles ever since. The "old Western Conference" was in that day the only one beyond the Alleghanies. It extended from Detroit to Natchez, and each of its districts comprised a territory about equal to two of the present conferences beyond the mountains. Those were the days of great moral battles in that vast field; and the men who fought them were made great, some of them gigantically so, by their circumstances. Among them were Young, Waiker, Shinn, M'Kendree, Burke, Lakin, Blackman, Quinn, and similar mighty men. Cartwright began his regular travels with Lakin on Salt River Circuit, (save the name!) Most of his fellow-heroes have gone to their rest; but they gained the field, and fortified their cause all over it. They, in fact, laid the moral foundations of our ultramontane States. The few remnants of the old corps should be cherished and honored by the Church. Peter Cartwright stands prominently among them; but there are some of his early contemporaries here also, whom we shall introduce to our readers hereafter.

THE BEACON-FIRE OF THE TYROL.

"God has his plan
For every man,"
Tyrolean Proverb.

THIS saying was once exemplified in Tyrol by the short and simple history of a poor crippled boy whose memory is still cherished there.

About fifty years ago a soldier's widow came with an only child to reside in a small hut near to one of those romantic villages which may be seen nestled amid the splendid mountains of that country, on the table-lands, or sierras, which afford space for the habitations of the mountaineers, who there shelter in winter the numerous flocks they drive in the summer to pasture on the heights above. That village was the scene of busy industry; the people were independent and comfortable; they worked for themselves, and, except the emperor,

to whom they were loyally devoted, they called no man lord. Still, at the time when this poor widow took up her abode there, agitation and fear had invaded this once happy and peaceful spot. It was the period when the reckless ambition of Napoleon deluged Europe with blood: this widow's husband had fallen fighting against him in the fearful battle of Austerlitz. Had the issue of that battle been different, and the army in which he served been victorious, it is probable that the bereaved wife would have felt her loss just as deeply; for what the world calls glory does not heal a bleeding heart, nor atone for the individual sufferings which war occasions. The widow was very poor, and as the partner of a soldier's life, she had been long separated from the friends of her youth: her affliction was then such a common one that it excited little interest; and the grief which she felt the deepest was just that which caused her to be of no consequence to the little community among which she came.

It has been already said she had one child—a maimed, disabled boy. The dangers to which the mother had been exposed, the hardships which had attended his infant life, produced this effect. Hans, the widow's son, was deformed; his figure was drawn considerably to one side, and he had very little power in using his arms. This was a sore trial to the poor woman; often would she look at her boy and sigh, for she thought in her age she should be left without aid or support; she could no longer work for him, and he could neither work for himself nor her. But when the murmuring thought found entrance to her heart, she hid it there, or rather she prayed to God to take it thence; she never let her son perceive it; she would have him only to feel that he was the solace of her life. And so he was; a true mother's love is ever most strongly shown to the child that needs her love, her care, her toils; and beyond this maternal feeling were her affections drawn to him.

Hans was, moreover, a kind boy, an affectionate, tender son; he was naturally of a thoughtful, reflective disposition; the peculiarities of his constitution tended to render him so. Separated by his bodily infirmity from the rude sports, the hardy pursuits, and daring adventures, in which the other young mountaineers engaged, that grave, reflective cast of countenance, which characterizes the bold, independent, and gay, while deeply-superstitious Tyr-

olese, was in his case blended with actual melancholy thoughtfulness. His mother's tender care had not prevented him from gaining a knowledge of his helplessness; and his inability to assist her secretly preyed on his heart. When he saw her, for instance, carrying a burden, he would run to relieve her; but, though active enough in running, his arms had no power. As a child, his mother might deceive him into a belief that he was of use; but as a lad of fifteen years of age that kind concealment could no longer succeed, and at that age, being the time when this story commences, the state of his country was the means of fully impressing on his keenly-sensitive mind the conviction of his own utter uselessness.

The arbitrary will of Napoleon Buonaparte, then in the zenith of his glory, had decreed that Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and a French and Bavarian army was already garrisoned in the country. We do not mean to discuss the propriety of the attachment which the Tyrolese showed to the latter; the chief reason of their attachment was, however, a right one—it was that their once independent land had passed to the dominion of Austria by right of legitimate succession, their last native princess, Margaret, having married a prince of the house of Hapsburg, who became emperor of Austria, and, as such, added his wife's dominions to his own. Loyalty and religion had hitherto been closely combined in Tyrol, and the aversion its people testified to a union enforced by the French, sprang from the strength of those principles. They regarded them with horror; and a resolute zeal in the defense of their country and their religion had begun to animate men, women, and even children throughout that mountain land.

At the juncture of which we now write, that valiant struggle was beginning which has afforded themes to many pens. Austria, unable to compete with Napoleon, withdrew the forces stationed in Tyrol, and left its people to defend themselves: their resistance to the powerful invader was one of the most celebrated and most successful that history records.

The Pass of Finstermünz still presents its terrible records to the eye of the traveler, who, amidst the wonderful sublimity of the spectacle, recalls to memory the awful scene enacted there in the time to

which our story refers. This pass lies between the towns of Landeck and Meran; a splendid road has since been formed there by engineering skill; but even still, amid modern improvements, the passage between the rocks is so narrow in places as to appear a mere cleft formed by the violence of the torrent which is heard roaring in the deep gulf below. These rocks rise towering over that narrow pass, clothed sometimes with trees, at others opening splendid views of snow-gemmmed mountains, and green sparkling vales; while the ceaseless roar of the struggling water is the only sound that is heard. At times, as its passage opens, the nearly calmed and deep blue stream of the river Inn, crested with some of the snow-white foam which tells of its struggle, is seen gliding by; at others, rushing wildly; or again, as the gorge contracts, is dimly beheld, like a flake of snow, tossed in the dark gulf through which its suffocated murmurs alone announce its progress. From the little bridges which span this torrent, the views of the white glaciers and green mountain fastnesses, with the peasants' dwellings and the pretty green church spires, are charming; but at one spot the rocks on each side curl over so as almost to meet, and threaten to drop on those who pass under them; which, indeed, they would probably at some time do, if they were not propped by the stems of felled trees. At this wildest and most romantic spot, the bridge crosses the torrent at a height which, as you attempt to gaze down on the tossing snow-flakes beneath, conveys a sense of dizziness. Here an old, once-fortified gateway, and the remains of an ancient tower, remind one of the times when fierce robber knights held indomitable forts in such fastnesses of nature. At this spot there is now a quiet inn, and a very little chapel. "Rest and give thanks," seems to be the idea presented by their united appearance.

This sublime mountain pass, so remarkable for natural beauty, has acquired a terrific celebrity in history from the epoch which just followed the incident that exemplified, as we have said, the Tyrolese proverb already quoted. We fervently hope that such celebrities are at an end; but were there ever a cause which could sanction the slaughter of our fellow-creatures, it is the defense of our land, our homes, and our faith—it is when the unjust invader is resisted, and the motto of a people

is that which the Tyrolese flag bore inscribed upon its folds—

"For God, our Emperor, and our Fatherland."

Here, as we stand in this sublime scene, and look up at the tree-covered heights, and bring our eye down over the shattered masses of rock that lie in the descent, we recall that terrible event, and involuntarily repeat the words—

"Fit spot to make the invaders rue
The many fallen before the few."

For it was here that, in the year 1809, upwards of 10,000 French and Bavarian troops were destroyed by an unseen foe. An immense avalanche of felled trees and broken rocks had been prepared, and was held suspended along the heights. As the advancing army marched in undisturbed order along this romantic pass, the foremost heard the startling words, "Ist es Zeit?" "Is it time?" repeated above them. The officer halted, and sent back to ask directions. He was ordered to go forward. They went on. That word was repeated, and a louder voice, in a tone of solemn command, announced *it was time!* and desired the avalanche to be let go. It was loosened; it thundered down; and of all the living host who a few minutes before had trod that pass, few, if any, escaped from it alive.

It was this determination to resist, and expel the foreign forces then stationed in their country, that had begun to animate the Tyrolese at the time when our poor Hans, having reached his fifteenth year, might be expected by the youth of the village to partake in their enthusiasm. That enthusiasm was general; a secret understanding prevailed among all the people of Tyrol; arrangements were made with noiseless resolution; intelligence of the advance of the Bavarian troops was to be conveyed from post to post, from village to village, by means of signal fires, materials for which were laid ready on the rocky heights.

The village of which I have spoken lay directly in the line of route which that army would take; and with the animation and bustle it displayed, a great degree of fear and anxiety mingled. The old people felt the latter emotions—the dread of being surprised, of having their houses burned, their property destroyed, themselves killed, or driven shelterless to the mountains;

such thoughts more or less disturbed every home, but did not shake the courage and resolution of the people. Even the children acted in their plays what they heard their fathers and older brothers talk of, or saw them practice; and thus from the aged and timid—the latter indeed were few—down to the child who thoughtlessly mimicked in his sports the hostile events that were approaching, only one theme was heard in the village or in the whole country, only one spirit seemed to be felt; and scarcely any persons were to be found who were not preparing, in some way, to take a part in the coming struggle. I say scarcely any—for it will have been already seen that two, at least, of that small community knew their part was to sit still and see how the matter would go. These were the soldier's widow and her deformed boy. The widow had had enough of war; she had known its realities, while many of her young neighbors were deceived by its visionary renown. She had felt its horrors, while they contemplated in imagination its glories. She looked now at her disabled son, and did not sigh, as she had often done, in thinking of his helplessness.

"Ah, Hans," said she abruptly, as she gazed upon him one evening, "it is well for us now that thou canst be of little use; they would take thee from me to serve thy country, my boy, wert thou fit to be a soldier." The widow did not know how very tender was the chord she touched in her son's mind.

Hans had long been secretly suffering much pain from the rude discovery of the very fact she thus alluded to. That secret pain had not been exposed even to a tender mother's eye. Now the wound was touched. Hans bowed down his head; his mother had not observed that of late he had been more peculiarly pale, silent, and averse to go out. Now the large tear that suddenly rolled down the pale cheek and dropped upon his knee, told her that the feelings of the youth had been compressed within his own bosom. That tear seemed to fall upon the mother's heart: she felt its cause.

"My son, what aileth thee?"

"Mother! I am useless!" cried the youth, with a burst of now irrepressible grief.

"Useless!" the widow repeated; but the tone in which she uttered the word might seem to denote some little surprise at the discovery her son had only then made.

"Yes, useless," Hans continued: "look round our village—all are busy, all preparing, all ready to strive for homes and fatherland—I am useless!"

"My boy, my kind, dear son, thou art not useless to me!"

"Even to thee—I cannot work for thee; cannot in thy age support thee. Ah! I know all now. Why was I made, mother?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother; "these repining thoughts become you not. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb:—

"God has his plan
For every man."

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed this truth was to be verified in a most remarkable manner.

Easter Monday came—the most festive season in the Tyrol; and the non-arrival of the expected invaders had, in some degree, relaxed the vigilance of the inhabitants. The holiday in question, we may observe, in Switzerland resembles somewhat old Christmas in England,—families meet, presents are exchanged; the toys, gloves, the ornaments of deer's horn, and other articles of Tyrolese industry, are all in request then. Early in the morn, accordingly, of the Easter Monday of which we now speak, children were seen carrying bunches of flowers to their grandparents, aunts, or other old relatives, whose doors had been wreathed with branches of trees, interspersed with flowers, during the preceding night; and the children now stood before them, and sang the hymns which are often heard in their country. Women, too, were seen with little baskets on their arms, hastening to the house of the poor curate to present their small offerings; and young men brought some simple presents to lay on the windows of the maidens who they hoped before the next Easter should be their wives. But what was the most curious feature in the pleasant scene was the cattle procession, which takes place on this day; for now the winter is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds hath come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. Now go the cattle forth from the sheds where they have been sheltered from snow and frost, and wend their way gladly to the mountains. The pride of the family, the favorite cow, goes first; and proud of her honors she seems to be, as she steps

boldly on in advance, her bell tinkling at her neck, her head loaded with ornaments, and her horns wreathed with flowers. All the flocks are more or less adorned, but she is the queen in her regal state. Behind them come the joyous owners, or their herds, playing on musical instruments, and adding noise to the pomp. What a rural, what a pleasant scene! There is nothing rude or revolting in this merriment; a sense of thanksgiving seems to mingle with it; one sees, at least, the expression of gratitude, the acknowledgment of God as the Author and Giver of all good things. Yes, I have felt how pleasant it is to see this acknowledgment when the hardy Tyrolese shepherd has passed me, mounting to difficulty and danger on the heights above, and wearing in his girdle the words, largely embroidered in white letters—
"God is Good."

And was every one in that mountain village busy in the exchange of good-will offerings, or festive preparations? Hans leaned against the porch of his mother's house, the porch in which, at eventide, they sang their hymns after the manner of the country, and with joined hands repeated their evening prayers. Often may an aged couple, with children and grandchildren, be seen thus employed in the pretty porches of their houses while the sun declines. Hans stood alone; the hut was a little beyond the village, on the ascent of the mountain; he could see all that passed below; but he had no presents to offer, for he had no money to buy them, and no hands to make them; no hands, at least, capable of such work. No one thought of him; if he had been a beggar they would have remembered him, and given him their charity willingly; but as it was, he was forgotten. Those who feel no want themselves too seldom think of the wants of others, unless they are reminded of them. Hans looked down on the busy village, and thought of his mother. The Tyrolese proverb which she had quoted,

"God has his plan
For every man,"

had made a passing impression on his mind; but he sighed, as amidst his own loneliness in the general bustle there seemed so little prospect of its fulfillment. Still, however, though he scarcely knew why, the words, as he uttered them, seemed to shoot a gleam of unwonted hope through his soul.

The evening of the bustling holiday at

last arrived. Hans strolled about in the gloom; all the village houses were lighted up; fear seemed to be forgotten, and watchfulness too. Hans was glad not to be disturbed by the careless remarks of the patrolling youths, who, on other evenings, performed their usual exercises on the green, but now all were within doors; families and friends had met, and children were merry and happy. Hans came to the dwelling of a comfortable proprietor—one who in our land would be termed a rich farmer. The supper table was prepared; in its center a small fir-tree was planted in a bucket filled with earth; little tapers were fastened in its branches, and a variety of glittering objects, suspended around it, were intended for presents to the younger ones of the family. Some of the little children, who had already secured theirs, were playing at a small table placed in the open window. One of them had got a number of tin soldiers, and an elder brother, a lad about the age of our poor Hans, was amusing himself, apparently, by directing their movements, and arranging them in military order. Like all the youths of the Tyrol, he aspired to be thought expert in such matters, but he was of a more presuming and arrogant disposition than many of the others. Seeing that Hans, standing near the window, must become one of his auditors, he affected still more the tone of command, as if to impress the helpless boy with a higher opinion of his military knowledge. Almost immediately, however, the children, disputing for one of the tin soldiers, broke it in two. The young general was in the midst of a plan for the defense of the village in case of an attack. Displeased at the loss of one of his corps, he angrily seized the broken soldier, and threw it out of the window.

"Why throw it away?" said the children.

"Because it is as useless now as Hans himself would be if the enemy came," was his answer.

Hans heard the words, whether it was intended he should do so or not. He turned away, and went home to his mother.

The widow had shared her son's sentiments that day; she was quite sensible that on this day of general festivity they were overlooked and forgotten. The mother and son knew they had sympathy one with the other, but neither expressed it. The widow felt for her son. The son

felt for his mother. But Hans resolved not to grieve her with the recital of the fresh annoyance he had met with. The widow, not sorry to end a day which made their forlorn position more evident to themselves, proposed that they should avoid the expense of light, by going early to rest. Hans felt little inclined to sleep, but knowing his mother would sit up if he did so, he complied with her request. He had been early trained never to close his eyes in slumber without reverently bending the knee, and asking the care of a divine protector. On the present occasion he did not omit that duty, but breathed the wish with earnest fervor that the Father of all mercies would, in his good time, present him with some opportunity of being useful to others. Almost immediately after doing this he dropped into a deep slumber, being fatigued with his rambles during the day.

How long his slumbers lasted poor Hans never knew; he only related afterward that he had awoke as if from a dream, but still under a strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching him. He could not persuade himself but that the soldiers were close to him. He thought he saw their distinct uniform, the gleam of their arms, and even felt as if their bayonets were presented at him. He awoke in fear, but even when awake could scarcely persuade himself it was a dream. It was, however, a natural one: it would be by no means surprising if every one of the villagers, and himself also, had dreamed much the same whenever they slept. Hans recollects this; but unwilling to remain under an impression so unpleasant, he rose, and hastily dressing himself, he went to the door and looked forth. The night was calm, and even warm; the moon was beginning faintly to rise; and thinking that illness had perhaps caused his troubled dream, Hans walked out, believing the night air would relieve the headache from which he had been suffering. He strolled up the mountain path, on the side of which their cottage stood. Excitement and agitation had indeed heated his blood, and the cool air did him good. That sense of relief made him continue his walk, and as he went up the mountain path, he recollects that it led to the signal pile, which had been laid ready for igniting when the advance of the Bavarian garrisons from their winter posts should com-

mence—a movement which the combined Tyrolese had determined to resist. An impulse he felt little inclination even to question, seemed still to lead him on, and prompt him to mount the rugged path that conducted to that important spot. Perhaps it was some feeling that a surprise on this night was not impossible—some scarcely understood impression left by his dream—that, unconsciously to himself, led Hans thus upward and upward on his solitary way, until he came within view of the dark mass of firewood piled up on the cliff. Whatever was the feeling that influenced him, however, (and the result, the reader will remember, is a matter of history, not mere fiction,) the boy found himself, as we have said, at the signal post.

Hans walked round the pile, as it lay there quiet and lonely. But the watchers, where were they? Forgetful, perhaps, of their duty, they had, amidst the festivities of Easter, omitted their important office on this occasion; at all events, they were nowhere to be seen. The village, far beneath, was in as great security as if no dreadful war-signal was likely to be needed, and all in the neighborhood was calm. A dark old pine-tree stood near it; in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready, with the other means for raising a speedy conflagration. Hans paused in his circuit by the hollow tree, and seemed to listen to the silence. There is something in the feeling of utter silence that impels the ear to listen for its interruption. As he so listened, a singular sound, that seemed to be reverberated along the ground, caught his eager attention. It was slow and quiet, but so measured and equal as to be distinct. He listened with painful intensity for about a minute: it stopped. Hans was just about to leave the spot, when another sound was heard, it was the click of muskets; then a distinct but stealthy tread; then a pale ray of moonshine glanced on the fixed bayonets of two soldiers, who cautiously crept along the edge of the cliff at the opposite side of the pile. They mounted the eminence, looked round, and seeing no one there—for poor Hans was hidden by the old tree—gave the signal apparently to some comrades in the distance. Then the measured tread of marching men was heard again, but Hans did not wait to listen to it. Like a flash of inspiration, the whole circumstance was visible to his mind. The

secret had been discovered by, or treacherously revealed to, the enemy; a party had been sent forward from the enemy's troops to destroy it; the body from which they were detached was then marching up the pass that led to his village; the fears he had heard the old and timid express would be realized; and the plans of the others, which he had heard so much talked of, would be of no avail. It is singular, that though naturally, as most infirm persons are, of a timid disposition, no thought of his own perilous situation occurred to Hans. All that has here taken some time to state on paper, flashed on his mind with the rapidity of a vision, and perhaps it was followed by one equally rapid self-recollection.

"God has his plan
For every man,"

might the youth have mentally said, as, quick as thought, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the flaring turpentine brand into the pile.

The two scouts, who had advanced first, had then their backs turned to it, waiting the arrival of some comrades, whose arms just glittered above the edge of the cliff at the moment when the sudden blaze towered up, and flashed upon them. A cry of astonishment, we might say of fear, burst from the foremost; but in the light of that mountain blaze they soon perceived no ambushed foes were there; a single youth was seen hastily retreating down the mountain path. They fired—cruelly fired. A shriek of agony told them one bullet, at least, though fired at random, had found its mark. The light was too indistinct for an aim, but a bullet had lodged in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be shortly aroused. Already, before their surprise was over, or their retreat effected, the signal was answered from a second mountain top, and another and another began to repeat it. The advancing party, seeing their plan for a surprise thus rendered abortive, effected a hasty escape.

Hans, meantime, was not killed; faint and bleeding, he contrived to reach the village, where already the greatest consternation prevailed. Trembling old people stood at the door demanding intelligence; and the peasantry, with their arms, were mustering thick and fast. At the door of the proprietor's house, where Hans had

stood to witness the Easter party on the previous evening, an anxious group was gathered; among them was the lad who had made so good and brave a general of the tin soldiers, and who had so unfeelingly, we would hope thoughtlessly, declared the broken one to be as useless as Hans in the defense he was planning of the village. He was now aroused from sleep with the cry that the enemy was come. Pale, confused, uncertain what to do, he was anxiously joining in the inquiry which no one could answer,—“Who lighted the pile?”

“It was I!” said at last a faint, almost expiring voice.

They turned and saw the crippled Hans tottering toward them.

“Thou?” exclaimed many voices; but the proprietor's son gazed in stupefied silence.

“The enemy—the French—were there,” Hans faltered, and sank upon the ground. “Take me to my mother. At last I have not been useless.”

They stooped to lift him; but drew back, for their hands were full of blood.

“What is this?” they cried. “He has been shot! It is true! Hans the cripple has saved us.”

They carried Hans to his mother's house. Some ran before him and told her the alarming news; of the danger that had approached them, and who had been, for that time at least, their preserver. Then they carried the wounded youth in, and laid him before her. As the mother bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes—for he had fainted from loss of blood and pain—and looking at her, he made an effort to speak. “It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true—

“God has his plan
For every man.”

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was.”

Hans did not recover of his wound; but he was permitted to live long enough to know he had been of use; he lived to hear of the result of his timely warning, not to his village only, but to the country around; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother; to hear that she should find a son in every brave youth in the village, a home for her age in every house; that she should be considered a sacred and honored bequest to the commu-

nity which her son had preserved at the cost of his own life.

Our little story is told. It is not from scenes of battle and strife that we would willingly draw illustrations of great truths and principles; and great emergencies, like those which met Hans, it would be unreasonable to expect as usual occurrences. To all, however, the motto speaks—

“God has his plan
For every man.”

None need stand useless in the great social system. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let none stand as listless gazers in the great vineyard of the world.

BOB MULTIFORM, THE “NE'ER DO WELL.”

AMONG the strange varieties to be found in this inexhaustible world, descriptive and satirical writers have not failed to fix upon the man of versatile cleverness, who, after attempting everything, ends at last in nothing. I have such a character in my eye at this moment. Bob Multiform was one of my school acquaintances. He was a prompt, acute, ready-witted fellow, always bustling, though seldom really busy; a good-natured companion, possessed of much compliant humor, though accompanied by a self-esteeming conceit which disgusted others as much as it comforted himself. In fact, that same conceit is an admirable thing for enabling a man to get on easily *for the time being*, though it is not a little apt to leave him stranded in the issue. Did any one want help in some new project, Bob Multiform was just the boy to give it. He possessed a boundless variety of shifts and expedients, and he now and then used them for bad causes as well as for good ones. The fox, with his thousand tricks, fared worse than if he had adhered to a single solid principle. On the whole, however, Bob managed to escape from school without actual disgrace, and came out upon the boards of the world with no settled character, except that he had some reputation for vivacity and gumption.

It was one of Bob's peculiarities that he was peculiarly open to impressions of all

kinds and from all quarters. He seemed ready to obey all impulses but his own. It was not, however, that he wanted firmness on certain occasions, for no man was more obstinate when opposed; but he never could hear of celebrity in any line without an instant inclination to imitate it. Goldsmith is said to have been vexed when even the performer of a puppet-show was more admired than himself. It is surprising through what freaks and fantasies this daring disposition to seek for honors led our unfortunate wight. The first taste which I remember was that of dress. It was the day of dandyism, when frock-coats and Wellington-boots were in fashion, and those who never mounted a horse walked about in jingling spurs, or rattled along on those silly machines then called dandy-horses. I hardly know who was Bob's immediate prototype, but he was amazingly ambitious of being considered a well-dressed man. There was not a calendar of fashions with which, for the time, he was not intimate. He could discourse most learnedly on the cut of a coat, or the precise fit of a waistcoat; was most punctilious about the whiteness of his linen, or the height of his stock; and wore his extraordinary beaver with an air which eclipsed most cotemporaries. He thought himself admired; and whenever a man so thinks, he is pretty sure to be laughed at. Many a lady hid her face when he appeared, to conceal her irrepressible emotions at his extraordinary figure. The thing at length became too flagrant, and it was time to stop it. Some good-natured fellow whispered the truth into Bob's ear, and lost him as a friend forever.

After taking a little time to recover from this mortification, Bob fell into a contrary extreme. To escape from the ridiculous, he attempted the sublime. He sought seclusion, and began a course of reading, and soon persuaded himself that, except for a very young man, care about dress was contemptible littleness; and that as the mind made the man, it was an essential part of mental culture to neglect the body altogether. When next he appeared before his friends, he was therefore a totally different being. His talk was now of books and of their contents. It is true that he knew little more about most of them than what could have been gained from a few of the leading reviews of the day; but every one was not in the

secret, and to them he was a prodigy. Bob now became a leader of a *coterie*, to which he was the giver of law; and though they were all but silly coxcombs, he flattered himself into the belief that he was some Johnson, or Parr, or Magliabecchi, or Mezzophanti, and had devoured more books than most around him had heard of. He established a debating-class; a desirable thing in itself, provided a man do not think it the British senate, and himself the first orator in it. From a dandy he now sank down into a sloven. He was sometimes unwashed; often unshaven; was not much concerned if a rent appeared in his clothes, and affected to treat all such trifles with derision and sarcasm. Matters went on thus, till having, in "his pride of place," directed some invective against a stranger who had demurred to one of his propositions, he was met by a rejoinder so direct and merciless as to send the peacock's feather which the jackdaw had worn into high air—to demonstrate him to be only an empty pretender—and to elicit the cheers of his former subjects, who, wearied with his arrogance, rejoiced to witness the overthrow of their tyrant. He slunk away in discomfiture and disgrace.

His next fit was that with which he should have begun—attention to business. During two short months he was the very pattern of assiduousness in his father's warehouse. He made uncommon advances in a very short time, till some of those who had looked on him as a mere pragmatrical saunterer, began to hope there was more in him than had hitherto met their eye. Fired with their applauses, Bob redoubled his zeal. So intently did he follow his new inspiration, that after the labors of the day were over for others, he was to be found arranging some unexplored corner of the warehouse, or carefully posting up his hitherto neglected books. His father's eye began to be fixed upon him with unusual favor, and to think that he might one day, with satisfaction, resign his business to a son who, now that he had sown his wild oats, was the model of punctuality and diligence. How long this fit of exemplariness might have lasted, had no sudden temptation intervened, I do not know; but at a musical party, Bob received a new impulse.

Now Bob had never, up to this time, shown the slightest partiality for the harmony of sweet sounds. If the want of

music mark a traitor, he had seemed to be the veriest one: his voice was rough and dissonant, and he could not distinguish between the chord of the dominant seventh and the major. But he had unbounded confidence in himself, and thought that what others could do well, he could do much better. Alas for the warehouse and its concerns! In vain did the anxious father protest, remonstrate, urge, and even threaten! Occupied by his five parallel lines, Bob disregarded all besides. Music more dissonant than that which comes from the turning of "a brazen candlestick," disturbed his neighbors' repose. One evening, he must needs adventure a part in some difficult performance, for which he had carefully prepared himself. To his consternation, he found his fellow-performers drop off from him one by one, till he was left to a solo, and a roar of laughter followed as a chorus.

If our hero found some solace in remembering that, such as he was, he had great names to keep him in countenance, it was a poor resource. Little has been ever accomplished by those who resemble the Duke of Buckingham as painted by Dryden—

"A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by turns, but nothing long."

Bob Multiform was not destined to reverse the usual fate of his class. His father saw his business, deprived of the care of his son, degenerate from day to day, till he died a broken-hearted insolvent. I have made many inquiries about Bob himself; but could never learn his whole history. I only know that he had once a project for making a new kind of soap, which would wash with salt water; that at another time he embarked in a plan for reviving the locomotive steam-engine. I suspect him to have had a hand in the aerial machine, which was to fly; but of this I am not sure. Once he went to Australia, where he had a plan for civilizing the aborigines. The last time I saw him he told me he was on the eve of making a fortune by railway speculation; and he certainly looked as if he believed it. I heard that soon after this, however, he emigrated to California.

Such are the destinies of cleverness without principle. A grain of industry is worth a bushel of mere impulse. If any of my readers be tempted to follow Bob

Multiform's career, it may be well for them to remember that the scion which is grafted on to the stock of perseverance and the fear of God, though it may seem to shoot less vigorously than others around it, is that which will produce the best and surest fruit.

THE YEZIDIS, OR DEVIL-WORSHIPERS.

WE meet in the East with many religious sects, which have existed from far distant ages, some entirely unaltered, others considerably modified by various changes; and it is often interesting to trace such sects to their source, if only for the information we obtain concerning the forms in which mind unfolded itself in ancient times, and the manner in which different religions were sometimes combined. Thus in the Sabaeans or Mandaites of the present day, we find a sect whose origin is to be traced to the excitements of the first and second century consequent upon the preaching of John the Baptist, but whose character has been quite altered by the different elements it has taken up in its course.

We have chosen for examination the enigmatical sect of the Yezidis,* in the hope of ascertaining whether any positive origin can be assigned them. We shall first describe the sect as far as the various accounts we have received enable us; and then, by comparing it with other ancient sects which are in some respects similar, determine, if possible, whether it is to be traced to any one in particular, or to a combination of several. Michael Febvre first mentions them, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He speaks of them as a powerful race, easily contented, living in black tents, leading a nomad life, and mostly herdsmen. He commends their hospitality. They are friendly to Christians, but hate Mohammedans, who have been their greatest persecutors. The leading point in their religious doctrines is this, that they will never speak ill of the devil. Neither persuasion nor force can induce them, and some have been flayed alive rather than consent. The reasons they give are:—"That we cannot with a good conscience abuse any creature, for this right belongs to the Creator alone;

* A tribe in Asia Minor, having their settlements in the hills between the Tigris and Euphrates.

and since we find no precept in the Scriptures to curse the devil, it is not right to offend him as Christians and Turks do, even though we regard him as a rebel against God. They compare him to a minister who has fallen into disgrace, and whom we should wish well to, and not curse. There is still hope, they think, that the devil will some day be reconciled to God, through the divine mercy, and then he will certainly endeavor to revenge himself for all the insults he received during his disgrace. And even if he is not reconciled, yet, if a man falls into his power after death, he will have the worst to fear from him. So that, in either case, it is best to spare him." This is the account which the leading men give of their doctrine; the rest never utter the name of Satan, but refer to him in other terms, as "the angel Paon," "the Conscious One," or he "whom the ignorant curse." We cannot expect anything definite concerning their doctrines, as they have no written religious documents. They believe in the Old and New Testaments, and the Koran, and teach that all these books fell from heaven. At their feasts, they sing to the guitar, songs in honor of Christ, of Mary, of Moses, of Zechariah, and even of Mohammed. It is remarkable, when we think of the Christian communion, that they sometimes call wine the blood of Christ. If any one at their festivals, offers another a cup of wine, he says, "Take this cup with the blood of Christ;" and he who receives the cup, kisses the hand of the one who brings it, all present rising at the same time, and bowing, with their arms crossed, while he is drinking. They are divided into two classes, distinguished by their dress—the one wearing black, the other white. The former stand highest, and form a kind of sacerdotal caste. Febvre derives their name from a man named Yezid. "Many of them regard Yezid and Christ as the same under different names. They relate of Christ such miraculous tales as occur in the apocryphal gospels. Those who are clothed in black shrink from killing animals, although they eat them when killed; a feeling which arises probably from a belief in the transmigration of souls. The day on which one who has worn black clothes dies, is observed as a festival, and not a day of mourning; 'he must be congratulated on his entrance to a blessed life.' When they

pray, they turn to the East; and at sunrise, as soon as the first rays enter their tents, they rise, fold their hands and pray to God in the presence of the sun."

This account is confirmed by Niebuhr, who says that there is a village entirely occupied by them between Arbil (the ancient Arbela) and Zab. The following is the account given by the Abbot Sestini, who traveled from Constantinople to Bassora in the year 1781:—"In the Kurdish Hills you come to a village, Sinjar, inhabited by Yezidis, who are called 'Worshippers of the Devil.' They call Satan Cherubim. They have their Emir in Kurdistan, where they assemble once a year with their families; and, in the evening, when they have finished eating and drinking, they put out the lights." In his account of a second journey, he gives a fuller description, as received from a Dominican.

He calls them a mixture of the errors of the Manicheans, the Mohammedans, and the Persians. The doctrine is spread by tradition without books, since they are forbidden to read and write. They believe in all the prophets and saints of the Christians, whose names are attached to the monasteries in the neighborhood. Most of them profess faith in Moses, Christ, and Mohammed. God, they say, has given commands, but left the devil to execute them. They have neither fasts nor prayers, for Yezid, they say, performed enough for all his followers to the end of the world. Ten days after the August new moon, they hold an annual assembly, which lasts ten days and a night, at the grave of the Sheikh Adi, when many meet together from distant countries. On their way thither, robberies are often committed; and small caravans are in great danger if a larger body of Yezidis approaches. Many women, too, from the neighboring villages, the unmarried excepted, come to the festival; after feasting, they extinguish the lights, and never speak again till sunrise. They hold the Christian monasteries in great veneration; and if they visit them, before they enter they bare their feet and kiss the walls, in the belief that the patron saint of the monastery will be their protector; or if they are ill and dream of a monastery, they visit it, before they are perfectly well, and bring as an offering incense, wax, resin, or some other present to the monastery, and after kissing

the walls and remaining a quarter of an hour there, return home. They recognize as the head of their religion the Sheikh, who is chief of the race. He has the care of Sheikh Adi's tomb, who restored their sect. The Sheikh of the race must always be a descendant of Yezid; and in such veneration is he held, that they consider themselves fortunate if they can procure one of his shirts to be buried in. By his intercession and merits they expect to reach a higher place; and therefore many of them buy a shirt for forty piastres, (more than \$10;) or if they cannot procure the whole, content themselves with a piece. The chief of the Yezidis has always a man present with him, called Kocieck,—*i.e.* a teacher,—who is listened to as an oracle, and consulted before every undertaking. He is said to receive his revelations from the devil; and if a Yezidi is in doubt about any important matter, advice is obtained for a purse of money. Before the Kocieck replies, he stretches himself on the ground and sleeps, or appears to sleep; and on waking, declares that such a decision has been revealed to him. The following incident is a proof of the importance attached to his revelations. Forty years ago the Yezidi women, like the Arabian, used to dye their under-clothes with indigo for the sake of saving soap. One morning the Kocieck came unexpectedly to the chief, and said that it had been revealed to him, the night before, that indigo color was unlucky, and not in favor with the devil. This was enough to send men to every tribe with orders to banish the color, to get rid of the clothes, and put white in their place. And with such care did they carry out the command, that if any of the Yezidis visited Christians or Turks, and a bed of this color was given them, rather than use it, even in the middle of winter, they would sleep with only their own clothes. The Yezidis believe that the souls of the dead are taken to a place of rest, where they are more or less happy according to their desert; they are said to visit their relatives and friends occasionally, to inform them of their wishes.

The American Missionaries, Grant and Hinsdale, visited them during the period of their residence amongst the Nestorians in Persia and the Kurds. When Grant first entered the village, he was received very coldly by the Sheikh, but soon ascer-

tained that the reason lay in his mistaking him for a Mohammedan. As soon as he was known to be a Christian, everything changed. In this we have a proof that the Yezidis entertain great respect for Christianity, of which many a relic, as for example baptism, is still preserved by them. They make, too, the sign of the cross. They believe in one God, and, in a certain sense, in Christ as a Saviour. They kiss the first rays of the sun if they fall upon anything near them. They never blow out a light, or spit into the fire, lest they should defile the holy element. They are said to practice circumcision, and observe a passover festival, or something similar to the sacrifice of the paschal lamb.

Grant conversed with a chief of the Yezidis, who said that they were on friendly terms with the Christians, but not with the Mohammedans; that their ancestors were Christians of the same kind as the Nestorians. When he was alone with Grant, he asked, with an anxious look, whether the day was not near when Christianity would triumph and rule the world. He pointed to the burning lamp and the rising sun, whilst he mentioned with warmth the name of Jesus Christ, and bowed in token of reverence. He related, too, after carefully looking that no one was present, as a great secret, that his people were sons of Israel, and believed in the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels; and, with a strict charge not to mention it, said, that they possessed another book of their own, called Furkal. They are said to read the Koran, after covering the name of Satan with wax whenever it occurs.

Layard visited them, and relates that they acknowledge a supreme Being, to whom they present neither offering nor prayer. They never mention the name of the evil spirit, and are said to have put to death many who hurt their religious feelings by using the word Satan. They even avoid any word which bears the least resemblance. They have a copper figure of a bird, which, however, they do not regard as an idol, but as a symbol, probably of the pride of the fallen angel.

They say that Satan, who is suffering punishment on account of his apostasy, still possesses great power. There are seven angels subject to him, who have great influence upon the world. Christ, too, was a superior angel, who assumed a

human form; he did not die upon the cross, but rose to heaven. [Here we have a Docetic idea.] They expect the return of Christ. They show the same reverence to fire which they do to the sun, holding their hands over it and afterward kissing them. Washings are frequent with them. They consider pork unclean, and observe, besides the Mosaic law, the commands given to Noah. Layard disproves the reports of excesses during the nightly festival, as he was himself present at one.

To the accounts given, the Armenian writer, Injjean, only adds, that they boast of intercourse with demons, and observe a ceremony similar to the mass; the priests wearing a dress like that worn at the mass by Catholic priests. With uncovered head they put bread and wine into the cup and offer over them a silent prayer. If they find a lamp burning before an altar, or an image of the virgin Mary, they dip their finger in the oil and make the sign of the cross.

From these accounts it is evident that there are many difficulties in the way of an examination of this sect and its origin. They appear to have kept their doctrines very secret, and made them known with great reluctance; and, from their want of education, their original faith may have been corrupted in many ways, and mixed up with foreign elements. The frequency, too, with which mixed religions occur in the East, the ease with which this sect could be induced from political motives to attach itself at one time to Christianity, and at another to Mohammedanism and the Koran, and, above all, the fact that the principle commonly acted upon by such Eastern sects is, to deceive those who are unfitted for their esoteric doctrine, make it more difficult to arrive at any certain conclusion. Still, if we put together all that we find in the preceding accounts, we cannot fail to discover, that the whole tendency of their doctrine is essentially opposed to Mohammedanism; that it has had its origin in some connection with Christianity, though, perhaps, it has since taken up more of the Christian element than originally belonged to it. There are indications also of dualism, and the sun and fire-worship of Parsism; * and this is to be expected from their position and their connection with Persia and Armenia, the latter

the land in which Parsism existed longest, first in opposition to Christianity, and afterward blended with it. It is evident, however, that we do not find here the *pure* doctrine of Zoroaster in any shape, but one which has sprung from a mixture of Parsism with Christian elements. The only question is, *which* of the Christian sects, where such a mixture is perceptible, are we to fix upon.

This influence of the doctrines of Parsism is evident in several sects. We may mention the old Jewish sect of the Essenes, of whom Josephus says, that "before sunrise, they converse about nothing common or profane, and address prayers to the sun, as if begging it to rise; and that they fear lest the sun's rays should fall on anything impure,"—a feeling existing also amongst the Yezidis. But our knowledge of the Essenes is too limited to allow us to compare them with any other sect.

The most prominent feature in the doctrine of the Yezidis is, that they believe not only that the spirit who is the cause of all evil was originally good, and has fallen from God, but that he will in the end be reconciled again. Moreover, it is peculiar to this sect, that the fallen spirit, on account of his original nature and his future restoration to his lost dignity, is made an object of special veneration; this is so extraordinary, that, if we find in any sect a similar feature, we may at once conclude either that the Yezidis are connected with this sect, or that the two have sprung from the same source. This applies exactly to a Christian sect which sprang up in the eleventh century in the Byzantine empire, coming from Thrace and the neighboring country, under the name of *Eὐχιταῖ* (prayers), *Ἐρθονοιασταῖ* (enthusiasts)—so called from their prayers and convulsions. The Constantinopolitan writer, Michael the Stammerer, from whom we obtain our knowledge of this sect, gives the following account:—They believe in one God as the Father; from him sprang two principles, the elder and younger son; to the Father they allotted the whole ethereal region of existence, to the younger son (by whom, no doubt, Christ is meant) that which is in heaven, to the elder, the government of everything in the world; the latter they called Satanael—a compound word already common amongst the Jews. The professors of this doctrine he divides into three

* The religion introduced by Zoroaster amongst the Persians, probably in the sixth century B.C.

classes. Of the *first*, he says that they honor both the sons; for, say they, although at present opposed, they are descended from the same father, and will at last be reconciled. From this it is evident that they did not regard the elder son as originally an evil spirit, an unconscious principle, in its very essence evil, and opposed to the divine, but as a spirit fallen from God, and, therefore, at last to be reconciled to him. Here we have exactly the doctrine of the Yezidis. Of the *second* class, he says that they honored the younger, as the ruler over the higher region; the elder they do not honor, as the others do, but think that they should prudently take care that he does them no injury. In this, too, we see something analogous to the doctrine of the Yezidis, for they give as their reason for not insulting Satan, that he possesses great power to injure men. He notices a *third* class who only honored Satan, and set themselves in direct opposition to God. It is doubtful, however, whether this distinction is founded on truth. We find another striking correspondence between the Euchitæ and the Yezidis; the former boasted of special revelations, appealed to visions and convulsions, and this we find also amongst the Yezidis. The Thracian mentions, as an example, an occurrence which took place when he attended a meeting of the sect in Southern Dalmatia; a man in an ecstatic state rose and denounced him as having been sent by the government to lay snares for the sect, and publish their secrets, and take him prisoner to Constantinople. There is another resemblance to the Yezidis in the practice of the Euchitæ of holding nightly meetings, at which the lamps were extinguished. They agree further in the allowance of deception and accommodation for the sake of escaping persecution. For, in the work mentioned, it is said, that such men were found amidst the "holy coin;" whether by this we are to understand the Catholic Church, or monks, or the clergy. Here the Euchitæ were discovered, after spreading themselves for a long time secretly, and in the twelfth century they came to light amongst the Selavonian tribes under another name. There is no doubt that the Bogomilæ of the twelfth century were connected with the Euchitæ. The latter had endeavored to spread themselves within and around the Grecian em-

pire, and were able easily to find admission to the newly-converted Bulgarian tribe. From this they entered again the Grecian empire, and thus it happens that they appear this time with the Selavonian name Bogomilæ, which corresponds with their original Grecian name. The name is explained from the combination of Bog, Lord, and milou, pray, taken from their frequent invocations of Deity. Amongst them we find the same doctrine as amongst the Euchitæ: one Father, from whom two spirits descend—the elder, Satanael, the younger, Christ; that Satanael rebelled against God, seduced a part of the other spirits, and by the divine power which he still retained, created the world. These Bogomilæ continued to spread for some time in the Grecian empire; and to them we trace some of the dualistic sects, which were found in the middle ages in the west of Europe, under the name of Cathari.

The combination of the Christian religion with that of Zoroaster was not of rare occurrence, but constantly renewed. And the sects which sprang from it spread into all the neighboring countries of Asia. In such a mixture the "children of the sun" originated. And though the Paulicians belonged to a different form of dualism from the Yezidis, it is an important fact that they endeavored to spread in all directions, that they were warlike, as the Yezidis, and were often employed amongst the auxiliaries of the Byzantine empire.

It only remains to inquire, whether the notion of the relation of the evil to the good held by the Yezidis, and certain Christian sects, sprang from a mixture of Parsie* and Christian ideas, or from some later form of the Parsie doctrine, without any connection with Christianity. This necessitates another question, whether we find in Parsism an absolute dualism, or only a relative one, founded on a belief in the unity of the primary principle as the first cause of all existence. To me a distinction seems to exist between a hidden first cause, and Ormuzd, who has his life

* The leading doctrines of Parsism were, that there are two principles in the universe in constant strife; Ormuzd, the good principle, Ahriman, the evil. The creation of the good comes first; Ahriman is the disturbing principle. But Ormuzd is destined to triumph, and the power of Ahriman will be taken away. Every true Parsic considered himself a soldier of Ormuzd.

in that hidden eternity, and is himself the divine essence revealed. The view of Ahriman as the first-born, and Ormuzd as the later, found in the relation of Satanael to Christ, points to an old Parsie sect. But the belief in Ahriman as an originally evil principle does not tally with the notion of future reconciliation; and all that Parsism teaches is, that at last the good will triumph over the evil—Ahriman will cease to fight. In this idea, that Ahriman, the evil principle, was originally bad, we find a notion entirely opposed to the views of the sects mentioned, and therefore conclude that they sprang from a mixture of the doctrines of Parsism and Christianity.

THE CAP OF LIBERTY.

THERE are some peculiar ceremonies which, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, survive the passage of time, and are found, even in modern days, as freshly engraved on the memory, as earnestly guarded by popular prejudice, and as acceptable to the spirit of a free nation, as in the remote centuries of antiquity. Amongst these, the use of that symbol of freedom, "the cap of liberty," stands foremost. In early times none but the free-born claimed the privilege of wearing a cap of this kind, and none dared to exercise it but one so entitled to enjoy it. Woe to the slave who had the imprudent hardihood to be seen covered! for the lash, the chain, and the brand soon made him repent of his neglect or his folly, whichever it might have been.

In all countries the slaves were obliged to appear bareheaded; and whenever the day came that freedom was the reward of faithful servitude, one of the ceremonies used in the manumission of the slave was the placing of a cap on the head by the former master. Thus the cap or hat became the symbol of liberty, and was the standard around which the spirit of patriotism rallied in many a revolution. When the mandate of the tyrannical Gessler compelled the hardy sons of Switzerland to salute a hat placed upon a pole, as a mark of submission, the spirit of the nation was roused, the tyrant paid forfeit with his life for his insulting order, and the hardy mountaineers obtained that liberty which has since been so intrepidly preserved; and, accordingly, the arms of the united cantons of Switzerland have a round hat

for a crest, as emblematical of that liberty so nobly struggled for.

In England the cap, with the word liberty inscribed on it in letters of gold, is used as a symbol of the constitutional liberty of the nation, and Britannia sometimes bears it on the point of her spear. This, however, is not always the case, as the figure of Britannia is often represented with the trident of Neptune uncapped in her left hand, while with her right she offers the olive-branch of peace to the world.

In France, in the beginning of the revolution of 1789, the cap of liberty was hoisted as the symbol of freedom; but, when the bloody tragedies of the remorseless Directory filled France with terror and dismay, there were but few that regarded the cap of liberty with a favorable eye. It was during this melancholy period that the red cap was adopted, from the following circumstances:—For many years the kings of France sent those condemned for crimes and serious political offenses to the galleys at Marseilles, and there, chained to the oar, they dragged out a wretched and abandoned existence, in the polluted atmosphere of a society stained with crimes of the deepest dye. However, when the revolution opened the prison-doors, and burst the chains of the galley-slaves, the red cap worn by the liberated convicts was elevated as the standard of freedom, and borne by them as they marched in hundreds to Paris, the ready tools of the wicked men who then held the reins of power. On late occasions, when the revolutionary spirit of the times nearly upset every throne in Europe, the red cap was chosen by the republicans, and the red flag was the ensign of the assembled revolutionists. When jacobin clubs were rife in Paris, the red cap was also made the badge of membership, and hence often known under the title of the "jacobin cap." In the last-mentioned instances, however, the cap of liberty has certainly been used in a sense different from that originally attached to it, as in olden times it was solely used in the manumission of slaves.

"I WILL give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related is not true." "I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

THOMAS MOORE, HIS CHARACTER AS
AN AUTHOR.

MR. MOORE has occupied no incon siderable place among the writers of the last half-century. If, as a poet, he has not exhibited any of the more powerful forms of talent, if he has never risen to the dread sublimities of song, he has possessed in an almost unrivaled degree the qualities which constitute the lyric poet—qualities which present the language of poetry in combination with music, and captivate the ear as well as the mind by the harmony of sound married with immortal verse. The brilliancy which belongs to such effusions as these, may unfit a man for the lengthened and sustained effort of an epic poem; but they find many readers who can appreciate their charms, without being able to comprehend the merits of the other; and the judgment of antiquity never ceased to recognize the value of lyric poetry, while the higher place was given to the epic and the tragic muse. Among the poets of this school, we know of no English author who, as a writer of songs, excels, or even equals, Mr. Moore. Whatever be the theme—whether playful or pathetic, whether light or impassioned—there is an air and grace in his language which is almost peculiar to himself. His verse flows with a fluency which hardly seems natural to the English tongue; and his cadences show how exquisitely the ear was tuned to the expression of the sentiment with which the mind was filled. The Irish Melodies will long remain testimonies to this felicitous combination of power; and we can only regret, that a power which might have been used to the highest and most important purposes, which might have touched the feelings with such singular effect, and have wielded the tenderest and the noblest emotions of the heart with such magic influence, should too often have ministered to passions that could not be indulged with innocence, and to the dark and bitter recollections of disappointed and rebellious ambition.

Can we suppress the sigh which rises, while we call to mind the effects that might have been produced, had the talents of this gifted man been consecrated to the service of his God and Saviour, and if the first efforts of his genius had been exercised on sacred songs, instead of those with which his claim on public celebrity commenced.

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Thousands are doubtless mourning over the delusion which was thrown, by his early productions, over the ways of sin; thousands have been encouraged by the fascinating festivity of his tone to trust themselves in paths from which there was no returning; and no individual of the present day stands in this respect under a more awful responsibility. We have had, no doubt, men who have preached infidelity, and have laboured in various ways by reasoning, and by argument, to weaken the moral tone, and sap the very foundations of religious faith: but we all know how few are influenced by the dry discussions of such abstract subjects, compared with the multitude who listen to the Siren song which speaks through the senses, and which beguiles the mind by addressing it through the passions. Amidst the many who have thus been doing the work of Satan, and filling the broad path which leads to destruction with victims, Mr. Moore occupies a place of fearful eminence. The singular gracefulness of his language, the impassioned liveliness of his ideas, the sylphish elegance which vaileth the corruption that he advocated, and the thoughtless confidence with which he beckoned onward his readers in the paths of pleasure, made him the seducing spirit of the youth of his age; and his early compositions have spread immorality and licentiousness wherever the beauty of his poetry could be appreciated.

The object of the present article is an analysis of character, rather than a literary review. We venture, therefore, to dismiss Mr. Moore's poems with the commendation which we believe to be their due, and which is the utmost he can expect from a Christian Observer. We believe that they all bear the marks of the same brilliant but rather trifling mind; that they exhibit peculiar sweetness of expression, much liveliness of thought, some tenderness of feeling; but that they are not calculated to subserve in the remotest degree the cause of virtue, or even manliness and vigor of character; that they raise no high or noble sentiments in the reader; but have a tendency to degrade the mind by the levity of their tone, as they can hardly fail to vitiate it by the passions which are idolized as the principles of man's happiness on earth.

We pass, then, from these brilliant but deceitful trifles, to works which followed,

and which by their sequence seemed to show the connection that exists between frames of mind that are generally thought to be essentially diverse and almost incompatible with each other. We have seen Mr. Moore in his early days the Catullus of his age, the eulogist of pleasure, stimulating the most powerful passions of the most impressionable portion of mankind, and strewing the path of vice with flowers. During this period of his course, nothing can be more fascinating than the temper of his muse—she dances before the eye like Milton's Allegro.

The warm temperament of youth is hurried away by her attractions, and wonders how any one can condemn that which seems so playful and so kind. Alas! they little knew that these graceful movements were but like the frolics of the tiger—that those lovely colors were but like the hues which deck the serpent; and we are compelled to trace in the labors of Mr. Moore's graver hours, the effect which early licentiousness produces on the mind and principles of the man.

His prose writings are characterized by many of the qualities which marked his poetry. There is much beauty of language, much liveliness of remark, some tenderness of feeling, but the same absence of sound and manly principle.

The atmosphere of the boudoir predominates; and whether the subject be politics or religion, we recognize the same flippant scornful spirit, which flutters on the surface, and never descends into principles,—which hovers round everything that pleases the eye, or captivates the imagination, but never condescends to touch the dull unsightly mass that groans in obscurity below,—and which spares itself the trouble of inquiry, by a sort of intuitive decision as to the justice of its own views.

A mind like this is admirably fitted to deceive the world. The power of selecting all that is amiable in nature, and of concealing all that is wrong in principle; of presenting a subject in the form which must touch the feelings, while nothing is seen that would offend the judgment; and of holding up this picture with such confidence that the beholder thinks he has seen the whole character, when in fact he has seen only a part, and perhaps a very small and unessential part, of it, and is thus led to form his judgment from a very limited and guarded acquaintance—this is

a power which has been too often used for evil purposes, but never more flagrantly than by Mr. Moore; and under this influence biography becomes in some cases the most dangerous and delusive sort of reading, instead of being, what it ought to be, the result of deliberate and impartial judgment, teaching by example instead of precept. The two individuals whose memories have been consigned to Mr. Moore as their historian, were men whose course of life, and whose end, offered rich materials for instruction to the world. Each entered life under the most favorable circumstances. The one gifted with personal advantages as richly as the other was with those of mind; both highly connected, captivating and attractive; and one of them, at least, eminently fitted to have added happiness, as well as dignity, to any station of domestic life. They both died at a comparatively early age; the one so worn out by excess, that he sank under the effort he made to emancipate himself from the bondage of self-indulgence; and the other expired with the guilt of murder on his spirit, and only escaped the scaffold by the wounds which he received in the deadly scuffle of his apprehension. That Mr. Moore should have viewed the errors into which these unhappy men were betrayed with something more than indulgence, was to be expected. He had been the companion and friend of one, the enthusiastic admirer of the other. In his intercourse with Lord Byron, he had felt all the charm of his imaginative powers, while he had witnessed some of those kindlier workings of heart which broke, like gleams of light, through the darkness of his life of dissipation. In Lord Edward Fitzgerald he saw the vindicator of his country's wrongs; and as his perception of these wrongs was not likely to be more clear or more correct, either with regard to their cause or their remedy, than that of his countrymen in general, he was dazzled by the heroism of his outward bearing, lost sight of the madness of his projects, and forgot the bloodshed which they contemplated and occasioned, in the amiability of his personal character. In each of these points he was guilty of a gross and flagrant error. It was not to be expected that the companion of Lord Byron's looser hours should assume the office of a censor with the charge of his biography, and condemn with the rigor

they deserved the follies and vices in which he had been himself a sharer ; but it might have been hoped, that when years had dispelled the illusions of the world, and the surviving friend was called to review, with a sobered mind and matured judgment, the course which had ended in such a shipwreck, there should have been some deeper expressions of regret, some sign of humiliation, at the measure in which he himself had countenanced the practices that led to the melancholy conclusion of the man whom he loved.

We are compelled to remark the same obduracy of heart in the other biography ; at least we are compelled to feel that political prejudice in this case did what was done by personal attachment in the other ; and that Mr. Moore contemplates calmly the progress of an organized rebellion, which, if it had been realized to its full extent, might have deluged Ireland with blood ; which, arrested as it was by discovery before it was matured in all its parts, did cost the death of thousands ; and that, with all these horrors before him, he reserves all his pity for the men who were to have been the ringleaders in the massacre, and leaves the whole Protestant population—men, women, and children—to an unwept and unredressed extinction. It seems difficult to understand how a mind, which at other times appears to be so exquisitely sensitive, so tender and affectionate, as Mr. Moore's, can be on these occasions so callous and indifferent. He cannot deny that the peaceable part of the community—Protestant women and children—are formed of the same materials, and are susceptible of the same sufferings, with others ; but his sympathies are concentrated on the convicted traitor, the disappointed rebel ; and while the scene of poor Lord Edward's death is described with all the powers of language and sentiment, hardly a word escapes his lips as to the consequences that must have ensued, if that unfortunate and noble-minded young man had been allowed to raise the standard of rebellion, to cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war.

This union of qualities which seem antagonistic, we fear can only be explained by reference to essential principles. It has been found that licentiousness has an extraordinary effect in deadening the sympathies of our nature. We see that the selfishness which is indulged in the pursuit of pleasure,

shows itself afterwards in inflicting that which causes pain ; and we are too often compelled to remark that a hard heart is the universal consequence of a loose life. We hardly trust ourselves with the supposition that this was the case with Mr. Moore ; but the fact is remarkable, and deserves attention ; and while we find him, as we do on so many occasions, entwining his dagger with the myrtle, we are compelled to fear that the political zeal which prompts his verse, or points his prose, is much like that which made Harmodius and Aristogiton the liberators of Athens, and deserves little respect from the lover of constitutional liberty, the real friend of man.

We may turn to another work of Mr. Moore's ; and in which he probably sought to reassure his own mind on the important subject of religion, by describing an Irish gentleman in pursuit of a religion. His countrymen are not renowned for the accuracy of their judgments, or the steadiness of their perseverance ; and men who manage to make blunders in things of everyday occurrence, may possibly commit one in things of greater consequence. The gentleman, indeed, who is described as setting forth on this voyage of discovery, puts to sea without chart or compass. The word of God is not taken as a light to his path ; and as he wishes to find peace without any very accurate notion of the sort of peace it may be desirable to possess, we cannot be surprised if he thinks he is most likely to succeed where it is most confidently offered, and rejoices to find all his doubts ended, and all necessity for inconvenient inquiry closed, by admission into an infallible Church. The main objection we would make to this book is this, that it professes to describe what is not the case ; and that it represents the Irish gentleman as being in search of a religion, when every one can see that the business has long before been settled, and that the gentleman was amusing himself with the pursuit of that which had been already provided for him, and which he had neither the intention nor the liberty to quit.

We have thus far been reviewing the author through his works, rather than the works themselves ; for in truth the works are not in general such as we should wish to bring before our readers ; and we are urged to the office by a more grave and serious motive than that of criticism. We wish to avail ourselves of the occasion for

protesting against that sentimental religion, which imagines that a few sacred songs, destitute of all the essential character of the gospel—destitute even of the shadow of those feelings which might give the promise of repentance unto salvation—can be accepted as any evidence of a change of heart, or justify any claims to conversion. We hope, and earnestly hope, that this gifted man—endowed with such brilliancy of imagination, with such power of touching and exciting the heart, and with such a sense of what is sweet and lovely—may have seen and felt more than these effusions express, and may not have prepared to meet the justice of his God with an offering like that of Cain, composed of fruits and flowers. We trust that in his private retirement he may have known and felt so much of the sinfulness of sin, as to have rested neither on these pitiful oblations of fancy, nor on the exercises prescribed by the confessional. If he had wished, indeed, to know how such a life as his should be reviewed, and the language which befits the retrospect, we should have rejoiced to have guided him to one whose talents as a poet must have commanded his respect, and whom he might have been inclined to reverence as a devoted member of his own Church. We would not have guided him to any memorial of Protestant faith, or Protestant humiliation; we would not have named Newton or Cowper, as the models for his imitation; we would have asked him to admit the following sonnet of De Barreaud, as the language that beffitted his ease:—

*"Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'é-
quité;
Toujours tu prends plaisir à nous être propice ;
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera sans choquer ta justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du sup-
plice ;
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité,
Et ta clémence même attend que je perisse.
Contente ton désir, puisqu'il t'est glorieux,
Offense-toi des pleurs, qui coulent de mes
yeux ;
Tonne ; frappe ; il est temps ; rends moi
guerre pour guerre,
J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrît ;
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton ton-
nerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus
Christ?"*

*"Great God, thy ways are righteous, just,
and true :
Love is thy nature, mercy thy delight ;*

*But mine is guilt of such a darken'd hue,
That e'en thy goodness wavers at the sight,
Nor can thy love reverse the sentence that
is due.*

*"Yes, yes, my God, my sin's surpassing weight
Leaves to thy will supreme one only choice ;
'Tis thine the sad amount of woe to state,
For Truth, eternal Truth, all hope denies,
And Goodness watches while the offender dies.
"Then do thy will, since this thou hast de-
creed ;
Reject with scorn these supplicating tears ;
Pour all thy lightnings on my rebel head ;
No cry, no murmur, shall offend thy ears,
But conscious guilt shall silence e'en my
prayers.*

*"Convinced that all that thou canst do is good,
Self-judged, self-bound, before thy feet I lie ;
All questions ended, and all hope subdued,
In anguish worship, and adoring die.
But where's the place, whereon thy wrath
can fall,
Which is not cover'd by the blood of Him
who died for all?"*

BE STRONG!

A WORD TO THE FEARFUL OF HEART.

*HEART, with tumultuous tossings driven,
This thought for thy instruction take—
How stable are those stars in heaven
That tremble in the rippling lake !*

*A wavering hope may yet depend
On that which fails or wavers never ;
Nor fully known, until the end,
Its strength—the Rock that stands forever.*

HOW TO GET SLEEP.

*H*OW to get sleep is to some persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times, just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote

"Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN GEORGIA.

THE Hon. George R. Gilmer, in an address delivered in the college chapel at Athens, on the literary progress of Georgia, gives the following picture of the mode of tuition prevalent in the country schools of Georgia within the last half-century.

Wandering foreigners, principally drunken Irishmen, who had been driven from society in the old country, from their unfitness to discharge its duties, were the only persons sufficiently unoccupied who knew anything of letters to accept the office of schoolmaster. No one believed in their fitness, but no better could be had. Here and there a school was collected, of children going barefooted for miles around, to a schoolhouse of round unbarked logs, with a chimney at one end made of puncheons and mud, and at the other a plank for a writing table, placed at an opening made by cutting out a log. The schoolmaster, seated in a split-bottomed chair near the door, with a hickory switch in hand, taught "the young idea how to shoot," by impressions made upon backs and legs. The love of rhyme, which always precedes taste, was used to impress upon the memory of the children the knowledge of A B C. Each letter was described by a corresponding sound. One of the ways was to teach the children to say, A-bissel-pha, A by itself is A; E-bissel-phe, E by itself is E. The copulative & was called andpersand. There were no painted arithmetics in the hands of the masters or scholars. Lessons were given on slates, from the schoolmaster's manuscript book.

There was no school in the Goosepond neighborhood, on Broad River, from its first settlement in 1784 until 1796. The first teacher was a deserter from the British navy, whose only qualification was that he could write. He whipped according to navy practice. On cold mornings, when fire could not be conveniently had, he made the children join hands and run round and round, whilst he hastened their speed by the free application of the switch. He was knowing in all sorts of rascality. He broke open the locks of several of his employers, in search of money, was detected, and punished at the public whipping-post.

A boy then taught A B C, until another master was found. He was a fair-haired,

soft-handed, rosy-cheeked North Carolina youth, who would have done very well, if he had been permitted to continue teaching. He was thought very handsome, and got a wife at once.

The next schoolmaster was an Irishman, who taught as long as the people would send their children to him. He got drunk whenever he could get at whisky, and he whipped without stint. The two cleverest lads in the school received from ten to fifteen whippings a-day.

The next was a Virginia gentleman, who had spent his property in drinking and other dissipation. He kept school to enable him to continue these habits.

The next was an Irishman, who got drunk whenever he had the means, and was in other respects such a sorry fellow and sorry teacher, that he was never permitted to teach longer than one year in the same place.

Many years afterwards, an old man trudged his way, shillelah in hand, to this settlement. He wore the jump jacket of the last century, and carried under his arm his first manuscript ciphering book. He had taught Judge Matthews, afterward of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and Meriwether Lewis, the first traveler across the Rocky Mountains. The old schoolmaster had returned, after thirty years' absence, to seek employment from his former patrons, or to reap benefit from the success of his first scholars. But his school-house was rotted down, and his employers and scholars either dead or removed from the country. The hickory switch had ceased to be the instrument of authority. The old schoolmaster's occupation was gone.

The following description of a "turn-out," is attributed to Rev. President Longstreet; it is a graphic illustration of the old country schools of Georgia:—

"In the good old days of *fescues*, *abisselfas*, and *andpersands*, terms which used to be familiar in this country during the Revolutionary war, and which lingered in some of our country schools for a few years afterward—I visited my friend Captain Griffin, who resided about seven miles to the eastward of Wrightsborough, then in Richmond, but now in Columbia county. I reached the captain's hospitable dome on Easter, and was received by him and his good lady with a *Georgia welcome* of 1790.

"The day was consumed in the interchange of news between the captain and myself (though, I confess, it might have been better employed), and the night found us seated round a temporary fire, which the captain's sons had kindled up for the purpose of dyeing eggs. It was a common custom of those days with boys to dye and peck eggs on Easter Sunday and for a few days afterward.

"There was, however, another and an all-absorbing subject which occupied the minds of the boys during the whole evening, of which I could occasionally catch distant hints, in under tones and whispers, but of which I could make nothing until they were explained by the captain himself.

"'The boys,' said the captain, as they retired, 'are going to turn out the schoolmaster to-morrow, and you can perceive they think of nothing else. We must go over to the schoolhouse and witness the contest, in order to prevent injury to preceptor or pupils; for, though the master is always, upon such occasions, glad to be turned out, and only struggles long enough to present his patrons a fair apology for giving the children a holiday, which he desires as much as they do, the boys always conceive a holiday gained by a 'turn-out' as the sole achievement of their valor; and, in their zeal to distinguish themselves upon such memorable occasions, they sometimes become too rough, provoke the master to wrath, and a very serious conflict ensues. To prevent these consequences, to bear witness that the master was *forced* to yield before he would withhold a day of his promised labor from his employers, and to act as a mediator between him and the boys in settling the articles of peace, I always attend; and you must accompany me to-morrow.' I cheerfully promised to do so.

"The captain and I rose before the sun, but the boys had risen and were off to the schoolhouse before the dawn. After an early breakfast, hurried by Mrs. G. for our accommodation, my host and myself took up our line of march toward the schoolhouse. We reached it about half an hour before the master arrived, but not before the boys had completed its fortifications. It was a simple log-pen, about twenty feet square, with a doorway cut out of the logs, to which was fitted a rude door, made of clapboards, and swung on wooden hinges. The roof was covered with clapboards also, and retained in their places by heavy logs

placed on them. The chimney was built of logs, diminishing in size from the ground to the top, and overspread inside and out with red clay mortar. The classic hut occupied a lovely spot, overshadowed by majestic hickories, towering poplars, and strong-armed oaks.

"As I before remarked, the boys had strongly fortified the schoolhouse, of which they had taken possession. The door was barricaded with logs, which I should have supposed would have defied the combined powers of the whole school. The chimney, too, was nearly filled with logs of goodly size; and these were the only passways to the interior. I concluded, if a *turn-out* was all that was necessary to decide the contest in favor of the boys, they had already gained the victory. They had, however, not as much confidence in their outworks as I had, and, therefore, had armed themselves with long sticks; not for the purpose of using them upon the master if the battle should come to close quarters, for this was considered unlawful warfare; but for the purpose of guarding their *works* from his approaches, which it was considered perfectly lawful to protect by all manner of jobs and punches through the cracks. From the early assembling of the girls, it was very obvious that they had been let into the conspiracy, though they took no part in the active operations. They would, however, occasionally drop a word of encouragement to the boys, such as 'I wouldn't turn out the master; but if I did turn him out, I'd die before I'd give up.' These remarks doubtless had an emboldening effect upon '*the young free-borns*,' as Mrs. Trollope would call them; for I never knew the Georgian of any age who was indifferent to the smiles and praises of the ladies—before his marriage.

"At last the schoolmaster, Mr. Michael St. John, made his appearance. Though some of the girls had met him a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse, and told him all that had happened, he gave signs of sudden astonishment and indignation when he advanced to the door, and was assailed by a whole platoon of sticks from the cracks: 'Why, what does all this mean?' said he, as he approached the captain and myself, with a countenance of two or three varying expressions.

"'Why,' said the captain, 'the boys have turned you out, because you have refused to give them an Easter holiday.'

"'O,' returned Michael, 'that's it, is it? Well, I'll see whether their parents are to pay me for letting their children play when they please.' So saying, he advanced to the schoolhouse, and demanded, in a lofty tone, of its inmates, an unconditional surrender.

"'Well, give us holiday then,' said twenty little urchins within, 'and we'll let you in.'

"'Open the door of the *academy*'—(Michael would allow nobody to call it a schoolhouse)—'Open the door of the academy this instant,' said Michael, 'or I'll break it down.'

"'Break it down,' said Pete Jones and Bill Smith, 'and we'll break you down.'

"During this colloquy I took a peep into the fortress, to see how the garrison were affected by the parley. The little ones were obviously panic-struck at the first words of command; but their fears were all chased away by the bold, determined reply of Pete Jones and Bill Smith, and they raised a whoop of defiance.

"Michael now walked round the academy three times, examining all its weak points with great care. He then paused, reflected for a moment, and wheeled off suddenly towards the woods, as though a bright thought had just struck him. He passed twenty things which I supposed he might be in quest of, such as huge stones, fence-rails, portable logs, and the like, without bestowing the least attention upon them. He went to one old log, searched it thoroughly, then to another, then to a hollow log, into which he looked with equal caution, and so on.

"'What is he after?' inquired I.

"'I'm sure I don't know,' said the captain, 'but the boys do. Don't you notice the breathless silence which prevails in the schoolhouse, and the intense anxiety with which they are eyeing him through the cracks?'

"At this moment Michael had reached a little excavation at the root of a dogwood, and was in the act of putting his hand into it, when a voice from the garrison exclaimed, with most touching pathos, 'O messy, he's found my eggs! boys, let's give up.'

"'I won't give up,' was the reply from many voices at once.

"'You coward, Zeph Pettibone, you wouldn't give a wooden egg for all the holidays in the world.'

"If these replies did not reconcile Zephaniah to his apprehended loss, it at least silenced his complaints. In the mean time Michael was employed in relieving Zeph's storehouse of its provisions; and, truly, its contents told well for Zeph's skill in egg-pecking. However, Michael took out the eggs with great care, and brought them within a few paces of the schoolhouse, and laid them down with equal care in full view of the besieged. He revisited the places which he had searched, and to which he seemed to have been led by intuition; for from nearly all of them did he draw eggs, in greater or less numbers. These he treated as he had done Zeph's, keeping each pile separate. Having arranged the eggs in double files before the door, he marched between them with an air of triumph, and once more demanded a surrender, under pain of an entire destruction of the garrison's provisions.

"'Break 'em just as quick as you please,' said George Griffin; 'our mothers 'll give us a plenty more, won't they, pa?'

"'I can answer for yours, my son,' said the captain; 'she would rather give up every egg upon the farm, than see you play the coward or traitor to save your property.'

"Michael, finding that he could make no impression upon the fears or the avarice of the boys, determined to carry their fortifications by storm. Accordingly, he procured a heavy fence-rail, and commenced the assault upon the door. It soon came to pieces, and the upper logs fell out, leaving a space of about three feet at the top. Michael boldly entered the breach, when, by the articles of war, sticks were thrown aside as no longer lawful weapons. He was resolutely met on the half-demolished rampart by Peter Jones and William Smith, supported by James Griffin. These were the three largest boys in the school; the first about sixteen years of age, the second about fifteen, and the third just eleven. Twice was Michael repulsed by these young champions; but the third effort carried him fairly into the fortress. Hostilities now ceased for a while, and the captain and I, having leveled the remaining logs at the door, followed Michael into the house. A large three-inch plank, (if it deserve that name, for it was wrought from the half of a tree's trunk entirely with the axe,) attached to the logs by

means of wooden pins, served the whole school for a writing desk. At a convenient distance below it, and on a line with it, stretched a smooth log, resting upon the logs of the house, which answered for the writers' seat. Michael took his seat upon the desk, placed his feet on the seat, and was sitting very composedly, when, with a simultaneous movement, Pete and Bill seized each a leg, and marched off with it in quick time. The consequence is obvious; Michael's head first took the desk, then the seat, and finally the ground, (for the house was not floored,) with three sonorous thumps of most doleful portent. No sooner did he touch the ground than he was completely buried with boys. The three elder laid themselves across his head, neck, and breast, the rest arranging themselves *ad libitum*. Michael's equanimity was considerably disturbed by the first thump, became restive with the second, and took flight with the third. His first effort was to disengage his legs; for without them he could not rise, and to lie in his present position was extremely inconvenient and undignified. Accordingly, he drew up his right, and kicked at random. This movement laid out about six in various directions upon the floor.

"Tut!" said Captain Griffin, "young Washingtons mind these trifles! At him again."

"The name of Washington cured their wounds and dried up their tears in an instant, and they legged him *de novo*. The left leg treated six more as unceremoniously as the right had those just mentioned; but the talismanic name had just fallen upon their ears before the kick, so they were invulnerable. They therefore returned to the attack without loss of time. The struggle seemed to wax hotter and hotter for a short time after Michael came to the ground, and he threw the children about in all directions and postures, giving some of them thumps which would have placed the *ruffle-shirted* little darlings of the present day under the discipline of paregoric and opodeldoc for a week; but these hardy sons of the forest seemed not to feel them. As Michael's head grew easy, his limbs, by a natural sympathy, became more quiet, and he offered one day's holiday as the price. The boys demanded a week; but here the captain interposed, and, after the common but often unjust custom of arbitrators, split the

difference. In this instance the terms were equitable enough, and were immediately acceded to by both parties. Michael rose in a good humor, and the boys were, of course. Loud was their talking of their deeds of valor as they retired. One little fellow about seven years old, and about three feet and a half high, jumped up, cracked his feet together, and exclaimed, 'Pete Jones, Bill Smith, and me can hold any *Sinjin* that ever trod Georgy grit.' By the way, the name of *St. John* was always pronounced '*Sinjin*' by the common people of that day; and so it must have been by Lord Bolingbroke himself, else his friend Pope would never have addressed him in a line so unmusical as 'Awake, my *St. John*, leave all meaner things.'

Nor would Swift, the friend and companion of both, have written

'What *St. John's* skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valor, Oxford's cares.'

'Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from *St. John*, Pope, and Gray.'"

THE HISTORY OF THE PEARL.

IN the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, was a splendid collection of precious stones. Among these there is the monster pearl which far exceeds in size any other specimen of the kind in the exhibition or in England. It weighs eighteen hundred grains, and is two inches long, and four and a half in circumference. We are all familiar with the appearance of the pearl; a few sentences therefore of the history of this interesting jewel may assist our lady-readers' appreciation of it.

The pearl, so called on account of its form, from the Latin word *spharula*, a round body, is found attached either to the inner part of the shell of the pearl oyster, or else in the thick fleshy part of the animal itself. This beautiful jewel, known as the pearl, is produced by the oyster itself, and is formed of a material secreted by the animal. The real cause of the oyster's forcing this substance within its bivalve house, seems to be in fact nothing more than an effort of the little animal to get rid of a source of irritation, such as a grain of sand or some such small foreign body, which has insinuated itself between the mouth of the oyster and the shell, or some enemy of the oyster perforating the

shell from the outside, to get within reach of its prey. In either case, the oyster envelopes the sand or other substance, or closes up the aperture, formed with a smooth coat of membrane, over which it spreads a layer of nacre or pearl. The word *nacre* comes from a Spanish word signifying *mother-of-pearl*, or the shell in which we find the pearl.

In both these cases we usually find the pearl adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The best and the most valuable specimens are however generally found in the body of the animal; and the source of irritation in this case is proved, according to the attentive observations of Sir Everard Home, to be an ovum or egg of the oyster, which, instead of coming to maturity, and being thrown out of the shell by the mother along with the others, proves abortive, and remains behind in the capsule in which all the ova were originally contained. This capsule being still supplied with blood-vessels from the parent-animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the oyster spreads over the internal surface of the shell. The animal adds a fresh layer every year to the nucleus thus formed, which thus increases in size; and it is probable that the oyster deposits this pearly covering, not so much in any regular quantity as in proportion to the amount of irritation it experiences from the exciting cause.

The peculiar luster of the true pearl, and which distinguishes it from all artificial means of imitation, arises from the central cell, which is lined with a highly polished coat of nacre, and the substance of the pearl itself being diaphanous, the rays of light easily pervade it.

The chemical constitution of the pearl is carbonate of lime (of which common chalk is another form); hence the possibility of the luxurious Romans dissolving them in vinegar and drinking the solution. The story of Cleopatra is well known, in which, in order that she might be enabled to expend a larger sum in one feast than Mark Antony had done in the series of sumptuous repasts he had provided for her gratification, she took a pearl from her ear, said to be valued at \$403,645 80 of our money, and having dissolved it in vinegar, drank off the solution.

Large sums are mentioned by ancient historians as having been given in former

times for pearls: these statements may or may not be correct; we therefore proceed to speak of the actual money-producing value of some of the pearl-fisheries of the present day. In 1804 the government of Great Britain leased the pearl-fishery at Ceylon for \$600,000 for one year; but in 1828, it brought only \$153,060. The value of the pearl fisheries of Bahrim in the Persian Gulf, may be reckoned at more than \$1,000,000 annually; or taking the produce of the whole Gulf, not far short of \$1,750,000 per annum. Of course our readers are aware that the pearls are obtained by divers. In the Ceylon fishery as many as fifteen hundred divers are sometimes employed. The divers share the profits of the fishery, in a certain proportion—a mode of employment which gives the laborers about \$1 25 or \$1 50 a day. Of course, this is considered most excellent pay in a country in which the ordinary rate of wages seldom exceeds about one shilling a day. The divers in six or seven fathoms of water, usually remain immersed about fifty or fifty-five seconds; a reward having been offered to him who could remain longest under water, it was gained by one who remained at the bottom for eighty-seven seconds. The diver carries down a sack with him in which to put the oysters, and which, when filled, is pulled up by a rope into a boat on the surface ready to receive it. If the diver is exhausted, he is pulled up with the bag; but this is seldom the case, as it is much easier to rise to the surface of the sea than to keep at the bottom. The business of a pearl fisher is not considered by any means unhealthy, and the period of fishing—which seldom occupies more than two months in the spring—is considered as quite a holiday by the laborers in the Indian islands. The use of a diving-dress and apparatus has never, we believe, been tried in the pearl fisheries.

All along the coasts of Ceylon and Coromandel, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and on various parts of the Pacific coast of South America, as well as at Algeria and the Bay of Panama, the pearl oyster makes his home. Each bank is available only for about two months in seven years; and the banks are seldom disturbed till the oysters are supposed to be in a fit state for gathering. When the oysters are brought to land, they are thrown into a pit and allowed to rot, so

that the pearls can be extracted without injury to their delicate structure. Very little preparation is necessary to fit the pearls for sale, as regularity of shape is not much regarded by the purchaser.

The largest pearl of which we have anything like a correct account, is one which the King of Persia bought of an Arab in 1633 for \$550,000. It is pear-shaped, of a regular form, and without the slightest blemish. It measures six inches and three-quarters in diameter at the largest part, and is nearly one inch and a half long. Pearls are found in various places in Great Britain, and there was a specimen or two in the Exhibition of Scotoe pearls.

From 1761 to 1764 \$50,000 worth of pearls were taken at Perth. The rivers of the counties of Tyrone and Donegal have also yielded pearls. Mother-of-pearl is the lining or inner part of the shell of the pearl oyster, and differs from true pearl only in form, and in being less compact and lustrous.

It is the large oysters of the Indian seas alone which secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render it available for the purposes of manufacture. Nearly one million pounds-weight of this mother-of-pearl are annually imported into Great Britain. In the early part of last year a ship arrived in London from the Bay of Panama with upward of two million pearl shells, to be used principally in the manufacture of shirt buttons. It is curious to think that the pearls which deck the head of a queen, and the buttons which the poor bachelor sews on to his "other shirt," are precisely alike in structure, came from the same miserable diseased oyster, were fished up by the same dusky Indian divers, and differ in nothing but an artificial money value!

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

NEARLY all nations naturally attach great importance to marriage ceremonies, associated as they generally become, in the memory of almost every individual, with the chief event of his life; and the attendant festivities, sacred and profane, are so variously modified by climate, civilization, and whatever contributes to the formation of national peculiarities, that it may not prove an uninteresting task to compare somewhat the

nuptial celebrations of various countries. They present every variety; and though affected more or less by the indolent, or poetic, the energetic, or superstitious temperaments of different nations, we think it will generally be found that in proportion as women are reverenced, and as civilization becomes far advanced, marriage festivities are conducted with proportionally increased solemnity and simplicity. Let us see how such matters are arranged in the South Sea Islands. There, if the union contemplated is between parties of rank, four large piles of plantains, yams, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, fish, cakes, bananas, with a baked pig on the top of each, are, early in the morning, arranged in front of the house of the bridegroom, and the spectators assemble round them decked in new dresses, and their bodies anointed with sweet oil. Then the bride, closely veiled in fine matting made from the bark of the mulberry-tree, is brought to the same place, and her feet, hands, and face being first anointed with sandal wood and tumeric, she takes her seat, and mock duels with clubs are performed in her presence, followed by boxing and wrestling matches, after which the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by their friends, who sing as they walk, enact a sort of procession before the spectators, who greet them with loud acclamations. The bridegroom then commences a dance with his young men attendants, during which the bride is led into her future habitation; the heaps of provisions are next distributed or scrambled for, succeeded by another boxing match; and the lighting up of the abode of the bridegroom, with singing and dancing in the evening, conclude these somewhat barbaric festivities. Those of the Tartar races are quite dissimilar; and as each man may possess four wives, it is not surprising that the affair becomes one of barter, and the price of a woman, varying, according to her beauty, from twenty to five hundred rubles, is first determined upon between the father and the suitor, after which the latter is permitted to pay his respects in person to his future bride. When the price agreed on has been all paid, the young woman's companions come to her father's house the evening before the wedding, and the females offer condolences on her quitting the parental roof, which are responded to by two male friends, who sing songs

meant to inspire her with happy hopes for the future. The following morning the young couple stand up in presence of the mollah, who asks if they will wed one another; he next repeats a prayer, and bestows on them the nuptial benediction; and the bride is then seated on a carpet, and carried to the house of the bridegroom, where festivities are continued for many days, consisting chiefly of dancing and music. The Russian peasants, though near neighbors to the Tartars, have customs, on such occasions, peculiar to themselves, and which are believed by some antiquarians to be derived from the Greeks. The lover, accompanied by his brideman, goes first to the lady's abode, and the friend says to the mother, "Show us your goods; we have money." He is then permitted to enter the bride's apartment, and afterward gives the lover a description of the girl and her possessions. The next day the lover exacts a similar privilege, only he experiences more difficulty in inducing the bashful fair one to show herself; if he is then satisfied, the betrothing is not long delayed; on which occasion the young people kneel to receive the father's blessing, who places one of the household saints on their heads during the ceremony; rings are interchanged, and the bride gives out handkerchiefs to her female friends for them to embroider, and for her to present on the wedding day to her husband and his friends. On the preceding afternoon she is conducted to the bath, her companions singing lamentations, at the prospect of losing her, while they walk through the village. The same parties thus chant before setting out to church:—"A falcon flies in pursuit of a dove. Charming dove, are you ready? Your mate is come to seek you." "Yes," is answered, with sighs. The saint's image accompanies the party to church, and when the priest's benediction has been pronounced, the bridegroom by legal rights takes his bride by both ears and kisses her; the young maids remove her virgin head-dress, replacing it with the marriage insignia; and then all return home to make merry, and the bridegroom throws nuts on the ground to indicate his renunciation of all boyish sports.

Less poetical than weddings thus accompanied by song, the African observances would not be at all relished by the

English fair sex. Not only is the nuptial engagement an affair of merchandise, in which the bride's father sells his daughter for so many oxen and slaves, but the girl's nominal consent is not considered necessary; and as soon as ever the price is paid, and perhaps on the same evening, the young girl selected is decked in a white veil of her own weaving, and, attended by her own friends, she goes to the bridegroom's house, where she takes off her sandals, and a calabash of water is given her; she knocks at the door, which being opened, discloses the bridegroom seated in state, surrounded by the elders of his family; going up to him, she kneels before him and pours the water over his feet in token of her entire submission to his will. In curious contrast to this insulting want of even decent attention toward the bride amongst the swarthy Africans, are the antique ceremonies observed by the superstitious Hindoos; but they are so tediously long drawn out we must endeavor to compress our account of them as much as possible. The father makes the proposal on behalf of his son, which is always done on a lucky day; before a reply is given, the bride's father pays a similar visit, after which, with great pomp, the other parent accompanies his son, who makes gifts to the bride, one of which is a piece of silk to be worn on the wedding-day; his father then presents four to six guineas with some betel to the bride's father, saying:—"The money is thine, and the girl is mine." The answer is *vice versa*, and a Brahmin repeats a certain formulare which closes the betrothment. A lattice-work bower is now built in the court-yard, and, from ten to thirty days, festivities are carried on, and friends call, and the interval so spent is equivalent to our reading of the bans in the church. Offerings are made to propitiate the god of marriage, and the young couple ride on elephants to return their friends' visits in the evenings, when fire-works and illuminations add to the pomp kept up in all conceivable ways. For fear any evil eye should have been turned upon the lovers during these evening processions, a piece of cloth is torn in two in their presence, and the pieces thrown away in opposite directions; and on the wedding-day Brahmins arrange themselves on a raised platform, surrounded by jars of water, the two largest being placed on it

by the lovers, and prayers are offered up to bring down the deity into one of them. The sacrificial fire is then kindled, and oil, butter, rice, incense, &c., are thrown into it. The nuptials are performed by a Brahmin, who at the conclusion breaks a cocoa-nut in two, and then blesses the tali, or piece of gold, worn by all married women, which is placed round the bride's neck by the bridegroom, who swears before the fire to take care of his wife. All present sprinkle rice, mixed with saffron, over the shoulders of the newly-married, and repeat prayers as they do so, which is their mode of bestowing a benediction on the union.

Amongst the Turks, marriages are generally those of convenience, and are arranged by the parents in presence of a notary, the bride's dowry being her own to reclaim in case of separation. On the eve of the wedding, she goes to a public bath, where she is met by a large company of friends and relatives, and, in bathing costume, she walks round the bath; her bridesmaids, similarly attired, singing, as they walk beside her, a sort of epithalamium. Every one then salutes her, and presents her with jewels and other gifts, in return for which she kisses their hands. The succeeding morning she puts on a red veil, bordered with yellow, and in a close carriage, which entirely screens her from view, she is conveyed to the bridegroom's house, preceded by trees borne aloft, from which hang waving festoons of gold and silver thread, while musicians and mountebanks divert the people, who gaze admiringly on the string of horses loaded with the bride's effects, and her relatives, richly dressed, who follow in carriages. Festivities are kept up for some time; but as the sexes are not allowed to intermingle, they can hardly be called of a social order, and chiefly consist in performances to be looked at, such as puppet-shows, dancing with castanets, and optical deceptions.

Marriage festivities amongst the North American Indians are singularly brief and simple. A young "brave," whose courage has been tested in many skirmishes, who can exhibit plenty of scalps, and who is a good hunter, easily wins the favor of his Indian bride; and then seeking her father, while she stands by, he offers presents to the old man, who, if he is pleased with them and with the suitor,

takes the hands of the young couple, and, joining them together, the quiet ceremonial of the union is completed, and is followed by a little feasting.

In Spain, the warm climate and temperament of its people are exhibited in the poetical ceremonies attendant on courtship and marriage. When a mutual understanding has taken place between the young people, a night is appointed for the betrothal, and the lover seeks the fair one's abode, which is decorated with festoons of flowers. He is accompanied by torch-bearers, musicians, and attendants, who form a circle round the house, and a serenade is performed of the most flattering kind; and when she has been sufficiently wooed, the coy maiden opens a little window, and asks what the gentleman wants? This leads to another rapturous burst of musical tenderness, and at last the lady throws down the garland from her hair, and promises everlasting constancy; the musicians immediately strike up a triumphant allegro; the windows are illuminated; the maiden and her parents come out and conduct the serenaders into the house; and firing of guns and shouts of joy resound through the calm, delicious night-air of Valencia. The day of the marriage is celebrated with musical entertainments, horse-races, and divers other amusements, and at midnight the bridegroom bears away by main force the bride, who is detained as long as possible by her companions, to the beautiful arbor adorned for their retirement on the terrace upon the roof of the house.

The wooer of the Swiss cantons commences his courtship by the more truly romantic offering of a bouquet of flowers, gathered on the brink of a precipice; and to see his beloved, he is often forced to journey many leagues over the mountains at night, exposed to the risk of being waylaid by jealous rivals. When the object of this nocturnal wooing has been accomplished, the wedding-day is fixed, and, preceded by musicians and bridemen, decked in gay ribbons, the young people walk to church, followed by a woman bearing a basket of flowers. The bride is dressed in a plaited apron, red hose, a floral crown, and a stomacher, upon which are inscribed her Christian and surname, and the date of the year, and the chief brideman holds her by her apron. When

the religious forms are completed, the spectators obstruct the way of the bridal party, who are obliged to give them wine before they can proceed to the village public-house, where the festivities are to be held. Here Swiss dances are succeeded by the appointed person taking off the bride's virgin crown, and casting it into the flames, whose crackling indicates that the young couple must not expect to be free from mankind's common portion of ill fortune during their future career. Food is also distributed to the poor in an adjoining meadow, and, with the simple fervor of religious faith in mountainous countries, the newly-married are then conducted to the bridegroom's house, which everybody enters, after first kneeling down and praying for the welfare of the young people.

The Illyrians and Dalmatians are descended from so many mixed races of men, that a great number of curious nuptial observances yet linger amongst them, and vary in the different provinces, although the main ceremonies differ little from the Swiss and Spanish customs, which we have already described. One of these varieties is one common amongst the Romans, and still kept up by the Morelachians, of presenting the bride, after the marriage is consummated, with a sieve full of walnuts or almonds, which she throws amongst the by-standers, to signify that plenty will prevail in her house. The Illyrians usually appear well-armed, and have their hats adorned with peacock's feathers, in compliance with ancient prejudices, on nuptial occasions; and, even now, bloody encounters are too common, when rival suitors insist on such trials of skill. As their wedding lasts several days, each guest is daily furnished with a small tub of water wherewith to wash himself, and each leaves in the tub some money for the bride, which thus augments her little dowry, of one cow and her wearing apparel. In some districts a ridiculous custom is observed, of the parents depreciating their daughter in set speeches before she is conducted to the house of the bridegroom, who says, in return, to the young wife, "Well; I shall find means to bring you to reason, and to begin with you in time. I shall let you feel the weight of my arm." He then pretends to beat her, though this part of the business is not always confined to a mere form.

Another curious ceremony at Illyrian weddings is during the wedding dinner, in the midst of which all the company rise up, and the bride is expected to throw over her husband's house a cake, made of hard coarse dough; the higher she can do this, the happier will the marriage prove; and if the cake falls on the other side without breaking, it is considered a convincing proof that she will make a good housewife. The firing of pistols is common in these provinces on festive occasions; and, sometimes for a week before the wedding, a bride is expected to kiss all the men who come to see her, in token of the regard which she shall henceforth feel for the sex of her husband; and, on the day of her marriage, the bridegroom's friends ride forward and present her with a white silk handkerchief, which she returns, and the messengers then gallop back to the rest of their party, amongst whom the kerchief is divided, and who, ranging themselves in a circle, partake of refreshments, amidst the discharge of fire-arms. On arriving at the bride's abode, the attendant maidens fasten an apple, encircled with flowers, to the top of the standard-bearer's lance; and, on reaching church, the bride is the last to alight, though she has the privilege of assisting her father-in-law to dismount.

The marriage ceremonies of the Tyrolese are more interesting, for they are evidently dictated by far truer sensibility. It is usual when an enamored swain of this nation beseeches the sanction of his parents to his choice, for them to reply— "Go, earn thy wife. To be a good father, a man must be able to get bread for his children;" and the young man dutifully obeys the mandate—the operation of which frequently banishes him to distant countries, with merchandise to dispose of, or other commissions, entailing the expenditure of a long period of time, much trouble, and patience. If, after this trial, he persists in his constancy, the father and son array themselves in their best apparel, and with presents of honey-comb, laid on sweet-scented plants, fine fruits, and cakes, made by some beloved sister, they visit the future bride, to whom the father says, "God bless thee, lovely girl, who reminst me of the days of my youth. I have a son; he loves thee. Wilt thou make my declining years happy?" She modestly replies, and the lover

is then introduced, and lays his gifts at the feet of his mother-in-law, when singing by the young maidens present, and a frugal repast follows; and in the evening the lover serenades the fair one for whom he has so long waited. Music forms an important item in the wedding-day festivities, on which occasion the schoolmaster addresses a complimentary speech to the bride, who afterward delivers to her future spouse the ribbons for his garters, in token of submission. In church, before the priest pronounces the final benediction, the white-robed bride and gayly-decked bridegroom kneel to receive their parents' blessing; and after the marriage dinner, the head of the family offers up a solemn prayer for the happiness of the young couple, and, as the evening wears on, dancing begins, and the bride, in return for their congratulations, presents flowers to each of the young men; while the bridegroom, in like manner, gives different-colored ribbons to the fair maidens, who, in turn, have offered him their good wishes.

It is said, and it is greatly to their credit, that in no country are matches of interest less common than in Holland. When a maiden of the Netherlands has signed her consent to her lover's proposals, her apartment is decorated with garlands, and in country places a triumphal arch is erected before the house, and, for some days, the betrothed receives visits of congratulation every forenoon from friends and relatives, who are offered wines and liquors, which on these occasions are termed bride's tears, bottles of which, decked with white and green ribbons, and square boxes of sweetmeats, are also sent round to all acquaintances, instead of bride-cakes. The marriage-day ceremonies present no new features, unless it be the invariable presence of blane-mange at the banquet, which is called "the bride's strengthener;" and at the conclusion of the ball the bridegroom is generally forced to promise the bride of a secend treat before he can obtain possession of the lady, which treat is given at the young couple's expense several days after the wedding.

The length of this paper warns us to draw to a conclusion, which we shall do by describing the Hebrew ceremonial of marriage. On the night preceding a Jewish marriage, the steward of the bride-

groom sleeps with the latter, in order to prevent any evil spirit from having access to him; and when morning breaks, they both adjourn with other male friends to the house of the bride, and are ushered into a room where all the men of the family are assembled. Every one bows his head to the east as he takes his seat, and a solemn pause of silence precedes the prayers and benedictions then offered up on behalf of the lovers; this little service ended, the bridegroom's steward bears the gifts of the wooer to the women's apartments, where he presents the usual set of presents to the bride, viz: two pair of shoes, one pair of hose, a silk pocket-handkerchief, and a prayer-book. She returns the compliment, by sending to the bridegroom an embroidered bag, for holding the Jewish symbols of faith, which are daily used by the male Hebrews; these are the Zephelim, or certain holy chapters written out on parchment, and leathern straps worn round the arms, with sacred words inscribed on them; she also gives him a Thalis or wrapper, to be used at prayers, and a white shirt or tunic, which he wears at his wedding feast, and once a year on the festival of the Reconciliation, and in which he is buried. When the interchanging of gifts is over, the blast of a trumpet is heard, and the bridegroom is conducted in procession to an apartment wherein is a canopy, beneath which he takes his place. Then the trumpet sounds again, and the bride enters in procession, and after walking round the room three times, to the blasts of the trumpet, she is placed beside the bridegroom, and the priest also stepping under the canopy, reads the marriage contract. The bridegroom puts a ring on the bride's finger, who is then closely enveloped in a thick vail, and is not allowed to be seen again until the following morning; a glass of wine is next brought in, which is consecrated by the priest, and by him delivered to the bridegroom, who drinks the wine, and the glass is placed under his heel, for a sign, that as it could no more be intact, so should his fidelity never be sundered. Another pause of solemn silence ensues, which is broken by loud joyful acclamations, while again the trumpet sounds; all present embrace the bride and bridegroom, and each other, and a lively banquet closes the wedding festival of the young Hebrews.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THIS name must be lifted up as a beacon, with all its pleasant and interesting associations; it must be added to the list in which some names of brighter fame are written—Burns, Byron, Campbell, and others, their compeers. They had all the rich endowment of genius, and might, in achieving fame for themselves, have gained glory for God, and great good for man. But they looked “upon the wine when it was red,” and gave life and fame, and their precious gifts, and God’s blessing, for its false and ruinous joys. We would not drag forth their names, that we may gloat over their infirmities. We pity them for their sad fall. We acknowledge the strength of their temptations, and, walking backwards, would throw a mantle over their frailties. But these men are needed also as warnings. The moral world must have its light-houses. Thousands of young men are running down upon the same rocks on which they were cast away. If the light of their genius has made them conspicuous, let us then use their conspicuity, and throw a ray from them, as from a beacon, far out upon the dim and perilous sea.

Hartley Coleridge was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet and metaphysician. He had some of his father’s gifts, particularly his captivating conversational power, and his propensity for novel and profound speculation. He had also his father’s infirmity of purpose. In the case of the son, the reason, as the world is now informed in a biography written by his brother, was, that he early became the slave of intemperate habits, from which no aspirations of his own heart, no struggles with the enslaving appetite, and no efforts of sympathizing and sorrowful friends, could ever deliver him. He gained a fellowship in Oriel College, Oxford, and forfeited it in consequence of these habits. He then cast himself, as a literary adventurer, into the wild vortex of London life; failed sadly in all his projects; drank deep of the treacherous wine-cup, often to his own shame, and the chagrin of his friends, from whom he would sometimes hide himself in places where restraint was unknown, and shame forgotten, that he might be delivered from their reproachful pity. In the end, he betook himself to a cottage in the North of England, where, on the

6th of January, 1849, he died, not, we trust, without penitence and faith in the Redeemer of guilty and wretched men. He is buried in the Grasmere church-yard, near to the venerated dust of Wordsworth, who was always his kind and sympathizing friend.

Hartley Coleridge tells us, in one of his confessions, that his first resort to wine was for the purpose of seeking relief from the sting of defeated ambition. This temptation was necessarily brief in its duration, for time would gradually extract this sting from his sensitive mind and heart. This, therefore, was not the doorway of the path which led him down to the gulf. The “wine parties” of Oxford were the scenes in which Hartley Coleridge was betrayed and lost. We have but a momentary glimpse of these things in the biography, but that glimpse is sufficient. It reveals to us what in popular language is called a gay scene, but which to us, and in reality, is sombre as death. In the midst of it, there sits a bright-eyed, enthusiastic, impetuous young man; heated with repeated draughts of wine; urged by his fellow-revelers to drink deeper; yielding readily to their solicitations; and pouring forth all the while a stream of continuous and sparkling discourse, which fascinated his companions by its wit, its facility, and its beauty. Alas! how many of those companions, it may be, are with him in graves over which men can only weep, and be silent.

It has often been said, and with much truth, that there is no more dangerous gift for a young man, than to be able to sing a good song. It is equally dangerous, we think, to be known as a good talker. The gift of rapid, brilliant, mirth-moving speech, is a perilous possession. The dullards, for whose amusement this gift is so often invoked, know well that to ply its possessor with wine, is the readiest way to bring out its power. But in the end, the wine destroys the intellect, and the man of wit degenerates into a buffoon, and dies a drunkard. Such is the brief life and history of many a young man, who, behind the stained glass windows of the fashionable *restaurant*, or in the mirrored and cushioned rooms of the club-house, was hailed as the “Prince of good fellows,” and the rarest of wits. The laughing applauders pass on, each in their own way, and he who made them sport, is left to

struggle in solitude with the enemy they have helped to fasten upon him. Let all young men, having these gifts, remember "poor Hartley Coleridge." Let them be warned by the fate of one who was caught in the toils they are weaving around themselves, and perished therein, leaving behind him the record of a life of unfulfilled purposes, and of great departures from the path of duty and peace.

DUST-SHOWERS AND RED RAIN.

RECENT scientific investigations in Europe and America have thrown some interesting light on the nature of these very curious phenomena. The results arrived at may be brought familiarly before our readers.

Mr. Charles Darwin, in the narrative of his voyage in the *Beagle*, states that while he was at St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd islands, in January, 1832: "The atmosphere was generally very hazy: this appears chiefly due to an impalpable dust, which is constantly falling, even on vessels far out at sea. The dust," he goes on to say, "is of a brown color, and, under the blow-pipe, easily fuses into a black enamel. It is produced, as I believe, from the wear and tear of volcanic rocks, and must come from the coast of Africa." The same opinion was held by scientific men generally, as well of the dust met with in the North Atlantic, as of that which sometimes falls on the islands and shores of the Mediterranean: Africa was supposed to be the original source of the air-borne particles. Some of the dust, however, having been sent to Ehrenberg of Berlin, that celebrated *savant*, after a microscopical examination, laid an account of his inquiry before the Akademie der Wissenschaften, in May, 1844, in which he showed that the dust, so far from being inorganic, contained numerous specimens of a species of flint-shelled animaleculæ, or infusoria, known as polygastria, and minute portions of terrestrial plants. The investigation led him to certain conclusions: 1. "That meteoric dust-rain is of terrestrial origin. 2. That the same is not a rain of volcanic ashes. 3. That it is necessarily a dust carried up to a great height by a strong current of air or whirlwind from a dried-up swamp-region. 4. That the dust neither demonstrably nor necessarily comes from Africa, notwithstanding that the wind

may blow from thence as the nearest land when the dust falls, because there are in it no forms whatsoever exclusively native to Africa." These were remarkable facts, but warranted by the evidence: one, if not more, of the animaleculæ was proved to be peculiar to America, and that country was naturally inferred to be the quarter from which they had been derived.

The inquiry once begun was followed up; other specimens of dust were submitted to the same critical test, and found generally to contain a much greater number and variety of infusoria than the first—mostly fresh-water forms, but with a few of marine origin; whence the conclusion, that they had been brought from a coast-region; and especially remarkable was the fact, that among all the forms there was not one peculiar to the African continent. One example was known to belong to the Isle of France, the others were chiefly South American. After an examination of six specimens, obtained at different intervals, Ehrenberg discovered that they contained four organisms in common. "I now consider myself," he observes, "justified in the conclusion, that all the Atlantic dust may come only from one and the same source, notwithstanding its extent and annual amount. The constant yellow and reddish color of the dust, produced by ferruginous matter, its falling with the trade-winds and not with the harmattan, increase the interest of the phenomena."

It had always been supposed, that the dust which traversed the Mediterranean was borne from the Great Sahara; but in a quantity collected on board the ship *Revenge*, at Malta, infusoria peculiar to Chili were met with, which, with other characteristics, proved the dust to be the same as that observed on the Atlantic. Their color, too, was identical: while the Sahara is a "dazzling white sand:" hence the dust brought across the Mediterranean by the sirocco was not peculiar to Africa. The conclusion here arrived at was still further verified by another sirocco-storm, in May, 1846, which extended to Genoa, and bore with it a dust that "covered the roofs of the city in great abundance." This, as was clearly ascertained, contained formations identical with those which had been collected off the Cape de Verd; and it was shown that the dust-showers of the Atlantic, and those of Malta and Genoa,

were "always of a yellow ochre-like color—not gray like those of the kamsin, in North Africa." The peculiar color of the dust was found to be caused by iron-oxyd; and from one-sixth to one-third of the whole proved to consist "of determinable organic parts." In the following year, 1847, Ehrenberg had another opportunity of testing his conclusions, in specimens of dust which had fallen in Italy and Sicily in 1802 and 1813; the same result came out on examination—"several species peculiar to South America, and none peculiar to Africa."

Thus, omitting the two last-mentioned instances, there had been five marked falls of dust between 1830 and 1846; how many others passed without notice, it would now be impossible to ascertain. The showers sometimes occur at a distance of eight hundred miles from the coast of Africa, and this region lies between the parallels of seventeen and twenty-five degrees north latitude, and whence, as we have seen, they extend to the northern shores of the Mediterranean. In the dust collected from these various falls, there have been found altogether nineteen species of infusoria; of which eight were polythalamia, seven polygastrica, and two phytolitharia, these chiefly constituting the flint-earth portion of the dust. The iron was composed of the gaillonilla, and "the carbonic chalk earth corresponded tolerably well to the smaller number of polythalamia." The uniform character of the specimens obtained at intervals over so long a course of years is especially remarkable.

To turn, now, for a few moments to the second phenomenon indicated in our title. In October, 1846, a fearful and furious hurricane visited Lyon and the district between that city and Grenoble, during which occurred a fall of blood-rain. A number of drops were caught and preserved, and when the moisture had evaporated, there was seen the same kind of dust—of yellowish-brown or red color—as that which had fallen in a dry state on the occasions already referred to. The strictest pains were taken to ascertain that it was not the common dust swept from roads during a gale of wind; and when placed under the microscope, it exhibited a greater proportion of fresh-water and marine formations than the former instances. Phytolitharia were numerous, as also "neatly-

lobed vegetable scales;" which, as Ehrenberg observes, is sufficient to disprove the assertion, that the substance is formed in the atmosphere itself, and is not of European origin. For the first time, a living organism was met with—the "*Eunotia amphioxys*, with its ovaries green, and therefore capable of life." Here was a solution of the mystery; the dust, mingling with the drops of water falling from the clouds, produced the red rain. Its appearance is that of reddened water, and it cannot be called blood-like without exaggeration.

Again, in March, 1847, a colored snow fell in the Tyrol, presenting a most singular appearance, and, when dried, leaving behind brick-colored dust. Most of the organized forms therein contained were European and American, with a few African; and again the microscope showed it to be similar to the dust before examined, leaving no room to suppose it of local origin. "The predominating forms, numerically, of one kind of dust, are also the predominating forms in all the rest," as Ehrenberg observes; and says further: "Impossible as it is to conceive of all the storms now compared from 1830 to 1847, as having a continuous genetic connection, it is equally impossible also to imagine the masses of dust transported by them, with such a degree of similarity, *not to have a genetic connection*. . . . The great geographic extent of the phenomenon of a reddish dust nearly filling the atmosphere, and itself filled with organisms so similar, many of which are characteristic of South America, not only admits of, but demands a more earnest attention to the probable cyclical relations in the upper and lower atmosphere, whereby very great masses of fixed terrestrial matter, earths and metals, and especially flintearths, chalk, iron, and coal, apparently heterogeneous, and yet related by certain peculiarities, are held swimming in the atmosphere, now like clouds thinly spread by whirlwinds or electricity over a broad space, and now condensed, and, like the dust of the fir-blossoms, falling in showers in every direction."

Ehrenberg then states his views as to the cause of the phenomenon. "Although far from attaching undue weight to an hypothesis, I cannot but consider it a matter of duty to seek for a connection in the facts, and feel myself constrained—on account of the above-mentioned particulars,

and in so far as they justify a conclusion—to suppose an atmospheric current, connecting America and Africa with the region of the trade-winds, and sometimes, particularly about the 15th and 16th of May, turning toward Europe, and bringing with it this very peculiar, and apparently not African dust, in countless measure. If instead of attacking hypothesis by hypothesis, we strive with united effort to multiply scientific observations, we may then hope for a progressive explanation of these mysterious relations, so especially worthy of study."

Some progress has already been made by a transatlantic investigator in the explanation so much desired by the distinguished naturalist. Lieutenant Maury, of Washington, finds in Ehrenberg's researches a beautiful and interesting confirmation of his own theory; namely, that the trade-winds of either hemisphere cross the belt of equatorial calms. Observations at the Peak of Teneriffe have proved that, while the trade-wind is sweeping along the surface of the ocean in one direction, a current in the higher regions of the atmosphere is blowing in the reverse direction. According to Lieutenant Maury, a perpetual upper current prevails from South America to North Africa, the volume being equal to that which flows southward by the north-east trade-wind. This wind, it should be remembered, does not touch the African continent, but the limits of its northern border are variable; whence the fact, that the falls of dust vary between seventeen and twenty-five degrees of north latitude, as before stated. As the belt of calms shifts its position, so will there be a variation in the locality of the descending atmospheric current.

The dust-showers take place most frequently in spring and autumn; that is "after the equinoxes, but at intervals varying from thirty to fifty days;" the cause being, that the equatorial calms, at the time of the vernal equinox, extend to four degrees on either side the equator; and as the rainy season then prevails between those limits, no dust can consequently be taken up in those latitudes. But the same period is the dry season in the valley of the Lower Orinoco, and the surface of that extensive region is in a favorable condition to give off dust; and at the time of the autumnal equinox, another part of the great Amazonian basin

is parched with drought, on which Lieutenant Maury observes: "May not, therefore, the whirlwinds which accompany the vernal equinox sweep over the lifeless plains of the Lower Orinoco, take up the 'rain-dust,' which descends in the northern hemisphere in April and May—and may it not be the atmospheric disturbances which accompany the autumnal equinox, that take up the microscopic organisms from the Upper Orinoco and the great Amazonian basin for the showers of October?" Humboldt gives a striking picture of the region in question, and, if the phrase may be permitted, of its dust-producing capabilities; so that the origin of this light powder, as regards one locality, may be said to be placed beyond a doubt.

As yet, the reason why the dust falls, as it were, concretely, and not generally diffused through the atmosphere, is not known; it is one of the obscure points waiting further investigation. Why it should travel so far to fall in a particular spot is, in the present state of our knowledge, not easy to explain. The coarsest dust is generally the first to fall; and it seems clear, that the descent occurs when and where the conditions are favorable. Lieutenant Maury considers, "that certain electrical conditions are necessary to a shower of dust as well as to a thunder-storm;" and that, in the periodical intervals, we may get a clew to the rate of motion of the upper aerial currents, which appear to be "remarkable for their general regularity, their general direction, and sharpness of limits."

It is scarcely possible not to feel that the investigations here briefly sketched possess unusual interest. As Ehrenberg says, the subject is one "of vast, manifold, and rapidly-increasing importance, and is but the beginning of a future great department of knowledge." Now that it has been published in a connected form, and the attention of scientific observers directed to it, we may hope soon to hear of corroborative evidence from all parts of the world. We may mention, as bearing on the question, that sand-showers are not unfrequent in China. Dr. McGowan of Ningpo, in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, states, that, at the beginning of 1851, three showers occurred within five weeks; the last, which commenced on the 26th of March, and continued

four days, being the heaviest. The wind during the time varied from north-east to north-west, the breeze interrupted by occasional calms. No rain had fallen for six weeks; and though, as the doctor observes, "neither cloud, fog, nor mist obscured the heavens, yet the sun and moon were scarcely visible; the orb of day appeared as if viewed through a smoked glass, the whole sky presenting a uniform rusty hue. At times, this sameness was disturbed, exhibiting between the spectator and the sun the appearance of a water-spout, owing to the gyratory motions of the impalpable mineral. The sand penetrated the most secluded apartments; furniture wiped in the morning, would be so covered with it in the afternoon, that one could write on it legibly. In the streets, it was annoying—entering the eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and grating under the teeth. My ophthalmic patients generally suffered a relapse, and an unusual number of new cases soon after presented themselves. Were such heavy sand-storms of frequent occurrence, diseases of the visual organs would prevail to a destructive extent."

These showers sometimes spread over several provinces at once, and far out to sea. The Chinese call them yellow-sand. Their source is the great desert of Cobi, or Sand-Ocean, more than two thousand miles long, and from three hundred to four hundred broad, in the interior of Asia. Dr. M'Gowan states, that the fall amounted to ten grains per square foot, but without specifying whether this quantity includes the whole duration of the shower. During calms, it remains suspended. The dust thus raised from the Mongolian steppes gives the peculiar tinge to the Yellow Sea.

Notwithstanding the annoyance of these dust-showers, they have a valuable compensation. The Chinese, whose closeness of observation in agricultural matters is well known, assert that they are always followed by a fruitful season—not, it is true, as cause, but as effect. The explanation is, that the soil of the provinces most subject to the visitation, being of a compact character, is loosened and lightened by the sand borne on the wind from the Tartarian plains, and at the same time, the lighter fertilizing matters carried away by the great rivers are replaced; and thus, that which at first sight appears an unmitigated evil, becomes the cause of good harvests, for they invariably follow a fall of sand.

CONTROL OF TEMPER.

READER, are you happy? If so, you are a promoter of happiness. The source of wretchedness to others is always himself a wretch! In domestic matters, "Temper is everything." Have you been taught to control your temper? If not, you have a great work before you.

Who is he that says he cannot help being angry, or sullen, or peevish? I tell him he deceives himself. We constantly avoid being so, when our interest or decorum requires it, and we feel near those who we know are not bound to bear our whims, or who will resent them to our injury; but what strangers will not endure we cast upon friends. That temper can be corrected, the world proves by thousands of instances. There have been those who set out in life with being violent, peevish, discontented, irritable, and capricious, whom thought, reflection, effort—not to speak of piety—have rendered, as they became mature, meek, peaceful, loving, generous, forbearing, tranquil, and consistent. It is a glorious achievement, and blessed is he who attains it.

But taking the argument on lower ground, which I do unwillingly, you continually see men controlling their emotions when their interest demands it. Observe the man who wants assistance, who looks for patronage, how well, as he perceives coldness or hesitation, does he crush the vexation that rises in his throat, and stifles the indignation that burns for expression! How well the most proud and lofty descend from their high position, and lay aside their ordinary bearing, to earn a suffrage from the meanest kind! And surely those who hang around us in this life, those who lean on us, or on whom we lean through our pilgrimage, to whom our accents and our deeds are words, to whom a word may shoot a pang worse than the stroke of death—surely, I say, if we can do so much for interest, we can do something for goodness and gratitude.

And in all civilized intercourse, how perfectly do we see it ourselves to be the recognized laws of decorum; and if we have not universally good feelings, we have, generally, at least good manners. This may be hypocrisy, but it ought to be sincerity, and we trust it is. If, then, we can make our faces to shine on strangers, why darken them on those who should be

dear to us? Is it that we so squandered our smiles abroad, that we have only frowns to carry home? Is it that while out in the world we have been so prodigal of good temper, that we have but our ill-humors with which to cloud our families? Is it that it requires often but a mere passing guest to enter, while we are speaking daggers to beings who are nearest to us in life, to change our tone, to give us perfect self-command, that we cannot do for love what we do for appearances?

MONOMANIACS.

MONOMANIA is a curious form of mental disease. It is a species of derangement, in which one idea is always uppermost in the mind; and to that all must give way. A familiar and simple form of the delusion is ordinarily known as hypochondria, in which, through some kind of nervous derangement, a person imagines himself to be afflicted with an infirmity for which there is no substantial ground. He thinks he has a heart-disease, and will be cut off suddenly one of these days; or he knows he has consumption, and cannot last long; or he is alarmed at very little pain, and is sure it means something very bad. But these are simple manifestations. The genuine hypochondriac, who has nursed his delusion till it becomes a settled monomania, believes the drollest things of himself. He thinks he is no longer a human being, and has become a teapot; or he is a hen, and wishes to sit on eggs to hatch chickens. In short, there is no end to such delusions. We once knew a man, sound in other respects, who believed that his legs were made of glass, and would break with the least touch. But this is nothing to what is related of a monomaniac by Pinel, a celebrated French physician; and an account of which appeared in the *Analyst*, a quarterly journal of science and literature, some years ago.

"This monomaniac was a Parisian watchmaker, who lived at the period of the revolution of 1789. He was infatuated with the chimera of the Perpetual Motion; and to effect the discovery of this, he set to work with indefatigable ardor. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolutionary disturbances, his imagin-

ation was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted, and at length a complete derangement took place. His ease was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the imagination: he fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of many other victims; that the judges, having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered these heads to be restored to their respective owners, and placed upon their respective shoulders: but that, in consequence of an unhappy mistake, the gentleman who had the management of that business had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change of his head occupied his thoughts night and day, which determined his friends to send him to the asylum. Nothing could exceed the extravagant flowings of his heated brain; he sang, he cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. 'Look at these teeth!' he cried: 'mine were exceedingly handsome, these are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy, this is foul and diseased. What difference between this hair and that of my own head!'

"The idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings, and he chalked on all the doors or windows as he passed the various designs by which his wondrous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The method best calculated to cure so whimsical an illusion appeared to be that of encouraging his prosecution of it to satiety. His friends were accordingly requested to send him his tools, with material to work upon, and other requisites—such as plates of copper, steel, and watch-wheels. His zeal was now redoubled, his whole attention was riveted upon his favorite pursuit; he forgot his meals, and after about a month's labor, which he sustained with a constancy that deserved a better success, our artist began to think that he had followed a false route. He broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated with so much toil, and thought, and labor; entered upon the construction of another upon a new plan;

and labored with equal pertinacity for another fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together; he fancied that he saw a perfect harmony amongst them. The whole was now finally adjusted, his anxiety was indescribable—motion succeeded, it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing forever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of enjoyment and triumph, and ran like lightning into the interior of the hospital, crying out like another Archimedes: ‘At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents!’ Grievous to state, he was disconcerted in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped! the ‘perpetual motion’ ceased! His intoxication of joy was succeeded by disappointment and confusion; though, to avoid a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment; but, tired of that kind of employment, he was determined, for the future, to devote his attention solely to his business.

“There still remained another imaginary impression to be counteracted—that of the exchange of his head, which uneasiness occurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious humor, instructed in the part he should play in this comedy, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St. Denis, in which it will be recollected that the holy man, after decapitation, walked away with his head under his arm, which he kissed and condoled with for its misfortune. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an appeal to his own ease. The other set up a loud laugh and replied with a tone of the keenest ridicule: ‘Madman as thou art, how could St. Denis kiss his own head? Was it with his heels?’ This equally unexpected and unanswerable retort ~~surably~~ struck the maniac. He retired confused amid the peals of laughter which were provoked at his expense, and never afterward mentioned the exchange of his head.

“This is a very instructive case, inasmuch as it illustrates, in the clearest point of view, the moral treatment of the insane.

It shows us the kind of mental remedies which are likely to be successful in the cure of disordered intellect. This disease was purely of the imagination, and the causes which produced it did not lie very deep, neither were they such as, under proper management, were likely to produce any permanent alienation of mind. An intense application to the more speculative parts of his trade had fixed his imagination upon the discovery of perpetual motion: mingled with this, when his judgment was half dethroned, came the idea of losing his own head, and getting a wrong one. And at a time when heads were falling indiscriminately around him, this second freak of the imagination, acting as a kind of interlude or by-play to the first, was one of the most natural that could be supposed. The ideas which produced this man’s insanity were rather of a whimsical cast; springing from a mind of no great power, over which none of the passions appear to have exercised any marked or predominant sway.”

To these counsels we would add, that hypochondria and monomania are pretty much a result of leading a moping and retired life, in which the mind communes too much with itself. The preventive is out-door exercise, temperance, and a habit of mingling in the every-day world; for without this there can be no robustness of ideas. Nothing brushes away the cobwebs of the mind so effectually as the cheerful intercourse of society.

PRIDE.

A PROUD man is a fool in fermenting, swelling and boiling like a porridge-pot. He sets his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of pasteboard, and a true buckram knight. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfections, and worshiping his own image. All his upper stories are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space: as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compact and solid proportion.—*Bolingbroke*.



MURILLO THE ARTIST—EXTRAORDINARY AUCTION-SCENE.

THE French correspondent of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, describes an extraordinary scene, which occurred at the late sale of Marshal Soult's pictures in Paris. During his military movements in the Peninsula the Marshal kept an envious eye on the art-treasures of the convents and other depositories of works of genius. He collected a large and exceedingly rich gallery of paintings, among which were a number of Murillos. The renowned picture of the Assumption or Conception of the Virgin was among the greatest productions not only of the Seville school, but of Spanish art. Other gems of the collection commanded at this sale much enthusiasm, but this great work seems to have excited a genuine French *furore*. The Commercial's correspondent says:—

"It was now four o'clock, the hour previously announced for the sale of Murillo's 'Conception of the Virgin.' This picture, eight feet six inches high by five feet wide, has always been considered in

Spain as Murillo's masterpiece, and is by many connoisseurs regarded as the finest painting extant. It represents the mother of our Saviour in the act of being carried up to heaven. The beauties of this picture can be but faintly set forth upon paper. The sensation it excited, the frantic bidding, and the final price paid, will give a better idea of the estimation in which it is held. The first bid was 150,000 fr.; but the offers quickly rose to 400,000, the sum which had already been proposed by an English millionaire. Up to this point the bids had been of 10,000 fr. each. They now fell off to one thousand, and the sum of 450,000 was slowly reached. Spain, Russia and France were now alone, Britain having dropped behind. The picture hung for ten minutes at the latter sum, when M. Thurneyssen, the agent of Nicholas, hoping to win by a *coup de main*, and by a bold stroke silence all competition, jumped at once to half a million, (to

which sum the Emperor had limited him.) The sensation caused by this manœuvre amounted to a very considerable tumult. When silence was restored, the bidding began again with great spirit. It stopped at 528,000, and Spain seemed on the point of coming into possession of its own again. But the rivalry again sprung up, Thurneyssen now and then putting in a word on his own responsibility. The Spaniard seemed bent on victory, and went on till the enormous priece of 586,000 franes was reached, when he gave in, leaving his competitor in full possession. The *chef d'œuvre* was knocked down at \$117,000! A salvo of applause followed this result, but it was not generally known who was the successful bidder. When the auctioneer answered that M. Nieuwerkerke was the happy man, and that the great Murillo was now the property of the Louvre, a real whirlwind of congratulation burst forth. People rushed at the Director of the Museum, shook hands with him, and even kissed him on both cheeks! The day before, the galleries had been most unceremoniously cleared at two o'clock, and M. Nieuwerkerke and Louis Napoleon paid them a visit. During their two hours stay, it was probably resolved that the Louvre should carry the day, at any cost. Satisfied with this conquest, it made no bid for any of the other pictures offered."

A French correspondent of the Boston Atlas also gives an account of this notable sale with additional minuteness. He writes:—

"Two splendid collections of paintings have been sold here since my last letter. The famous Soult gallery has been dispersed! I have rarely witnessed a more exciting battle than the struggle for the *Conception* by Murillo. A large crowd invaded the gallery Lebrun, in the Rue de Sentier, and at four o'clock there was still a long *queue* in the street, awaiting admission. The hall where the sale took place was filled by a great number of celebrated people, and was only open to those furnished with special tickets; they entered by a private door. Among the persons present in this portion of the building were Marquis of Hertford, Marquis de Portales, Lord Cowley, Duke de Noailles, Baron de Rothschild, Duke de Galiera, Count Pozzo di Borgo, M. de Bruni, agent of the Emperor of Russia, &c., &c. The Duke de Dalmatia, son, and M. de

Mornay, brother of the son-in-law of Marshal Soult, were present. Various admirable paintings by Tintoret, Ribera, Zurbaran, were sold at good pries. Two paintings by Alonzo Cano—the Vision of the Lamb, 2,550 fr., to Duke de Galiera; Vision of Saint Jean, 12,100 fr., to M. de Laneuville—were sold, when the clock struck four, and agreeably to previous announcement four great paintings were placed near the *hammer*. The auctioneer announced that the *Conception* would now be put up. An immense *mouvement* took place on every side, which lasted some five minutes; then in the midst of the profoundest silence he stated the *Conception* was put up at the price of 150,000 fr., \$30,000. Bids poured in from all sides; at 200,000 fr. one withdrew; at 245,000 another; but still a brisk fire continued: now it became less and less—400,000 fr.! no steamboat race was ever more exciting—450,000 fr.; but three antagonists remained; 500,000 fr., said M. de Bruni—and such applause as followed this Imperial bid! 510,000 fr., said another; Russia retired, and there were but two competitors. What emotion every one felt! *Le moment était vraiment solennel*, [the moment was truly solemn,] said a French paper, with truth. The last bidder attracted all eyes; he was a little old man, perched half-way up a pair of steps; he kept his hat on his head; his face was calm; his voice was calm and clear; he was not at all agitated. Who was his antagonist? Nobody knew—no one but the auctioneer could see. 515,000, said the auctioneer; 550,000, said the old man; 575,000, said the auctioneer. The old man was becoming agitated; his face contracted; he wiped the perspiration which flowed over his face with his handkerchief; 600,000, cried he; 601,000, cried the auctioneer. The old man tried to thrust his handkerchief down his throat; 602,000, said he: . . . a long pause, the old man trembling like an aspen leaf, and biting his handkerchief; 605,000 fr., said the auctioneer; 606,000 fr., screamed the little old mummy; 610,000, said the auctioneer—the old man jumped as if he had been shot! and they went on, bidding 1000 fr. each time, until they got to 615,000, when the bidding became smaller, and the picture was at last knocked down to M. Nieuwerkerke, for \$123,000, amid great enthusiasm, which

became frenzy when the auctioneer announced that the picture was purchased for the Louvre. More than one Frenchman believed, then, with M. Cousin, that the French gained the battle of Waterloo."

It will be perceived that the two writers differ somewhat in their figures. In our remarks we take the smallest, though the others appear most probable.

The "little old man" was ascertained to be the bidder of the Queen of Spain. It would have been a national honor had her royal munificence been able, at any cost, to retrieve for her country the noblest production of its noblest artist; her defeat is enhanced by the fact that it comes from the political coxcomb now at the head of the French Republic; it would be less ignoble had it come from the Russian autocrat.

Other productions of Murillo sold at prices which would appear enormous if the "Conception" had not been brought into comparison with them. The Emperor of Russia gave \$30,000 for St. Peter in Prison, and \$12,000 for Jesus and St. John. Besides these the following, by the same great master, were sold for the prices attached:—Miracle of San Diego, \$17,000; Flight into Egypt, \$10,300; Mater Dolorosa, \$2,120; Scene in an Epidemic, \$4,000; St. Philip's Soul ascending to Heaven, \$3,000; St. Anthony of Padua and Jesus, \$2,040; St. Peter's Repentance, \$1,100; Birth of the Virgin, \$18,000; Glorification of the Virgin, \$1000.

The extraordinary scene of this auction sale has a significance beyond the eclat which attended it. It cannot fail to impress us with the marvelous power of genius. A piece of canvas, eight and a half feet by five, to which a single and a struggling mind some two hundred years ago transferred its conceptions by a few pigments, reappears in these practical times amidst the enthusiastic, the almost frantic contest of opulence, taste, and royalty. The stroke of the auctioneer's hammer summons around it the competition of at least three sovereign powers, and of a large representation of the nobility, the amateurs and the millionaires of Europe; and sends forth a sensation through the civilized world. It is as the trump of resurrection to the old dead artist, and Murillo reascends before this headlong age, resplendent with a new apotheosis—more glorious than ever,—an example of the

immortality of genius. What power is like unto this?

It is not the historic fact which the picture commemorates that excites this marvelous interest—most of the competitors reject that, probably, as a fable; it is not the religious sentiment with which the canvas glows, that attracts so potently—that is quite generally scorned as fanaticism now-a-days; but the power of the human mind,—the magical and mysterious capacity of genius to endue a few handfuls of pulverized earths, spread over a piece of cloth, with beautiful and sublime thoughts, like the breath of God inspiring the clay of the first man into life and dignity,—this it is that, in spite of rationalistic skepticism or infidel scorn, commands around this old Catholic painting the homage of the times. A great or beautiful thought promulgated to the world in art or literature, has, inherently, a life and power which men cannot fail to recognize, and which assumes, sooner or later, triumphant ascendancy over all other claims to greatness, except alone those of genuine virtue. Gold, rank, sceptres—what are these compared to the pencil of Murillo?

Not only the fame, but, if we may remark here on so secondary if not sordid, a thought, the pecuniary valuation of these pictures is full of significance. The latter is in fact but an exponent of the former, as the former is of the genius of the artist.

More than two centuries ago, as we have said, the young son of a reduced family in Seville (most probably) gave proof of a rare imitative genius. He sketched almost everything which met his view. But his impoverished parents had not the means of his education, and discouraged the predilections of his genius. At the moment when his destiny was to be determined, an artist, a relative of his mother, came to his help, and undertook his tuition. He soon displayed the extraordinary powers of his mind; but had to earn his subsistence by the coarse labor of painting on serge, for the annual Fair of Seville. In this manner he not only obtained his bread, but treasured a little money by which he nourished the hope of being able to travel to Madrid, where he might study some of the great models, especially those of Velasques, who then lived there.

His earnings were hardly large enough to allow the desired journey. Taking a piece of canvas, and dividing and subdividing it, he prepared a number of motley pictures of fruits, garlands, bouquets, &c., and sold them at the Fair for exportation to the American Catholic colonies. With a few coins in his pocket, he traveled on foot to Madrid. Velasques, perceiving his genius, received him with open arms. The palaces of the nobility were thrown open to him. Three years were spent in unwearyed study of the great masters in the Royal and other galleries. And then the poor child of genius, who had painted for the vulgar tastes of the Seville Fair, and had made his way, on foot and almost pennyless, to Madrid, returned to his native city to found the renowned "School of Seville," and to produce the immortal works which have placed him at the head of the art of his country, and one of which, now that two centuries have passed over his grave, startles with new interest the enlightened world. What would have been the thoughts of Murillo had the Paris auction prices of his pictures been suggested to him as he daubed his serge paintings, or jogged along the road to Madrid? He never received more than about \$800 for his finest productions; one of them alone now commands the envy of kings; Spain, Russia, and England retire discomfited from the competition for it, and the piece of canvas, valuable only for a few thoughts of his brain, commands the price of \$117,000! The French nation pays at least an annual expense of \$7,000 that its citizens may have the privilege of gazing on this glorious canvas in the Louvre. The twelve pictures of Murillo—hardly a tithe of his productions—which were sold at this auction, brought about \$217,000!

Such then, we repeat, is the inherent, the glorious power of mind. Its maltreatment by the world is proverbial; but the final certainty of its triumph, and the magnificence of that triumph when it does come, may well compensate for the delays and struggles which usually precede it. The blind old bard of Paradise sold his copyright for five pounds; but consoled himself with the thought that "the world would not willingly let die" the sublime production of his genius.

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HERSCHEL, ROSSE, AND THE TELESCOPE.

WITHOUT underrating any other branch of science, it may safely be affirmed that astronomy opens up to the human mind one of the richest and sublimest fields of contemplation. We are no longer confined within the narrow limits of our own system, with its sun and his attendant planets. The telescope has carried us far into the depths of space, and revealed to us thousands of stars kindling into suns, and these suns giving light and motion and beauty to as many systems, and these systems stretching out into mighty firmaments, and these firmaments rising like so many encircling heavens, revolving the one above the other, till we are lost in the magnitude and the glory of the scene. Our views are contracted. Our knowledge is imperfect. If Newton—whose almost superhuman genius elevates our common humanity—felt himself constrained to say, in the very fire and flash of his immortal discovery, "I am but as a child standing on the shore of the vast undiscovered ocean, and playing with a little pebble which the waters have washed to my feet;" and if Laplace—who knew more than his peers, of the celestial mechanism—could assert in the very article of death, and with all the future bursting upon his view, "That which we know, is little; that which we know not is immense;" we may fairly conclude that all which is now known, is scarcely to be named with that which remains to be revealed.

This sublime science owes much to Herschel. We might speak of the labors of his predecessors from Copernicus down to Ferguson, or we might allude to his cotemporaries and his successors; but we prefer to make him the center of the entire group, and look at the past and the present in the light of his great discoveries. Just as Ferguson was sinking beneath the infirmities of age, Herschel began to challenge the attention of the men of science. Like Ferguson, he rose from the humbler walks of life. He was born at Hanover on the 15th day of November, 1738. His father, who was a poor musician, placed him in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards, a detachment of which, both parent and child accompanied to England about 1758. After the lapse of a few months, the

father returned to Hanover, and young Herschel was left to push his fortune in England. After struggling with manifold difficulties, he was taken up by the Earl of Darlington, who sent him to Durham to superintend and instruct a military band in a company of militia which his lordship was then raising. He then became a teacher of music; was employed as a church-organist, first at Halifax and then at Bath, and was in great demand for musical performances. Great as were his taste and attainments in music, from a child he had manifested his love of intellectual pursuits; and while engaged in earning an honest and an honorable livelihood, he devoted every leisure hour to the study of languages, mathematics, and the various branches of physical science; and though he was approaching the age of forty, he did not consider himself too old to commence a pursuit, in the prosecution of which he won for his name a scientific renown as distinguished as that acquired by any of the illustrious men who had gone before him. He rapidly rose in the world of letters, became the object of princely favor, was pensioned by the king and knighted by the regent, and lived long enough to see his fame established throughout the civilized world.

Some cotemporary discoveries in astronomy fixed his mind on that one department of inquiry. Being anxious to observe these celestial phenomena, he borrowed a two-feet Gregorian telescope; and such was the pleasure and delight which this instrument afforded him, that he immediately ordered one of larger dimensions from London. To his deep regret, he found that the price of such an instrument far exceeded his calculation and his means; and, therefore, he resolved to construct one for himself. This, after frequent experiments and failures, he accomplished; and truly marvelous were its achievements. In his hands, the telescope wrought more than magic. Its wonder-working power resolves itself into a simple fact. It is well known that the power of vision is in proportion to the degree of light which falls on the retina, as emitted from any bright or luminous body. The larger the pupil of the eye, the greater the number of rays which it can receive; and in proportion to these rays, is its capacity to discern objects which otherwise must continue in the deep pro-

founds of space, unseen and unknown. Such an enlargement of the pupil of the eye virtually takes place when a lens is employed. In the lens, all the lines of light are made to converge into a single point, and that point sufficiently minute to enter the eye. The eye thus receives as much light as if the pupil had been enlarged to the dimensions of the lens, and consequently its power of vision is in the same proportion increased. The diameter of the lens is, in fact, the size and capacity of the eye. An object-glass of some fifteen inches diameter, is found at Munich; but large refractors are very rare. Happily, a concave mirror of polished metal answers the same purpose, by the power of reflection. These reflecting mirrors, which admit of almost any dimensions, were employed with singular effect by Herschel. After intense application and labor, he succeeded in constructing one of four feet diameter. Had this mirror continued to be used, the results would have been beyond all calculation. But the light which it collected, and the luster with which it invested the nearer bodies, were so dazzling and overpowering as to injure the vision of the great philosopher, and force him to withdraw his eye from the field of burning splendor. He worked with instruments of inferior power. His telescopes were of various lengths, and their adjusting power ranged from the lower point of two up to the greatly increased point of twenty-eight. With his ten feet telescope, he could command a penetrating power which brought into his view stars nearly thirty times farther off than could be seen by the naked eye.

Taking the Milky Way for the field of his observations, he soon discovered by his more powerful instrument, that this encircling belt consisted entirely of stars, scattered by millions like glittering dust on the black ground of the general heavens. Here "the infinitely distant crowds of stars are collected in such masses, that their light flows together into a whitish cloud, and no longer permits us to isolate one star from another. Beyond this, Herschel and the most recent astronomers imagined that the spots of clouds which appear like oval flakes in the sky, are other entirely distinct and independent systems, which float at such an immeasurable distance from us, that the light has

to wander millions of years in reaching to us." In fact, what we term the firmament is but a single cluster of stars. Such clusters are scattered with immense profusion through the field of space, and are of the most gorgeous and brilliant appearance. Take the cluster which is found in the constellation Hercules, and no force or compass of words can express its magnificence. Perhaps no one ever saw it for the first time through a telescope without being filled with rapture, and uttering a shout of wonder. Yet this is but one out of myriads. The number of such masses is infinite. Nor are they confined to any one portion of the heavens. In both hemispheres, what were hitherto regarded as mere specks, making their mysterious appearance in the great pathway across the heavens, now come out as so many firmaments or systems of firmaments, glorious as our own, each divided from the other by unmeasured intervals of space, yet all bound together by laws and relationships fixed and immutable.

In the study of these celestial phenomena, we might speak of their apparent brightness or magnitude, their distances, their relation and harmony, the laws by which they are governed, their ultimate purposes, their probable duration or possible dissolution; but we deem it preferable to give a summary of those facts and results which the telescope has disclosed to us. Those mighty intervals which separate the celestial bodies were supposed to be filled with nebulous matter in a state of gradual condensation, and ever tending toward some central point: but a riper science has proved that these nebulae are open beds of stars, lying farther down in space; that the planets are all connected with great central orbs; that each fixed star is the center of a system; that suns revolve around suns in definite orbits, and in some of their revolutions fill up a million of our years, or even more; that these bodies are found in larger or smaller groups, from the double stars up to thousands and thousands beautifully adjusted and harmonized; that these clusters go to make up the firmaments in all their ascending magnitude and glory; that these firmaments, and systems, and suns, are separated the one from the other by intervals of space unmeasured and incalculable; that the nearest fixed star, Sirius,

is more than two hundred thousand times farther removed from us than the sun, that is, nineteen billions, two hundred thousand millions of miles; that there are clusters eighteen thousand times more distant than this; that the light from these bodies, traveling at the rate of a hundred and ninety-two thousand miles every second, would take a million of years to reach our earth; that these bodies are of different magnitudes, according to their apparent brightness; that some of them are equal in size to many hundreds of our globe; that they divide themselves into two classes—the fixed stars, among which no change of situation can be detected, and those which are erratic or wandering, such as the sun, moon, and planets, as well as that singular class of bodies termed comets; that these stars are scattered by myriads over the heavens; that there are infinitely distant crowds of stars, collected in such masses that their light flows together into a whitish cloud, and no longer permits us by the aid of the most powerful instrument to isolate one star from another; that there are heavens, and heavens of heavens encircling the one the other, till we are lost in the vastness and glory of the scene; that these heavens with all their uncounted millions of ever-burning suns and attendant planets are moving round one great common center; and that the whole scheme of worlds is maintained by the one universal and ever-active law of attraction, in its sublime order and unbroken harmony. What a scene this, for contemplation and for study! How we are lifted up from the darkness and the din of this lower world, into the ever-deepening light and calm of those higher and truly serene regions! What apocalyptic visions have we of the ever-widening and ever unfolding glory of the great Creator! What revelations do we receive of his eternal power and unconfined beneficence! What an ascent do we make, and how near do we get to that inner temple in which his Godhead shines out with burning and insufferable brightness! How unspeakably important appears his favor! How awful to contemplate his displeasure!

The telescope, which wrought such wonders in the hands and under the guiding genius of Herschel, has, by the efforts of Lord Rosse, heightened and embellished the discoveries of the great philosopher.

When, in 1839, his lordship constructed a reflector, with a speculum three feet in diameter, and of twenty-seven feet focal distance, it was considered one of the most accurate and powerful instruments that had ever been made. And when he spoke of the possibility of producing a speculum six feet in diameter, it was deemed something chimerical; but nothing daunted by the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking, he put it to the test. The speculum of his great telescope is above six feet in diameter, five inches and a half thick at the edges, and five inches at the center, and weighs above three tons; while the whole apparatus and expense of erection cost no less a sum than \$60,000. Now, as the power of a telescope to penetrate into space depends on the quantity of light which it can receive, the light reflected from this speculum is more than double that from Herschel's largest and most powerful reflector. This has a reflecting surface of five thousand and seventy-one square inches, while that of Herschel's forty-feet instruments had only eighteen hundred and eleven square inches on its surface. By his lordship's reflector we are being carried into the deepest profounds of space, and still find ourselves but on the margin of that universe which stretches away into the immense and the infinite. "It is when one goes into regions so new and remote that the character of the universe, in its majesty and infinite variety appears in its most striking attributes. In search of magnificence, it is true, we need not wander far—witness the fields which encircle our homes—the blade of the modest grass which adorns them; but those heavens are fresh, and familiarity has not left its footprint on their untrodden floor. In the silence of midnight, that noble curtain stretched out above us, and the idea, present and impressive, of its great orbs obediently pursuing their stupendous paths, there is a solemnity which sometimes falls upon the spirit, not unlike the feeling of the prophet when he heard that still small voice and knew it to be the token of the presence of God!"

It is a question of interest to some astronomers—is this great system of suns and firmaments formed for perpetuity? Are the foundations of this mighty and gorgeous temple laid forever? In the eloquent words of Professor Nicholl:—"Although no mark of age has yet been

recognized in the planetary paths, as sure as that filmy comet is drawing in its orbit, must they too approach the sun, and at the destined term of separate existence, be resumed into his mass. . . . Absolute permanence is visible nowhere around us; and the fact of change merely intimates that in the exhaustless womb of the future, unevolved wonders are in store. The phenomenon referred to, would simply point to the close of one mighty cycle in the history of the solar orb—the passing away of arrangements which have fulfilled their objects, that they might be transformed into new. Thus is the periodic death of a plant, perhaps, essential to its prolonged life; and when the individual dies and disappears, fresh and vigorous forms spring from the elements which composed it. Mark the chrysalis! It is the grave of the worm, but the cradle of the sun-born insect. The broken bowl shall yet be healed and beautified by the potter, and a voice of joyful note shall awaken one day even the silence of the urn!"

A DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

THE departure of a son from beneath the paternal roof does not present any spectacle of desolation. Masculine life has, from infancy, an individuality, an independence, an exotism, so to say, which is essentially wanting to female existence. When a son abandons his parents, to create for himself a separate interest, this separation causes but little interruption in their mutual relations. A man marries, and still maintains his friendships, his habits, and his filial affections. Nothing is changed in his life; it is only an additional tie. His departure is consequently a mere simple separation; while the departure of a young girl, become the wife of a few hours, is a real desertion—a desertion with all its duties and feelings still fresh about it. In one word, the son is a sapling which has always grown apart from the trunk; while the daughter has, on the contrary, formed an essential portion of it, and to detach her from her place is to mutilate the tree itself. You have surrounded her youth with unspeakable tenderness—the exhaustless tenderness of your paternal and maternal hearts; and she, in return, has appeared to pour forth upon you both an equally inexhaustible gratitude: you loved her beyond all the world, and she

seemed to cling to you with a proportionable affection. But one day, one ill-omened day, a man arrives, invited and welcomed by yourselves; and this man of your own choice carries off to his domestic eyry your gentle dove, far from the soft nest which your love had made for her, and to which hers had clung. On the morrow you look around you, you listen, you wait, you seek for something which you cannot find. The cage is empty; the tuneful linnet has flown; silence has succeeded to its melodious warblings; it does not come as it did only on the previous morning, fluttering its perfumed wings about your pillow, and awakening you by its soft caresses. Nothing remains but a painful calm, a painful silence, a painful void. The chamber of the absent darling offers only that disorder which it is so melancholy for a mother to contemplate; not the joyous and impatient disorder of occupation, but that of abandonment. Maidly garments scattered here and there; girlish fancies no longer prized; chairs heaped with half-worn dresses; drawers left partially open, and ransacked to their remotest corners; a bed in which no one has slept; a crowd of charming trifles, which the young girl loved, but which the young wife despises, and which are littered over the carpet like the feathers dropped by the linnet, when the hawk made the timid bird its prey. Such is the depressing sight which wrings tears from the mother's heart. Nor is this all: from this day she occupies only the second place in the affections of her departed idol; and even that merely until the happiness of maternity shall have taught her whom she weeps to assign to her one still lower. This man, this stranger, unknown a few months, it may be but a few weeks previously, has assumed a right over affections which were once almost entirely her own; a few hours of fleeting, and it may be of assumed, tenderness have, in a great degree, sufficed to efface twenty long years of watchfulness, of care, and of self-abnegation; and they have not only rent away her right to be the first and best beloved, but they have also deprived her of the filial caresses, the gentle attention, and the adored presence of the heart's idol, whom she has herself given to him for life. Nothing is left to the mother but the attachment of respect. All warmer emotions are engrossed by the husband, to whom his young

bride owes alike obedience and devotedness. If she loves him, she leaves her home without regret, to follow his fortunes to the end of the world; if she does not love him, she will still perform the same duty with resignation. Nature and law alike impose the obligation on her, and her own heart must decide whether it will constitute her joy or her trial; but in either case the result to the mother is the same. Nor can that mother reproach her with this painful preference, for she has reared her in the conviction of the necessity of marriage; she has herself offered to her its example in her own person; Heaven itself has pointed it out as a duty whose omission is culpable; and, therefore, far from venturing to wish that the lost one should restore to her all the tenderness which time and habit may enable her to withdraw from her husband, the mother is bound, on the contrary, to pray that they may every day become dearer to each other, and by each other, even at the expense of her own happiness. This misfortune is the mother's last blessing.—*Wonen, by Louis Desnoyers.*

A VISIT TO POPE'S VILLA.

"We took a boat," says Niebuhr, the German historian, writing in 1798, "across the Thames, and I made a pilgrimage to Twickenham to see Pope's garden. O that I could thus visit with you the monuments of those men whose memory excites a wish to have lived in those times! The monument he erected to the mother he so dearly loved still stands; but the cypresses that he planted round it have all died out, except two which still show here and there a green shoot. Hedges and old-fashioned flower-beds occupy the left side of the garden, and in the center stands a bower, the trees of which have now grown to a gigantic height, and with the recollection of the great men who once trod the sward, inspire the awe of a sacred grove. They who will may call the grotto, the cool retreat in which Pope loved to sit with his most intimate friends, a toy—to me it was more. The prospect it commands must be allowed by all to be enchantingly beautiful—the Thames and its incomparably charming banks. Before the grotto stood an old weeping willow, now almost dead, and propped up with care, also from Pope's times."

Art Intelligence.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—Senator Seward has again called the attention of Congress to the proposition to purchase Catlin's collection of Indian portraits, dresses, weapons, manufactures, and "toms," it is said, of fossils and minerals gathered in the Indian territories. Poor Catlin is himself now in prison, in England, for debt, and his great collection is in the hands of his creditors. The opportunity of rescuing these treasures for our own country will soon be past. In a letter, Catlin says:—"Pity me, after my life of toil and anxiety, in doing what I thought was for the benefit and honor of my country, and see what can be done for me. I need make no other appeal to the Congress after this—it is now but a simple question—Are my works worth preserving to the country?" In another letter he says, "And as to price, though I believe my price heretofore demanded was \$65,000, yet I believe the price proposed to the Senate was \$50,000. If they will vote me that, I am satisfied. One half of it would be the amount I laid out in the eight years, and the other half would about pay my debts, leaving me nothing for my lifetime of labor. And again, and not to be forgotten or lost sight of, if they will do nothing better, let them secure the collection by appropriating enough to pay my liabilities, and bring the collection safely home. I will give it to the Government, thanking them just as much, and begin the world anew, with a light heart and contented. This is my last and strongest prayer—let it be known to some member who will use it as the *dernier*; and save, O save the collection!"

Hittorf, a German architect from Cologne, is to erect the French Crystal Palace in the Champs Elysee. The summit of the building will be higher than the leftiest point of Notre Dame.

A colossal bronze bust of *Herder* is about to be erected in Mohrungen, his birth-place, in Germany.

The French National Assembly has voted \$10,000 for the publication of the paintings and sculptures of the catacombs of Rome—among the most valuable monuments now existing of early Christianity. This work is to include all monuments of the early Church which remain in the catacombs.

Colonel Rawlinson, it is said, has opened out the entire place of sepulture of the kings and queens of Assyria. There they lie, it is said, "in huge stone sarcophagi, with ponderous lids decorated with the royal ornaments and costume, just as they were deposited more than three thousand years ago."

A great musical festival, directed by *Liszt*, the pianist, has been announced to take place at Ballenstadt. Fifteen hundred musicians were to take part in it.

The *Paris correspondent* of the Boston Atlas says that M. Dumas presented lately to the French Academy of Sciences a paper from MM. Persoz and Collomb, upon the chemical compo-

sition of the colors employed in the ancient Arabian paintings of the Alhambra. They are unquestionably *anterior* to the fifteenth century. The blue matter detached from the plaster, and purified by acetic acid, alcohol, and potash, is discolored in chlorhydric acid, so as to leave no doubt of its being the blue of outremer. The green, treated by the same reagents, is composed of two elements, one blue and the other yellow; the blue is outremer, the yellow is some organic matter, a gum or other vegetable lac. The red is vermilion, or sulphuret of mercury.

There has lately been deposited at the mission rooms of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a beautiful sculptured piece of marble, weighing, perhaps, sixty pounds, taken from the ruins of the ancient Temple of the Sun, at Baalbeck, Syria. It was brought by Capt. Hudson, late of the bark *Cornelia*, trading between New-York and Beirut.

A recent letter from *Hiram Powers*, the American sculptor, states that he has effected another very important improvement in modeling for sculpture, and has also made a discovery which will prove of *universal* mechanical importance, having been for ages an undiscovered *desideratum*. The *Richmond Inquirer* says that on being secured by letters patent here, as is being done in England, it will doubtless be made public.

The French papers report the death of the most eminent of the modern sculptors of France—*M. Pradier*—aged only fifty years. His end was sudden and affecting—while wandering with his young daughter and a party of friends on a day's excursion amid the beauties of Bougival. A momentary sense of discomfort led him to take rest in the house of M. Eugene Forede, while the rest strayed on, unconscious of the fact, to Marly. From that rest he was never to re-issue to the world—and when his daughter knew that illness had detained him, she was an orphan.

The King of *Naples* has given to the American Minister at that court permission to have a large block cut from the lava of Vesuvius for the Washington monument; and the further authority to open two tombs in Herculaneum, and transport their contents to enrich the museum of the legislative capital of the United States.

See our article on *Murillo* for an account of the late great sale of Marshal Soult's pictures in Paris. The correspondent of the London Times gives the following additional particulars:—"Out of Spain, Marshal Soult's was the only collection, private or public, which contained so great a number of works of the best Spanish masters. It reckoned not less than fifteen Murillos, and among them the 'Conversion,' the 'Nativity of the Virgin,' the 'Flight to Egypt,' 'Peter in Prison,' &c. It possessed eighteen works by Zurbaran; four by Ribera; seven by Alonso Cano; two fine pic-

tures of Herrera, the elder; and a great number of the best works of Sanchez Coello, Llanos Valdes, Ribalta, Herrera, the younger, &c., all painters of great merit, and whose works are but little known out of Spain. Two great rarities of this collection are the 'Unutterable Anguish' of Morales, and the 'Christ bearing his Cross,' of Sebastian del Piombo. The first of these pictures has always been considered in Spain as the very finest work of Morales, while the picture of Sebastian del Piombo is a work of such immense importance as to be almost unique in a private collection. Another masterpiece is the 'Tribute Money' of Titian, considered one of the finest works of that master. The whole collection offered for the three days' sale consists of a hundred and fifty-seven pictures, with two small enamels by Petiot, being miniature likenesses of Turenne and Catinat, some bronzes of no great pretensions, a mosaic or two, and a piece of Gobelin tapestry. Of the hundred and fifty-seven pictures, a hundred and ten are of the Spanish school, twenty-two of the old Italian masters, and twenty-five of the Flemish and Dutch schools. When it was first announced that the Sout gallery was to be sold by auction, the effect produced in the world of art was so great that it was at once seen how much importance was

attributed to the dispersion of this collection. Although M. Bonnefons de Lavalle, the auctioneer, had allowed the collection to be viewed privately for ten days before the sale, and had afterward thrown it open to the world for three days more, it would really seem as if the curiosity of the public could never be satiated. The crowd which thronged the rooms on the three days of public view was so great as to render moving in it a work of labor, and on the last day of all a complete block-up took place more than once during the view."

Monument to Colonel Johnson. — The New-York Courier gave a description sometime since of a monument that Launitz, the eminent sculptor of this city, was making, to be erected to the memory of Col. R. M. Johnson, by order of the Legislature of the State of Kentucky. The Courier now states, from the Lexington (Ky.) Standard, that the Legislature of that State appropriated the sum of only nine hundred dollars toward the work. The relatives of the deceased hearing this, and learning that this sum was insufficient to erect a suitable testimonial, voluntarily added the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, which secures the fine monument upon which Launitz is engaged. This private aid is dishonorable to the State.

Literary Record.

FOREIGN.

A Memoir of *Thorwaldsen* has been issued in Germany, from the Danish of Thiele. There has been no satisfactory record of the great northern sculptor until the appearance of this work. It is highly commended, as not only thorough in research, and abundant in materials, but critically appreciative of the artist—a work which will rank among standard biographies.

Lamartine has completed eight of the popular biographies which are to appear in his forthcoming journal, (*The Civilizer*), among which are enumerated those of Columbus, Joan of Arc, Homer, Guttenberg, and Bernard Palissy, the potter.

M. Eugene Burnouf, the eminent orientalist, has yielded, in very youth, to a long and severe malady by which he had been afflicted, but from which the expectation of his recovery took even at the very last a form of expression which is one of the touching incidents in the case. One of the branches of the Institute, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, elected him to the distinguished office of its Perpetual Secretary on the very day when he was engaged in the struggle with death. Though for a time his family despaired of conveying to his failing sense the knowledge of this final honor, the consolation of such a testimonial to the value of his labors was not denied him. He rallied to receive the crown decreed him by his brethren, but died before he could wear it. Amongst his labors may be mentioned the publication of the texts of Zoroaster, with a commentary on the old Prussian

Book of Prayers; his translations of cuneiform inscriptions found at Persepolis and other places; his lectures on the Vedas, and on the laws of Menu; his translations of, and commentary on, the Bhagavata Pourana, one of the most remarkable transformations of Brahmanism; and the History of Buddhism—a work of vast research, which he completed only a few months ago.

The *Easter Book Fair* at Leipsic is to be unusually important. The catalogue announces some five thousand seven hundred works, published and to be published, being eight hundred more than at the last Easter fair. They are from nine hundred and three publishers: one house issues a hundred and thirteen; another ninety-five.

A life of *Kirby*, the entomologist, is forthcoming, and is anticipated in England with considerable interest.

The *Literary Gazette* commends highly Madame Prus' "Residence in Algeria." It is said to abound in interesting topics and incidents, and to be accurate.

A volume has appeared from the English press under the title of "*Alastor*," proposing "a new Theory of the Universe," and attacking Humboldt and Herschell, and the entire theory of gravitation.

Joseph Bonomi, F. R. S. L., has sent forth an important work, entitled "*Nineveh and its Palaces: the Discoveries of Botta and Layard applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ*." It is pronounced a very elaborate and careful *précis* of the results of these marvelous discoveries, and the illustrations they afford of sacred his-

tory, &c. The progress made in rendering the cuneiform inscriptions is detailed.

The English press announces, among forthcoming works, a new book of "*Travels*," by Samuel Laing; "*Notes on the Political and Social State of Denmark and the Duchies of Holstein and Sleswig*"; "*Count Archenberg*," a story of the times of Luther, by Mr. Sortain; a translation from the German of an "*Expedition from Seawar to Taka, Basa, and Boni-Ameri*," by Fred. Werne.

Gogol, the "Russian Dickens," recently died at Moscow. His works were exceedingly popular, and illustrative of Russian life. Owing to "religious mysticism," it is said, he refused to re-edit them; he considered them a "deadly sin," and died in deep poverty, not accepting the offers of booksellers for a revised edition of his publications. He burned all his unpublished manuscripts. When dying, he exclaimed, "Ah! if people knew how pleasant it is to die, they would not fear death!"

Louis Napoleon has suppressed the chairs of History and Philosophy in the University of Paris, by a formal decree. What may be expected next from this political coxcomb? Even the teaching of the physical sciences is, it is reported, put under serious embarrassments.

A prize of 4,000 francs has been offered by the French Academy for the best "Essay on Political Eloquence in England"—the proposition extends to the first of March, 1854.

M. Guizot has a new work in press, which will shortly be published,—"*Cornelie et son Temps*." It will be a pendant to his Shakespeare, one of the most admirable critical works ever issued.

Gorjey has published his book on the Hungarian War, but the Government have suppressed it so thoroughly that not a copy is to be had. The cause of this interdict is supposed to be that he says the Hungarians were on legitimate ground up to their declaration of independence at Debreczin on the 14th of April, 1849. Then, he says, he withdrew from their cause.

Among the students of the *University of Edinburgh* are three Egyptians, one Russian, one Greek, one Chinaman, two Persians, three Germans, one Arabian, and two Frenchmen.

The *Loudon Atheneum* announces for sale, at auction, the large collection of original Royal, Cavalier, and Roundhead Correspondence made by Mr. Bentley, and embracing the whole period of the Great Civil War of the seventeenth century. "These documents," says the Atheneum, "comprise the Correspondence of Prince Rupert from 1643 to 1648—preserved in the family of his secretary, Col. Bennett, and sold to Mr. Bentley by Mr. Bennett, of Pyt House: also the collection of the Correspondence of the Fairfax family, preserved at Leeds Castle. It is certainly a misfortune that when the useful work of the collector has once been done, there should again be any separation of documents which individually lose a great portion of their value for want of the context and comment which they

supply to one another. History is greatly a loser by all such facts. Not only has each historian to do severally the work of collection over again for himself, but reasons are thus promoted why he must almost certainly do it imperfectly. The risk of historic falsification is incurred by the scattering of the documents after it had been provided against by their accumulation. Mr. Bentley offered this collection to the British Museum at a sacrifice."

The admirers of the writings of *Count Emanuel Swedenborg* dined together lately at Freemason's Tavern, London, to celebrate the forty-second anniversary of the Society for Printing and Publishing his Theological Works. The London Literary Gazette says:—"We have often been astonished at the huge issues of translations and reprints of Swedenborg's writings in London, and wondered alike where they would find either purchasers or readers. It seems that the works are published by a Society which contains a few wealthy enthusiasts in its members. Many excellent and ingenious things are found in the voluminous writings of Swedenborg; but that a goodly company of London citizens should be brought together to a public dinner in the busy month of June, in honor of the Swedish mystic, is a religious and literary phenomenon of curious occurrence."

The last number of the "*Literary Gazette*" for Sweden contains some interesting statistics of Swedish literature, journalism, and science in the year 1850. In that year ten hundred and sixty books and a hundred and thirty-three journals and periodicals were published in the country. Of these books the works on theology are by far the most numerous, for they muster to the strength of a hundred and eighty-two; next comes jurisprudence, with a hundred and twenty-three law-books; history, philology, medicine, mathematics, average from thirty to eighty works; and the number of treatises on the fine arts dwindles down to three. A hundred and fifty-six novels were published, chiefly translations from English and French works. Of the hundred and thirteen Swedish newspapers, sixteen were published in Stockholm.

A brief and popular account of *The Catacombs of Rome* has been published in London. It is compiled chiefly from the "*Roma Subterranea*" of Bosio and Aringhi, and from an abstract of the recent labors of M. Perret, the French architect, in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" for September, 1851. Along with Dr. Maitland's work on the same subject, this little treatise gives to English readers a good general account of the researches of the learned, as to the subterranean antiquities of Rome. We mention, among our art items, the design of the French Assembly to publish the paintings and sculptures of the Catacombs. We shall probably soon have all the available aids of these antiquities for the illustration of Christian questions.

Longman & Co., London, announce for immediate publication "*A Ride through the Nubian Desert*," by Capt. Peel, and Dr. Sutherland's narrative of the Arctic Voyage of the Lady Franklin, and the following subjects among others in the "*Traveler's Library*":—"Pictures from St. Petersburg," by Edward Jermann, translated

by F. Hardman; "Brittany and the Bible," by J. Hope; "The Natural History of Creation," by T. Lindley Kemp; and "Electricity and the Electric Telegraph," by George Wilson. Among important literary works in preparation we may mention Bunsen's "Hippolytus and his Age," Freeman's "Life of the Rev. W. Kirby," and Lord John Russell's "Journals and Papers of the late Thomas Moore," containing much valuable and interesting matter, for which Messrs. Longman are said to have given the sum of \$15,000.

The French Socialist refugees in London have projected a new paper for the promulgation of their opinions, to be called "Free Europe." MM. Louis Blanc, Etienne Cabet, and Pierre Leroux, are editors, with two English trustees, Mr. Vansittart Neale and Mr. William Coningham.

The chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the resignation of Professor Wilson, has been filled by the election of Mr. Patrick E. McDougall, Professor of Ethics in the New College, Edinburgh. The patronage in the case of this, as of most other chairs of the University, is in the hands of the Town Council of Edinburgh. Mr. McDougall's chief rival was Mr. Ferrier, a Professor at St. Andrew's, and the son-in-law of Prof. Wilson. The choice ultimately lay between Mr. Ferrier and Mr. McDougall, when Mr. McDougall obtained the preference by twenty votes against thirteen. Mr. McDougall has already a high reputation in Edinburgh; and his friends anticipate that under his professorship the chair will retain the eminence conferred on it by his distinguished predecessors, Ferguson, Stewart, Brown, and Wilson.

Dickens's Household Words says that the three-penny weekly newspapers of England are entirely displacing the six-penny. The *Weekly Times*, for example, has a circulation of sixty thousand per week, and *Lloyd's Paper* at least fifty thousand. Douglas Jerrold is the editor of the latter.

The penny (two-cent) weekly literary papers also attain great circulations. The *London Journal* has a weekly circulation of one hundred and seventy thousand copies.

Douglas Jerrold, according to the author of "What I Saw in London," is "making a sad wreck of himself through the excessive use of intoxicating liquors."

The poet *Rogers* has presented to the British Museum the original covenant between "John Milton, gent., and Samuel Simmons, printer," for the sale of *Paradise Lost*, dated 27th April, 1667. By the terms of the covenant, Milton was to receive five pounds at once, and five pounds more after the sale of thirteen hundred copies of each of the first three editions! The sum actually received by Milton was eighteen pounds, for which the receipt still exists.

William and Mary Howitt have lately issued a work upon the Literature of Northern Europe. We give a quotation. The work is voluminous, containing biographical sketches of all the northern authors of any eminence, together with specimens of their writings.

A new edition of "*Michael Angelo*, considered

as a Philosophical Poet, with Translations," by Mr. Taylor, is announced in England. Condive, who was contemporary with Michael Angelo, informs us that the latter applied himself to the study of the Italian poets and orators, and composed sonnets before the accession of Julius II., who called Angelo to Rome; it is, however, more than probable that they were penned during various periods of his life. It is upon these sonnets that Mr. Taylor considers the artist entitled to be regarded as a philosophic poet; and, most undoubtedly, they abound with deeply-meditative thoughts, expressed in symbolic language. Religion, and the love of the beautiful, wherever it appeared in *human form*, are the pervading subjects of his poems.

DOMESTIC.

The Hon. Joseph F. Buckingham, a veteran of the Boston press, is about to issue an autobiographical work. Prof. Felton, of Cambridge, is preparing a Memoir of John S. Popkin; it will include Dr. Popkin's Lectures on Education. John G. Saxe's poems are about to appear in a new and complete edition, with a portrait.

Major Richardson, author of *Walanston* and several other productions, died in New-York lately. He was from England, and had been an officer in the British army. At one time he was the Canadian correspondent of the London Times. His habits were prodigal; his pride too excessive to allow him to live within his means; and it is said he died indirectly, if not directly, of starvation.

John Howard Payne.—The Baltimore Patriot announces the death of this eminent author. He is well known as a dramatic writer, and the author of "Home, Sweet Home," a song which will long preserve his memory. He was our consul at Tunis.

At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, a letter was read from *Bishop Upfold*, in which he promised to furnish the Society such important historical facts as he might meet with during his travels through the State. Among the MSS. which the Bishop presented through Mr. Jordan, are copies of the original commission of President John Adams to Jacob Burnet and others, constituting them the Legislative Council of the Territory northwest of the Ohio River. It is dated at Philadelphia, March 4, 1799. One of this council, Judge Burnet, is still alive, and enjoying a vigorous old age.

A Great Publishing Establishment.—According to a report made at the late General Conference of the M. E. Church, the "Book Concern" of this denomination has a total balance of property of \$663,189 62, deducting twenty per cent. for possible bad debts. A part of this is in real estate, consisting of houses and lots, and part in stocks. The profit or yield from the entire capital, for the four years past, is as follows:—For the year ending in 1849, \$32,833 52; for 1850, \$15,239 65; for 1851, \$47,261 42; and for 1852, \$63,806 14. In the different departments of the establishment there are at present about two hundred persons employed. Not only is the printing and binding done here, but the stereotype plates

are cast on the premises. All the works issued at present are stereotyped, except the Christian Advocate. Duplicate plates of The Sunday-School Advocate are made for every number, and transmuted to Cincinnati, for the use of the Western Book Concern. There are eight power-presses at present employed, and one hand-press. This is a decrease on former years in regard to number, but an increase in regard to effectiveness, several of the old presses having been advantageously exchanged for one more valuable. During the last four years there have been added to the General Catalogue sixty-eight volumes, of which eighteen are 8vo, and fourteen in 12mo.; the rest of smaller size. To these should be added the Revised Hymn Book in the various sizes, with fresh sets of stereotype plates. To the Sunday-school list have been added three hundred and thirty-four volumes; to the Youth's Library, in various sizes, three hundred and twenty-five volumes, besides the Almanac: making a total of seven hundred and twenty-seven new works, besides the Hymn Book. To this must be added, also, eight hundred and forty-four pages of Tracts.

The Literary World reports the following forthcoming works:—

Messrs. *Charles S. Francis & Co.*, Broadway, have in press "Grimm's Household Stories" and "German Popular Tales," complete in one volume.

In August will be published by Messrs. *Philips, Sampson & Co.*, Boston, a new work by William Ware, author of Zenobia, Aurelian, &c., entitled "Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston." Messrs. P. S. & Co. have now ready the sixth thousand of "A Peep at No. 5; or, a Chapter in the Life of a City Pastor."

Messrs. *D. Appleton & Co.* will publish immediately, in their Library of Readable Books, "A Journey to Katamandu; or, Life at the Court of Nepaul," by Laurence Oliphant. This journey was made in the company of Jung Bahadour and suite, returning home from England and France.

Mr. *C. B. Norton*, Irving House, announces to be published shortly, "A General Index to Periodical Literature," by W. F. Poole, Esq., Librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library.

Ticknor, Reed & Fields announce as forthcoming from their press, a new poem, by Alfred Tennyson; A new poem by the author of "Festus"; A volume of Barry Cornwall's Prose Stories; The Poetical Works of Rev. Henry Alford, "Vicar of Hyneswold;" Chas. Mackay's Poems; "Lydia, a Woman's Book," by Mrs. Newton Crosland, author of "Partners for Life," &c.; A new volume of De Quincey's Writings; "Village Life in Egypt," by the author of "Adventures in the Libyan Desert;" "Hellenics," by Walter Savage Landor; "Pallissy the Potter," by the author of "How to make him Unhealthy." Also, in preparation, "Jerdon's Autobiography."

Ohio Wesleyan University. — The Western Christian Advocate says that the Rev. Mr. French proposes to raise ten thousand dollars

in the city of Cincinnati to endow a professorship of Biblical literature in the Ohio Wesleyan University. The subscriptions are a thousand dollars each. Six persons have already subscribed a thousand dollars each, on the condition that ten subscribers can be obtained. It is confidently expected that the other four thousand will be obtained.

Bangs, Brother & Co. commence the fifty-sixth New-York Trade Sale on Monday, sixth of September next. They have on hand for private sale some superbly embellished works. We are indebted to the generosity of these publishers for several illustrated volumes which shall be noticed in our next No.

The Independent says, "Rev. Edward P. Humphrey, D. D., of Louisville, is chosen Professor of Theology at Princeton, in place of the late Dr. A. Alexander—a judicious selection. Dr. H. is the eldest son of Heman Humphrey, D. D., lately President of Amherst College, who lives to enjoy the Christian honor that has come to his family."

Methodist Institutions of Learning. — The Reports of the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church state that there are no less than eight colleges belonging to the denomination, with property and funds amounting to \$494,063; the oldest is at Middletown, and was founded in 1830. There are forty-six academies and seminaries, the oldest of which is at Wilbraham, and was founded in 1829. In twenty-nine of these there are four thousand nine hundred and thirty-six students, an average of a hundred and seventy to each. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is not included in this report. Its literary institutions are also numerous; but we have not any summary of them at hand.

The New-York *Courier and Enquirer* notices a fact, very creditable to American literature, that in an English wholesale catalogue, in which, under the head "Popular Standard Works," are one hundred and thirty-three items, of which forty-seven, considerably more than one-third, are the product of American pens, and were first published by American publishers.

Dr. R. W. Griswold denies having written the "Review of American Literature," in the Westminster Review, and says that he has not even read the article.

Prof. *Olmstead* has in preparation a treatise on the Aurora Borealis, in regard to which he holds an original theory. His treatise is to be published by the Smithsonian Institute.

Prof. *Brown's* valuable work on English Grammar is highly applauded by the London *Literary Gazette*. It declares that all that has been said worthy of record on the orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody of the English language is here methodically and amply illustrated. Prof. *Andrews's* Latin Lexicon is commended strongly by the London Spectator. "It is," says that journal, "the best Latin Dictionary we have met with for the scholar or the advanced student." The London Atheneum speaks in high terms of Dr. *Anthon's* editions of the classics, &c. It says that "whatever he has undertaken, he has performed in a scholarly style."

Book Notices.

Jewett & Co., Boston, are issuing the works of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher in neat but cheap style. Two volumes have appeared. The first contains fourteen lectures on Atheism and six on Intemperance. The second volume contains eight sermons. Some three or four more volumes are to follow. Several of these productions have been before the public some years, and have had powerful effect on the questions upon which they treat. The Temperance Lectures are especially notable for the agency they have exerted in that important movement. Dr. Beecher's works are marked throughout by the strong individuality of the man; they abound in robust thought, lucid and very definitive statements of his subjects, closely chained argumentation, passages of energetic eloquence, and evangelical heartiness and zeal. He says, "I am the more desirous of publishing my doctrinal expositions of the Bible, inasmuch as they have generally obviated the more common misapprehension of the Calvinistic system; and have been, in the hand of the Spirit, the means of whatever success it has pleased God to give to my labors in revivals of religion." See our sketch of the veteran author.

The Public Addresses, Collegiate and Popular, of D. D. Whedon, have been published by *Jewett & Co., Boston*. They contain the following articles:—*Inaugural Address; Baccalaureate at the Wesleyan University; Baccalaureate at the University of Michigan; Phi Beta Kappa Address at the Wesleyan University; Second Baccalaureate at the Wesleyan University; Candidates' Oration at Hamilton College; Tribute to the Memory of President Fisk; Psychology; the Christian Citizen's Political Duties*. The last three are the "Popular Addresses."

This volume cannot fail to be a most entertaining treat to such readers as like to follow a thorough thinker, and to be compelled to think themselves while doing so. They are replete with original and suggestive thought, and present frequently gems of poetic beauty. The book is adapted particularly to interest young and aspiring literary minds; and we predict that it will be especially popular among such. It has much of Thomas Carlyle's fascination, with few of his defects.

Light's Keep Cool, Go-Ahead, and a few other poems. *Boston*: *G. W. Light, 3 Cornhill*. Here are a few examples of genuine poetry—good Saxon poetry, strenuous with the energy of our times, and our vernacular. The "Keep Cool" and "Go-Ahead" are especially good, and will compare well with the similar productions of Tupper, Whittier, and Mackay—the "Good Time Coming" of the latter, for example. Mr. Light is chary of his pages—only about thirty-five are given—but these are worthy to be printed in gold. He has done wisely in publishing none but the very selectest of his productions; on this little brochure he will assuredly base an enviable reputation as a poet.

Strong's Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels.—This is a book to make one's eyes sparkle; we are not aware that any critical work of the kind has ever been issued in this country with equal elegance. It is confessedly the finest publication ever sent forth from the extensive house which publishes it. Its plates are numerous, and executed with noticeable beauty. Several very valuable maps are inserted, which partake, also, of the rare nicely of execution that characterizes the work. The critical and literary value of the volume is worthy of its mechanical excellence. Mr. Strong is a learned layman, whose pecuniary circumstances enable him to spend his days in literary leisure, if, indeed, the appropriation of his time to his favorite and elaborate Biblical studies can be called leisure. He has in the present publication given proof that it is not learned idleness. His Harmony is founded upon both the parallel and combined plans, as exemplified respectively in Newcome and Townsend. The commentary is continuous and exceedingly suggestive, as well as popular; and the subjoined notes, though brief, are pithy and "to the point." In fine, we are highly gratified with this noble volume as an honor to both American literature and American printing. *Carlton and Phillips, New-York*.

Fox and Hoyt's Quadrennial Register of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Universal Church Gazetteer is a valuable statistical volume, not only for the Church for which it is chiefly designed, but for the Christian public generally. It contains an abstract of the Methodist Discipline, abstract of the doings of the late General Conference of that denomination, Alphabetical Directory, comprising all its clergy, a Conference Directory, alterations of the Discipline, laws of different States affecting churches, &c., accounts of all the Methodist sects in the world, important data respecting most of the religious bodies of this country and England, and some very interesting tables. It is a work evidently of great labor; but some errors we perceive have escaped the attention of the editors. Our very intimate friend, the late editor of Zion's Herald, is, for example, so marvelously tossed about into false positions, that we can hardly recognize him; however, he is so used to such things that we suppose there is no danger of his losing the consciousness of his identity. *Hartford*: *Case, Tiffey & Co.* *New-York*: *Carlton and Phillips*.

A new Rhetorical Reader and Elocutionist has been issued by *Riker, New-York*. It has been prepared by *Rev. William H. Gilder*, the able teacher of *St. Thomas Hall, Flushing*. The principles of elocution are succinctly, but comprehensively presented in the introduction. The reading examples are numerous, and not the hackneyed ones. We commend this book to the attention of teachers, and think they will find it among the very best works of the kind extant.

Religious Summary.

The situation of the *State Church* in Sweden and Norway has been matter of anxious discussion among the priests in Stockholm; and the wish is expressed that a General Council, consisting of priests and laity, should be called by the king to take measures to stem the progress of heresy, or that a simple synod of priests should undertake it. Meanwhile the tendency toward religious freedom constantly increases, and a union has been formed to further the cause.

Episcopal Delegation.—Bishops Delaney, of Western New-York, and McCoskrey, of Michigan, are in Europe, as the representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, in the jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Old School.—This is the largest ecclesiastical body of the Presbyterian name or faith in the United States. It had a total in May, 1851, of 23 synods, 135 presbyteries, 2,027 ministers, 2,675 churches, and 210,306 communicants.

During a period of religious interest in *Princeton College*, in 1815, there were thirteen converts: M'Ilvaine, Bishop of Ohio; Jones, Bishop of Virginia; M'Lean and Hodge, professors of Princeton; and Armstrong, late Secretary of the American Board, were among the number.

The four new *Bishops of the M. E. Church*, ordained at its late General Conference, were born as follows:—Levi Scott, in Delaware, in the year 1802; Edward C. Ames, in Ohio, in 1806; Matthew Simpson, in Ohio, in 1811; and Osman Cleander Baker, in New-Hampshire, in 1812.

British and Foreign Bible Society.—We presume there is not an institution in the wide world so extensive in its operations, and which exerts a mightier influence, than the British and Foreign Bible Society. It has its auxiliaries and its agents in nearly every portion of the habitable globe, disseminating the Scriptures in nearly every language spoken, and preparing the way for the extension of civil and religious liberty among the dark places of the earth. We observe, by an account of the anniversary of this gigantic society, held in London on the 3d of May, that the total issues of the Holy Scriptures for the past year amounted to 1,154,642 copies, being an increase of 17,025 over those of the year preceding. The entire receipts of the year ending March 21st, 1852, were £108,449 sterling. The total number of copies of the Scriptures issued by this Society since its formation, amount to 25,402,309 copies.

The *Council of Catholic Bishops* at Baltimore have decreed that eight or ten new bishoprics shall be added to the Church in the United States, and also that the mass shall henceforth be said or sung in English. These decrees must, however, be endorsed at Rome by the Pope before they have any validity.

Changes in Ireland.—The report of the Society for promoting Church missions to the Roman Catholics in Ireland, states that the Society have, now employed, nineteen missionary clergymen, seven lay agents, one hundred and one Scripture readers, fifty-five schoolmasters and mistresses, and some hundreds of Irish teachers. In one district in West Galway, where three or four years ago there were not five hundred Protestants, there are now between 5,000 and 6,000 converts, and nearly 3,500 children in the Scriptural schools. Eight new churches are about to be erected in this district for the accommodation of the common schools.

The variations in the text and punctuation of the six standard editions of the Scriptures, collected by the American Bible Society's committee, fall little short of twenty-four thousand; and yet not one among them all "mars the integrity of the text, or affects any doctrine or precept of the Bible."

The grants of the American Bible Society for publishing the Scriptures abroad the past year, have amounted to \$30,900.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society reports the amount of its subscriptions and donations during the last year larger than usual. The Juvenile Christmas and New Year's offerings exceeded \$2,500. The total income of the society (including the legacy of \$50,000, left by Thomas Mariott) amounts to about \$558,650. The expenditure has been \$557,775, and the debt is \$53,330. The Committee contemplate renewing the mission in South Africa, the reinforcement of those in India, in Ceylon, New-Zealand and Feejee, and will avail themselves of any other opening that may occur in China or elsewhere. The stations of the society now amount to 356, their missionaries and assistants to 486, their catechists, interpreters, teachers, &c., to 8,477. The accredited Church members are 108,678—an increase over the corresponding period of last year of 3,843.

Methodist Missionary Society.—The fiscal accounts of this Society were made up to April 25th and not May 1st, this year, owing to the session of the General Conference at Boston. The Treasurer's report shows the receipts of the year to be \$154,858 08 Expenses, 158,031 42

Balance against the Treasury	3,173 34
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It is proposed to raise \$200,000 the current year.

Receipts of Benevolent Societies.—It appears, from the last anniversary reports in New-York, that the receipts for the last fiscal year of the leading Benevolent Societies are as follows, viz.: American Home Missionary Society, \$160,062 25; American Sunday School Union, (donations, \$45,836 54,) \$193,846 22; American Tract Society, (donations, \$116,406 41,) \$342,858 93; American Bible Society, (donations not given,) \$308,744 81; American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, receipts for the last nine months, \$211,062 54. The total in-

crease in the last year in the societies named is \$91,249.

The Congregationalist says that the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States employs a hundred and sixty missionaries among the foreign population in the land, more than half of all employed by every evangelical denomination of Christians.

The two branches of the *Presbyterian Church* closed their sessions—the Old School at Charleston, the New School at Washington—without discussing the slavery question. In the latter body some anti-slavery memorials were presented and referred, and we believe reported on; but the Assembly declined taking up the report for consideration—all the motions to that effect being voted down. The next session of the New School Assembly is to be held at Buffalo. The Old School had also agreed to meet there; but just before the adjournment the resolution was rescinded, and the next session will be held in Philadelphia.

A Handsome Legacy.—The Methodist Protestant, of Baltimore, says: "By the will of Miss Mary Saum, late of Carroll county, of this State, a copy of which is now before us, after certain legacies to surviving relatives, the Superannuated Fund Society is made the residuary legatee to her estate. We are informed that it is supposed the amount thus left the Society will be not less than ten thousand dollars—perhaps considerably more. We mention this for the encouragement of those interested in this benevolent enterprise."

Among the liberal donations given to the *Wesleyan Missionary Society* during the past year, we find one of £1,262; two of £500; one of £220; two of £200; one of £155; two of £150; two of £130; two of £120; one of £110; one of £105; eight of £100; one of £79; one of £70; one of £60 10s.; two of £60; one of £52; eighteen of £50.

Old School General Assembly.—Several new Synods were constituted by this body at its late session—one in California. The report of the Theological Seminary, although exhibiting a small number of scholars, shows that 250 young men had received, in whole or in part, their theological education there. The seventh annual report of the Western Theological Seminary shows that, in addition to an invested fund of \$74,200, large donations in books, &c., were increasing vastly the resources of the institution and its facilities for theological education. The election of Trustees of the General Assembly was deferred until the meeting of the next General Assembly. The report on the overture from the Presbytery of New-Jersey, against a change in the Book of Discipline, in relation to the mode of taking testimony, elicited a warm debate. The report was finally adopted by a vote of 110 to 96.

The Wesleyan Methodist Conference.—This Canadian Methodist body met at Kingston on Wednesday, the 2d ult. About eighty ministers were present. The Rev. Francis Berry, Primitive Methodist Minister, having been recommended by the Brantford District Meeting, was received into the Wesleyan ministry. The increase in the number of members during the

past year, is said to be 1325. The Rev. John Ryerson was appointed representative to the English Conference. The book and printing establishments are represented as being in a flourishing condition, the profits of the last year having been larger than any preceding year of its operations. There is said to be a very gratifying increase in the amount of missionary collections and subscriptions during the year, and the various missions are represented as being generally in a state of prosperity. The Book Steward and Editor were re-elected to their respective stations.

The late *General Conference* of the M. E. Church was in session twenty-seven days. Its next meeting is to be at Indianapolis, May, 1856. The subject of Lay Delegation was carefully considered, but the Conference decided that the proposed change was not expedient. The friends of the measure, however, think that an important step has been gained, as the subject has never before been so respectfully considered by a General Conference. The Boston Traveler gives the following summary of the other principal proceedings of the Conference. The long-contested question concerning pewed churches has been definitely settled, in a manner which tolerates the discretionary construction of chapels by the societies. No change has been made in the regulations concerning the presiding eldership. Four new bishops have been elected, two from the East and two from the West. The bishops are now seven in number. A "Seal of the Episcopacy" has been ordered, to be used in common by all, instead of each having a separate official seal, as heretofore. The Tract Society of the M. E. Church, centering at New-York, and the Sabbath-school work, have each been re-organized on an independent basis, with a view to greater efficiency. With the same intent, alterations have been made in the constitution of the Missionary organization. Several new conferences have been organized, and several new periodicals authorized. The business of general interest transacted on the last day was the passage of three resolutions—one requiring pastors to catechise children in Sabbath schools and at special meetings; another giving all male Sabbath-school superintendents, who are Church members, seats in the quarterly conferences by virtue of their office; and a third providing for the publication, at New-York, of a new edition of the Discipline.

Appointments.—The following elections and appointments were made at the last General Conference of the M. E. Church:—Levi Scott, D. D., Matthew Simpson, D. D., E. R. Ames, and Prof. Osman C. Baker, A. M., Bishops; Thomas E. Bond, M. D., editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal; John McClintonck, D. D., editor of the Quarterly Review; Daniel P. Kidder, D. D., editor of the Sunday School Advocate and Books; Abel Stevens, A. M., editor of the National Magazine and Secretary of the Tract Department; Thomas Carlton and Zebulon Phillips, Book Agents, N. Y.; John P. Durbin, D. D., Missionary Secretary; Charles Elliott, D. D., editor of the Western Christian Advocate; William Nast, D. D., editor of the German Christian Apologist; Prof. Wm. C. Larabee, A. M., editor of the Ladies' Repository;

L. Swormstedt and Adam Poe, Book Agents, Cincinnati; Homer J. Clark, D. D., editor of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate; Wm. Hosmer, editor of the Northern Christian Advocate; James V. Watson, editor of the North Western Christian Advocate; S. D. Simonds, editor of the California Christian Advocate.

Missionary Reinforcements.—The American Board have sent out, within the last four or five months, thirty-nine missionary laborers. Of these, sixteen are men, twenty-three are women. Five have gone to the Choctaws; three to the Cherokees; two to the Catawbas; two to Canton; two to Assyria; two to the Armenians; one to the Nestorians; two to Syria; six to the Sandwich Islands; six to Micronesia; two to Ceylon; two to Salomon; four to the Gaboon, in Africa. Six of the thirty-nine are "returned missionaries returning;" the remaining thirty-three are new missionaries—young, fresh, and vigorous.

From the Pastoral Address of the Bishops of the *M. E. Church* in the United States, we learn that, during the last four years, there has been an increase of 90,246 members in the Church. And the increase has been progressive, as the first of the four previous years showed an increase of only seven thousand in round numbers; in the second year it was twenty-three thousand; in the third it was twenty-seven thousand; and in the last year it amounted to thirty-two thousand. As nearly, too, as can be ascertained, the number of conversions exceeded the additions; and it is humbly believed that growth in grace, as a general thing, has been in encouraging proportion to the accessions to the Church. The last four years have furnished an increase of missionary contributions very encouraging. The past year presents an advance of annual income of about sixty thousand dollars over the year 1848, and the next year's appropriation is put down at \$200,000. The Sunday-school department of the Church is in a very prosperous state. At present there are 93,561 officers and teachers, and 473,311 scholars in Sabbath schools, and 1,260,558 volumes in the libraries. The number of conversions in the Sabbath schools during the past five years, has been 47,327.

At the last annual meeting of the Missionary Society of the *M. E. Church, South*, Dr. Schon, the Missionary Secretary, stated the following illustrations of the growing spirit of missions in that Church. The collections for the year ending May 1, 1846, amounted to \$68,529

" 1847,	"	73,613
" 1848,	"	62,613
" 1849,	"	65,495
" 1850,	"	85,973
" 1851,	"	113,801
" 1852, about	120,000

Making the aggregate of missionary collections, for the eight years of its separate organization, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND AND TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS. The last year is nearly double that of the first.

The New-York State *Universalist Convention* held its last session at Hudson. Its chief feature was an educational movement. An

education society was organized at this meeting, with Rev. T. J. Sawyer, D. D., president, and sixteen trustees, located in different parts of the State. One hundred thousand dollars have been raised for a college in Massachusetts, and some ten or twelve for an academy and institute in New-York. The denomination has a relief fund of seven or eight thousand dollars for the benefit of infirm clergymen, or the widows and orphans of clergymen.

The *Classis* of East Pennsylvania of the German Reformed Church, held its annual session on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of May, in Ziegel's church, Weisenburg township, Lehigh county. This classis embraces Northampton, Lehigh, and Monroe counties, in its territorial extent, and numbers twenty-one ministers, eighty-three congregations, and a communicant membership of about ten thousand souls. The business claiming the attention of the classis was of the usual character, and harmoniously transacted. Measures were taken to secure the amount of \$3,500, the quota chargeable on this classis, in aid of the fund for uniting Marshall and Franklin Colleges under one title in Lancaster city. This amount was to have been raised by July 1st, to secure the fund of \$70,000 offered to effect the object.

Reformed Dutch Church.—At the late General Synod of this Church, the Rev. Dr. De Witt, corresponding secretary of the foreign board, rendered his report, which announced that the mission in China—where Doty and Talmadge are laboring—was in an encouraging condition; but represented that their Borneo mission was in an almost hopeless state. The report also intimated that the present synod might discontinue the connection of this board with the American Board of Foreign Missions, it being the opinion of the most judicious and influential men of the Reformed Dutch Church that more men and money could be raised from their denomination by a separate organization. Dr. Ludlow was elected successor to Dr. Cannon as professor in the Theological Seminary at New-Brunswick. The report on domestic missions, next read to the Synod, gave the following statistics for the past year:—In twenty-two out of twenty-seven classes, one or more churches or missionary stations have been aided during the part or the whole of the year; fifty-seven pastors and missionaries have received some or the whole of their support from your funds; sixty-six churches and missionary stations have enjoyed the beneficence of your churches; twelve churches have been organized, to which aid has been extended; five new houses have been built; four churches ask no further aid; nineteen new churches and new stations have been established or assisted; four hundred and twenty-three persons have been received, by profession of faith, into the churches aided; four hundred and thirty-seven have been received by certificate from other churches; eighteen applications for aid are now lying upon the Board, on account of the embarrassed state of the treasury; and one hundred and thirty-five out of three hundred churches have contributed to the funds of the board.

The Greek Church.—The "Trieste Gazette" has the following, from Athens:—The attention

of the government is at present engaged on a very serious affair. It proposes to conclude, with the patriarch of Constantinople, a treaty that will completely change the relations of the Greek Church, which had declared itself independent of Constantinople since the establishment of a kingdom, and had for its chief a synod chosen by the king. By the new treaty, the Greek Church will cease to be an independ-

ent member of the dogma of Anatolia, and will return under the full and entire authority of the patriarch. The orthodox Russian party have long looked for this result. It was M. Degliganni, who, when Greek chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, succeeded in concluding this treaty with the support of the orthodox party. The Greek ministers are now about to present it to the Chambers.

Scientific Items.

Lieutenant M'Noy reports to the Secretary of the Navy that the Asteroid discovered by Gasparis on the 17th of March last, was observed at the National Observatory by Mr. James Ferguson with the filar micrometer of the large Equatorial on the 6th, and again on the 7th inst. The Asteroid has the appearance of a star of the 10-11 magnitude, and makes the 16th in the group between Mars and Jupiter.

The Academy of Sciences of France, at their last session, unanimously voted to give the Cuvier prize to Professor Agassiz for his "*Recherches fossiles*."

Sciens papers state that a machinist of Einsiedlen, in the canton of Schwyz, has invented a new apparatus for printing by electric telegraph, by which each letter is printed in any required kind of type by a single closing of the circuit, and the motion of the letters is accomplished by the action of one magnet and one commutator only.

Improvement in Railway Cars.—Nehemiah Hodge, of North Adams, Mass., obtained a patent for a new car-wheel with a wide, thick band of India-rubber fitted in between the outside and an inner rim, so as to take off from the wheel and carriage much of the jar when the carriage is in motion, and which it is thought will be a great protection against the breaking of axles, and save much wear to the different parts of the carriage.

Galvanic Discovery.—Dr. Nichols, of Haverhill, is alleged to have made a very important improvement in an apparatus by which he produces light and heat through galvanic agency. He applies the same batteries which decompose the water to the propulsion of machinery by the machine of Prof. Page; so that he now lights, warms, cooks, and propels by the apparatus, and carries on all the operations at the same time.

The Leading Chemists of Europe.—The most distinguished chemists in Europe and America are: in France—Dumas, Regnault, and Laurent. Austria—Redtenbacher and Schrotter. Germany—Rose, Mitscherlick, and Bunsen. Italy—Sobrero, and Peyroni. England—Faraday, Muspratt, Playfair. Ireland—Kane and Apjohn. Scotland—Gregory, Anderson, Thomson, America—Hare, Jackson, Rogers, Horsford, Dana.

A new claimant for posthumous fame has been brought to notice by T. D'Arcy McGee, editor of *The Celt*, now published at Buffalo. He states, in his history of the Early Irish Settlers in America, that Christopher Colles, an

Irishman, who arrived in this country about the time Fulton was born, delivered, in 1772, at Philadelphia, a series of lectures on the subject of Lock Navigation, and was the first person who suggested to the Government of this State, canals and improvements on the Ontario route. He was generally considered as a visionary projector, and his plans were sometimes treated with ridicule, and frequently viewed with distrust. In 1784, 1785, 1786, and for several successive years, he petitioned the Legislature of that State on the importance and practicability of uniting the western lakes to the Atlantic. He was probably the author of the letters signed "Hibernicus," on the same subject, which were published at New-York about the beginning of this century. In 1774 he proposed to supply New-York with water by aqueducts, such as now bring in the Croton, and of which he exhibited models at public lectures. During the last war he was "the projector and attendant of the telegraph erected on Castle Clinton." He died in obscurity and poverty, while others were growing famous and wealthy upon the stolen ideas of his failing intellect.

Railroads.—The Paris correspondent of the New-York Commercial writes: "From a late and official table of all the railroads in the world, I obtain the following footings up of some of the principal nations. The United States heads the list:—

	Miles of road in actual operation.
United States	10,968
England	7,167
Germany	5,698
France	1,930
Belgium	568
Russia	215
Italy	182
Total,	27,028

France is constructing or projecting 730 miles more, to complete the iron net-work upon her surface. This, with the Panama road, the line at the Isthmus of Suez, and the few miles lately opened at Madrid, may bring up the entire length to a round 28,000.

Among the latest discoveries at *Ninerv*, one coffin was found containing the body of a lady of the royal house; many of her garments were entire, also the gold studs which fastened her vest. The most singular discovery, however, was a mask of thin gold pressed upon the face, so as to assume and retain the features of the deceased.

Editorial Notes.

The monthly review of secular news, proposed in our Prospectus, is omitted in the present number. Unavoidable delays—such, however, as might have been expected, and are, we trust, excusable in the first issue—have placed this department out of date. Hereafter, we hope to render it a continuous and comprehensive record of current history—not merely items of news, but appreciative comments upon them, so that the reader who has kept pace with the daily or weekly press may find it an appropriate review of what he has already gone over; or, if he has not had these means of information, may rely upon it as an adequate outline of the events of the month.

The variety and collocation of the articles of a work like this, and not merely their intrinsic value, must, we are aware, constitute much of its interest. We shall attempt to meet the most varied tastes, except such as are vitiated or morbid. In the present number will be found two leading literary articles, from the London Christian Spectator and Christian Observer respectively, on *Carlyle's Sterling*, and the Writings of *Thomas Moore*; their moral tone is especially elevated; we commend them to our literary readers. The article from Neander on the *Devil Worshippers*, will be of as much interest to the popular reader as to the theological student; it about exhausts the resources of that curious subject. We shall give, *serially*, the entertaining and yet elaborate articles from Fraser's Magazine on *Romantic Fables and Popular Superstitions*; they very happily combine popular fiction and literary illustration. We give several valuable articles of a scientific, but popular, character, among which is a paper from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal on *Red Rain and Dust Showers*, one on the *History of the Pearl*, and another on *Herschel, Rosse, and the Telescope*. The *Bacon Fire of the Tyrol* we copy, with some modifications, from a periodical of the London Tract Society; the editor affirms that it is founded on historical facts. The articles on *Mount Ararat, Murillo, Monomachus, the Greek Philosophical Schools, Peter Cartwright, Marriage Ceremonies, &c., &c.*, we hope will find favor with the great and respectable class of "general readers."

A sensible writer, in one of the periodicals of the London Tract Society, says:—"What we seem to want is, a literature which, while it is not directly given to the discussion of the dogmas of Christianity, is throughout pervaded by its spirit—a literature which shall be perfectly free from all sectarian peculiarities, both in religion and politics—the literature, not of a party, but of humanity; addressing itself to the deep and universal principles of our nature, and doing this in such a form and manner as shall make it welcome to the homes of the working population, while it enlarges their comprehension, conciliates their prejudices, purifies their sentiments, and thus induces those mental and moral habits which constitute the chief features of a true elevation. It will be at once felt, however, that it is much

easier to describe, than to secure, such a provision. To the extent in which it may be already realized by existing societies, or by individual effort, every enlightened friend of the people must rejoice. But very much remains to be accomplished, before it is fully adequate to the circumstances and wants of the age. The great desideratum of the present day is, the more extensive supply of a *cheap periodical literature*, such as shall combine the lighter graces of imagination with solid instruction, borrow its illustrations from every field of nature and walk of art, adapt itself to the varied phases of our common humanity, and harmonizing with the great and vital truths of the Christian revelation, shall aim at the permanent and true advancement of those to whom its mission is directed."

Preparations are being made by the publishers for the more elegant mechanical execution of our Magazine. We hope hereafter to wear even a better aspect than at present.

We design to give from ten to fifteen illustrations monthly. It is not deemed desirable to crowd the Magazine with a superabundance of engravings, thereby sinking its literary character in the mere pictorial interest of a juvenile work. Such as we insert shall usually be portraits or illustrations of real scenes. In due time we shall give a consecutive or serial character to these embellishments, by which the reader will be furnished with connected illustrations of important subjects in literature, history, &c.

Among the foreign periodicals which have been placed upon our list as resources for *materioli* are the leading English Quartetries,—Blackwood, Fraser, Chambers, Dublin University, Hogg, Sharpe, and Tait's Magazines; the Christian Observer, Christian Spectator, Christian Witness, United Presbyterian Magazine, Christian Treasury, Free Church Magazine, Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, London Literary Gazette, Leader, Athenaeum, Spectator, &c., besides several French and German monthlies, and a large variety of American periodicals. We shall have abundant resources for sterling selections.

We have received numerous applications for agencies for this Magazine. The publishers will give them the earliest possible replies.

Our friends may be assured that the liberality of the expense of our publishers, on this work, will be fully proportioned to the liberality of its patronage. We make none other than this general promise in respect to its future enlargement or improvement. We urge our patrons to extend on every hand the circulation of the work; speak a good word for it; show it among your neighbors; state its cheap terms. We are aware of no other publication of the same size and character, which is published at as low a rate in the nation. Will not its mechanical, its literary, and its moral characteristics, combined, guarantee you in recommending it strongly to your friends?